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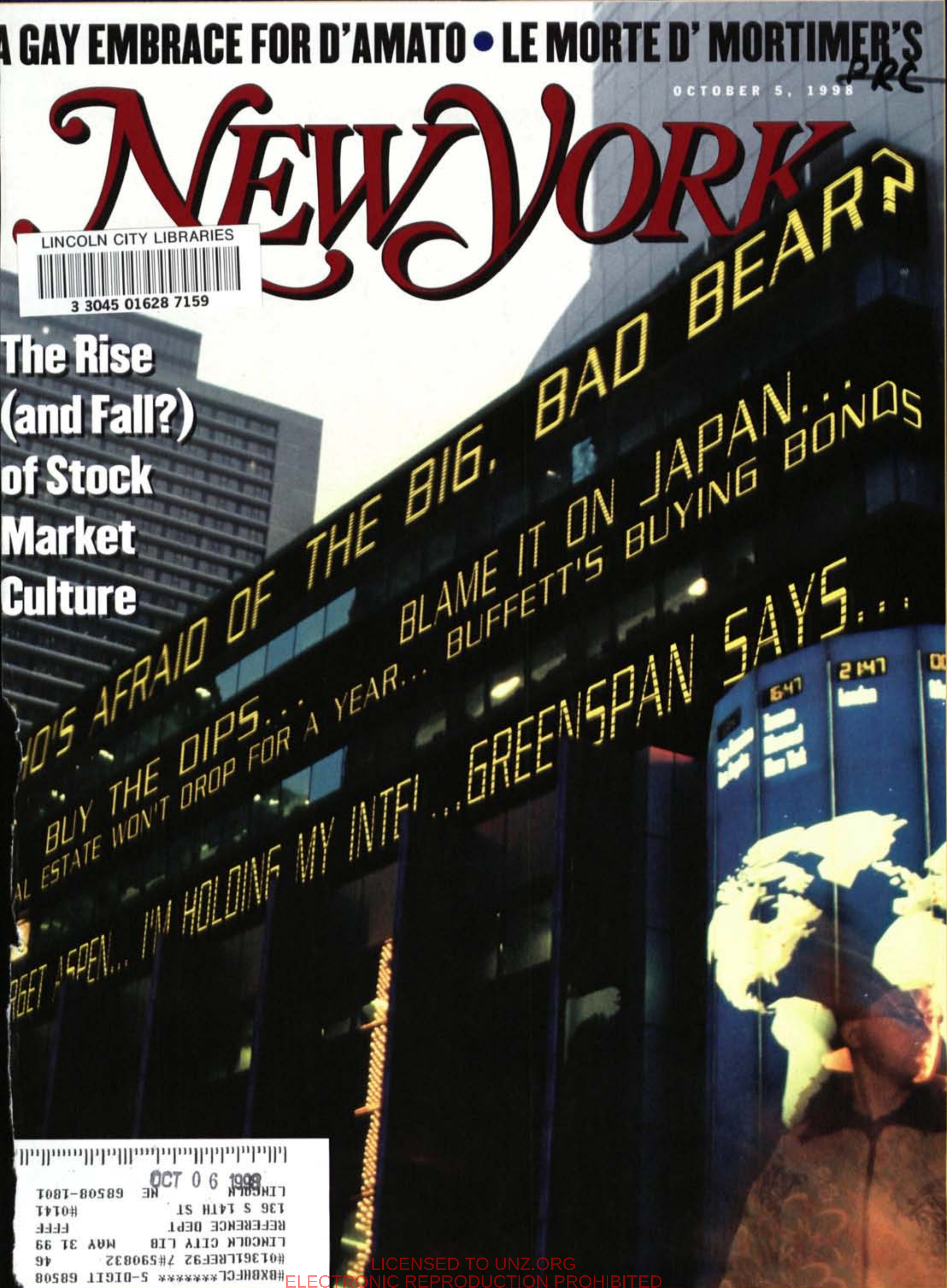
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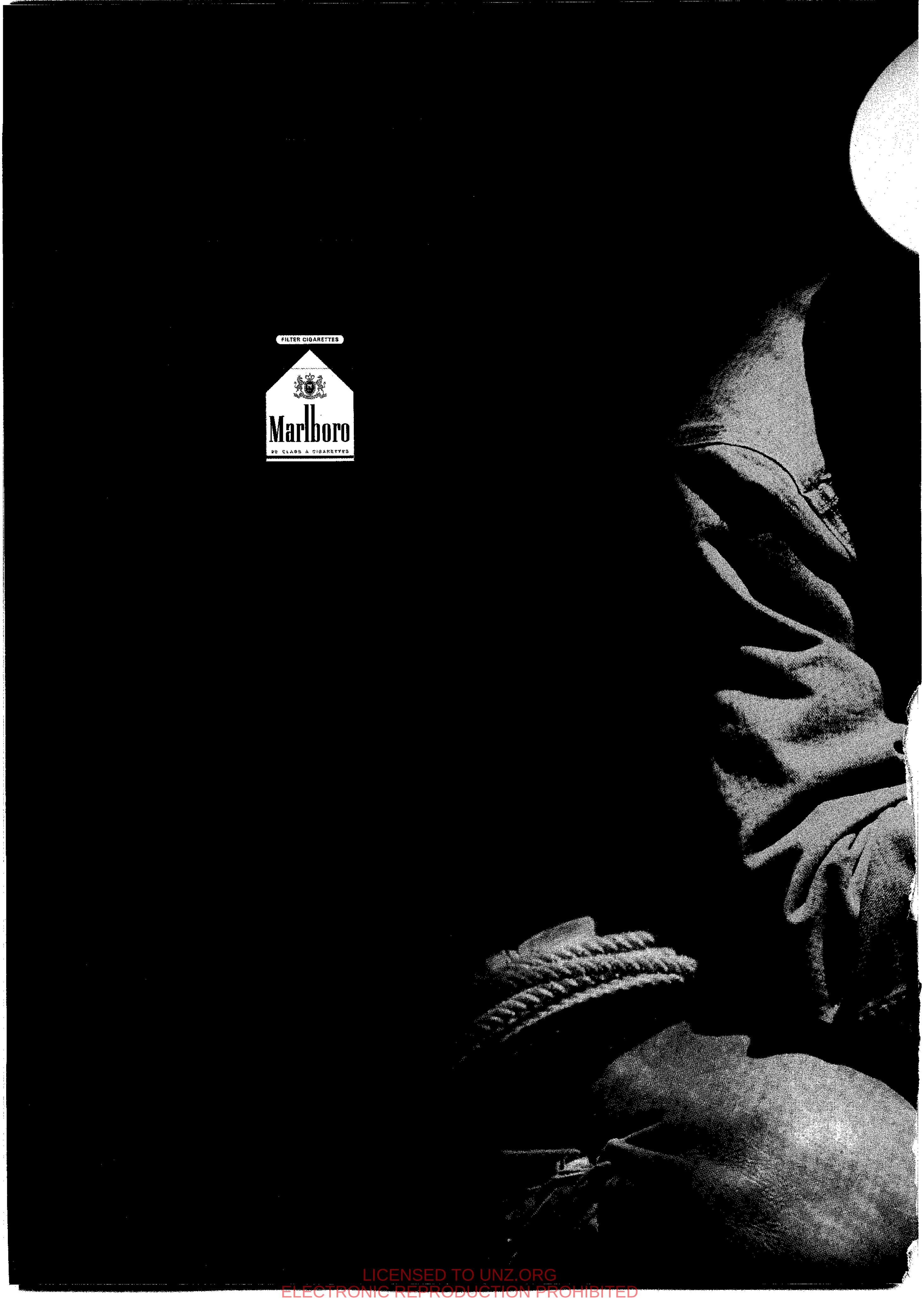
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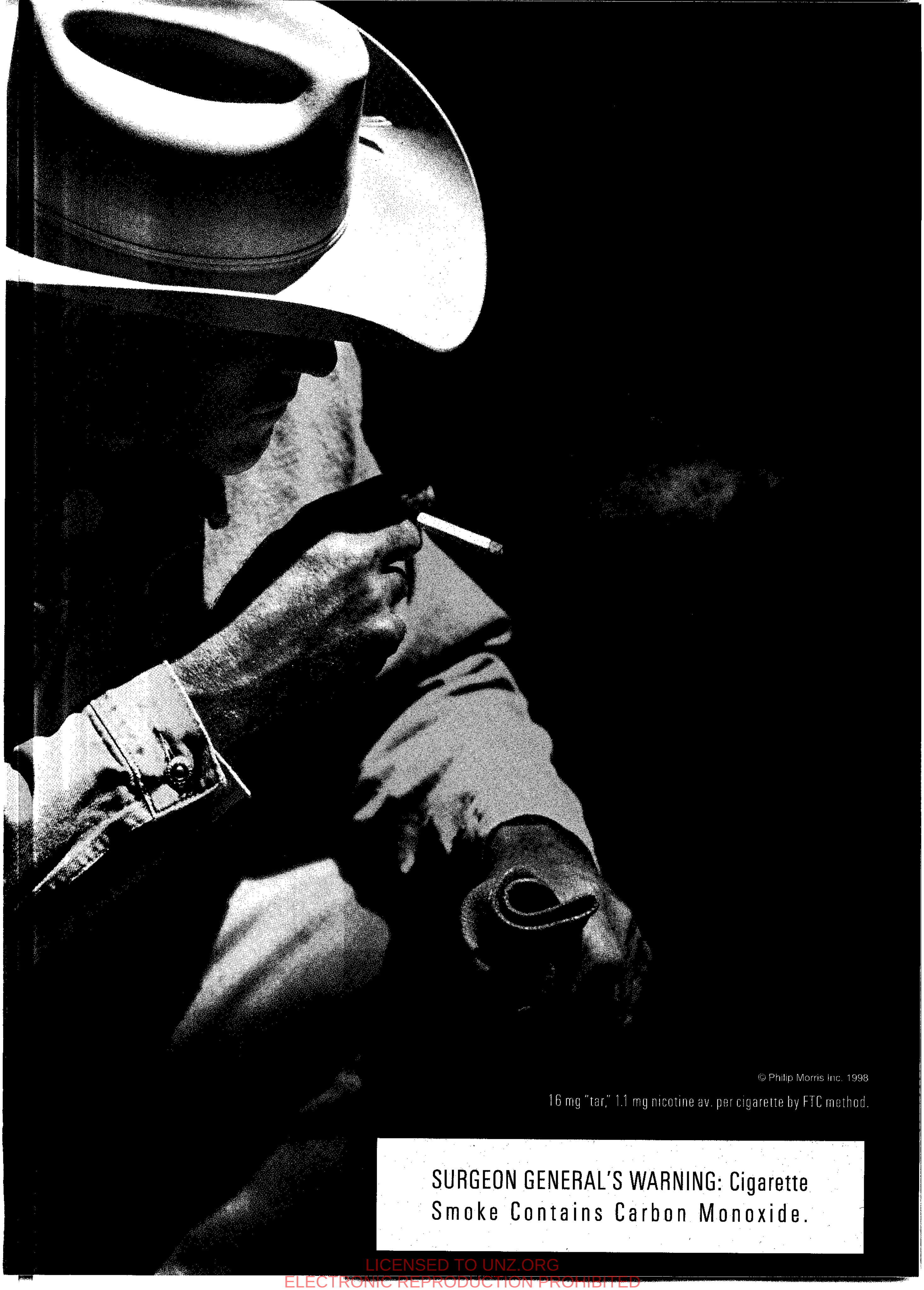

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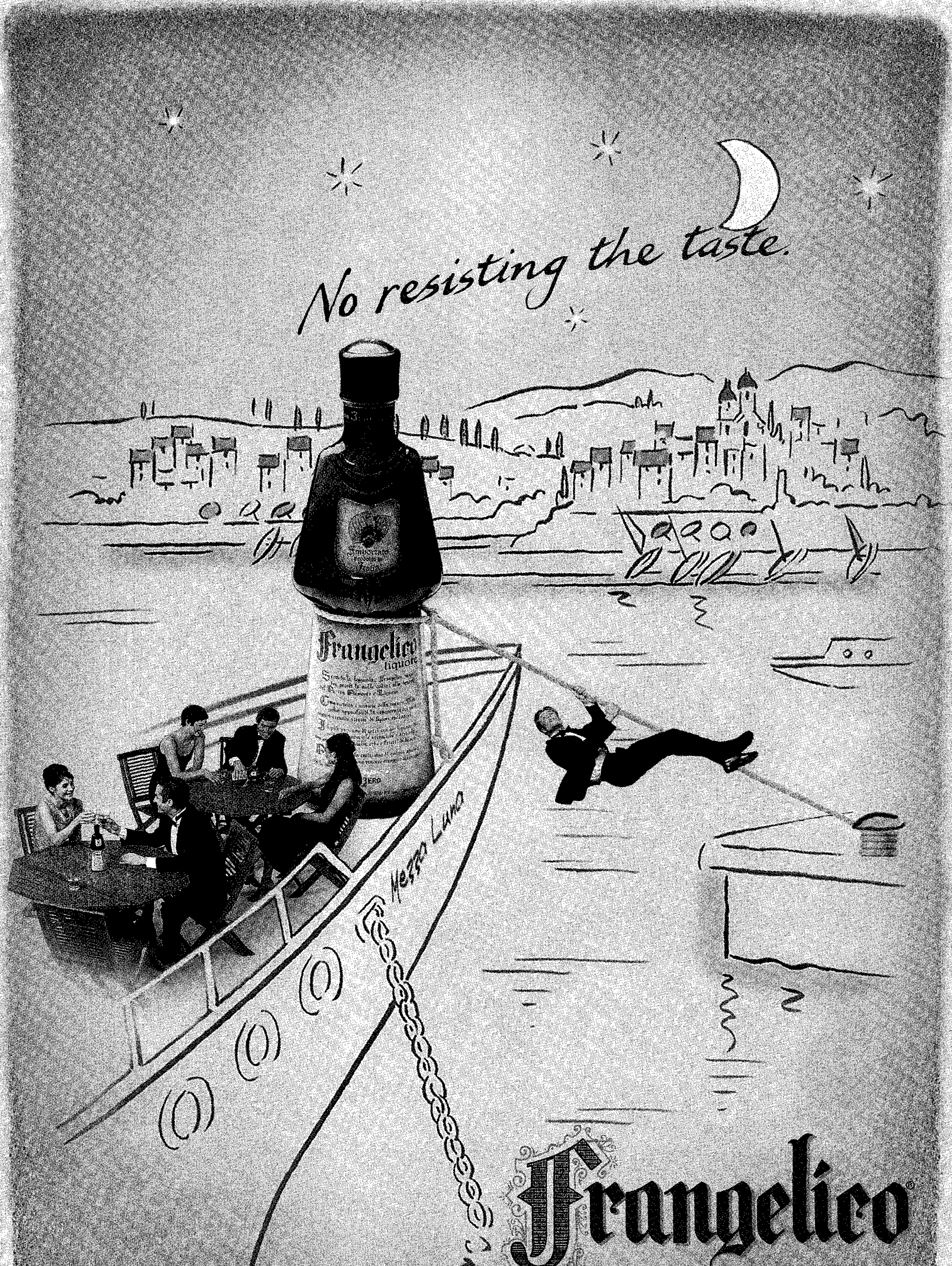
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> *"It's been hard not to look lately. You go into Citibank and they have all those stock quotes going by your face as you're standing in line. It's the hearth of the nineties."*
>
> STEVE HOFFMAN, INVESTOR, PAGE 24

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President, shmesident. As the Dow has rocketed and plummeted in the past few weeks, New York's market obsession has reached a crescendo. Chris Smith on how the mind-set (if not the bank accounts) the boom created is a permanent part of the city's landscape. James Surowiecki on the "irrational feedback loop" we're living in. Alan Deutschman on a fund manager who bet big on Russia—and lost. Plus: how New York business, real estate, luxuries, and government would weather a bear market.

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Photographs: clockwise from top left, Fred Charles/Tony Stone; Jack Vartoogian; Nitin Vadukul.

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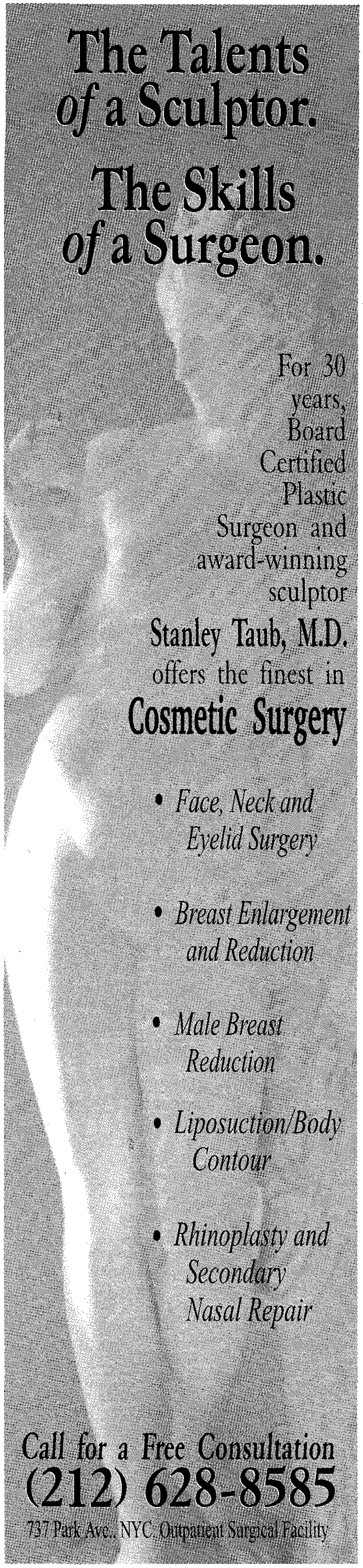

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Content Provider

'Brill's Content' subscribers have their say;
How Starwood minimized one storied inn.

SIGHT UNSEEN, I BECAME A CHARTER subscriber to *Brill's Content* ["Media: Wolff's Brill's Content," by Michael Wolff, September 7]. I was hoping to find out why ABC News and *Newsweek* allow George Stephanopoulos to spin-doctor for the Clinton administration rather than provide objective journalistic commentary. Instead, I learned that (horrors!) local TV reporters "recycle" exposés that run on stations in other cities, that an article by Manuel Noriega in a men's magazine was a "collaborative" effort (no one disclosed how much editing George Clooney's column required), and that cosmetics used on models in fashion photos are not always the same brands listed in the credits.

These inanities aside, I was deeply dismayed that Steven Brill's own article on Kenneth Starr was so shot through with loaded language it should have been labeled an op-ed piece. I sent an e-mail to Bill Kovach, the magazine's ombudsman, expressing my dismay. I wanted Brill's handwritten notes reproduced alongside Starr's complaint that his comments were taken out of context. I have now received the second issue, and can report that Brill has kept his notes to himself. So it's ironic that Brill expects Wolff to turn over *his* notes.

Ruth Papazian
THE BRONX

BRAVO TO MICHAEL WOLFF FOR HIS INVESTIGATION into his own investigation. Steven Brill believes he's on some great crusade for the American people against the evils of journalistic inaccuracy, but who really cares? I can't imagine the average Joe coming home from a hard day at the factory and thinking, *Well, my boss is a jerk and my job sucks, but that's all okay, because Steven Brill's out there every day protecting me from my greatest enemy: journalists!*

Besides, the only way *Content* could have even the slightest shred of credibility would be if the first issue had run features like Brill on Barry Diller, and Brill's own editorial staff on Brill. Because if Diller and Brill aren't subject to *Content*'s scrutiny, then the publication is quite simply a farce, isn't it?

Kenneth P. Scrudato
MANHATTAN

Grand Hotel?

WHEN I READ ALEX WILLIAMS'S "BED, Bath & Way Beyond," I was staying at a Starwood hotel, and I laughed out loud [September 7]. Barry Sternlicht has taken over the Desert Inn, a respected high-end Las Vegas resort hotel, the only one in the city of glitz where the guests were mostly sophisticated, well traveled, and well mannered. Starwood has begun turning this elegant "old lady of the desert" into a typical motel. Now jackets are not required in the gourmet-dining rooms—as I order Beluga caviar, I can see the hairy legs beneath the shorts the men are wearing to dinner. *Oh, my.* How can they expect to compete with the high standards of behavior and dress set by Schrager? *Minimalist* is the word for furnishings, not dress and behavior. Starwood should stick to motels and not try to mimic "elegance."

Rhona Guberman
BOCA RATON, FLA.

Teacher's Pet

MRS. GROSS WAS THE PRINCIPAL, AND MISS Klinghoffer, Mrs. Zetrin, Mrs. Popkin, and Mrs. Ospenstein were my Jewish teachers at P.S. 20 in the South Bronx ["The Long Goodbye," by Samuel G. Freedman, August 10]. I was a poor Puerto Rican kid growing up in the fifties in a predominantly Jewish neighborhood. I am now a successful immigration attorney. But, I often wonder, would I have been as driven or as ambitious if I had grown up in another place and time? And let's not forget my Jewish classmates who befriended me and eased my assimilation. Yes, that era is over, but thanks for the memories, and God bless principal Fein.

Gloria Roa Bodin
CORAL GABLES, FLA.

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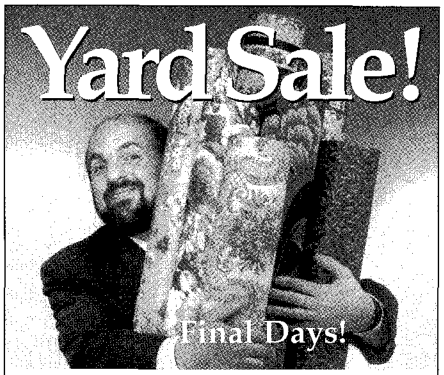
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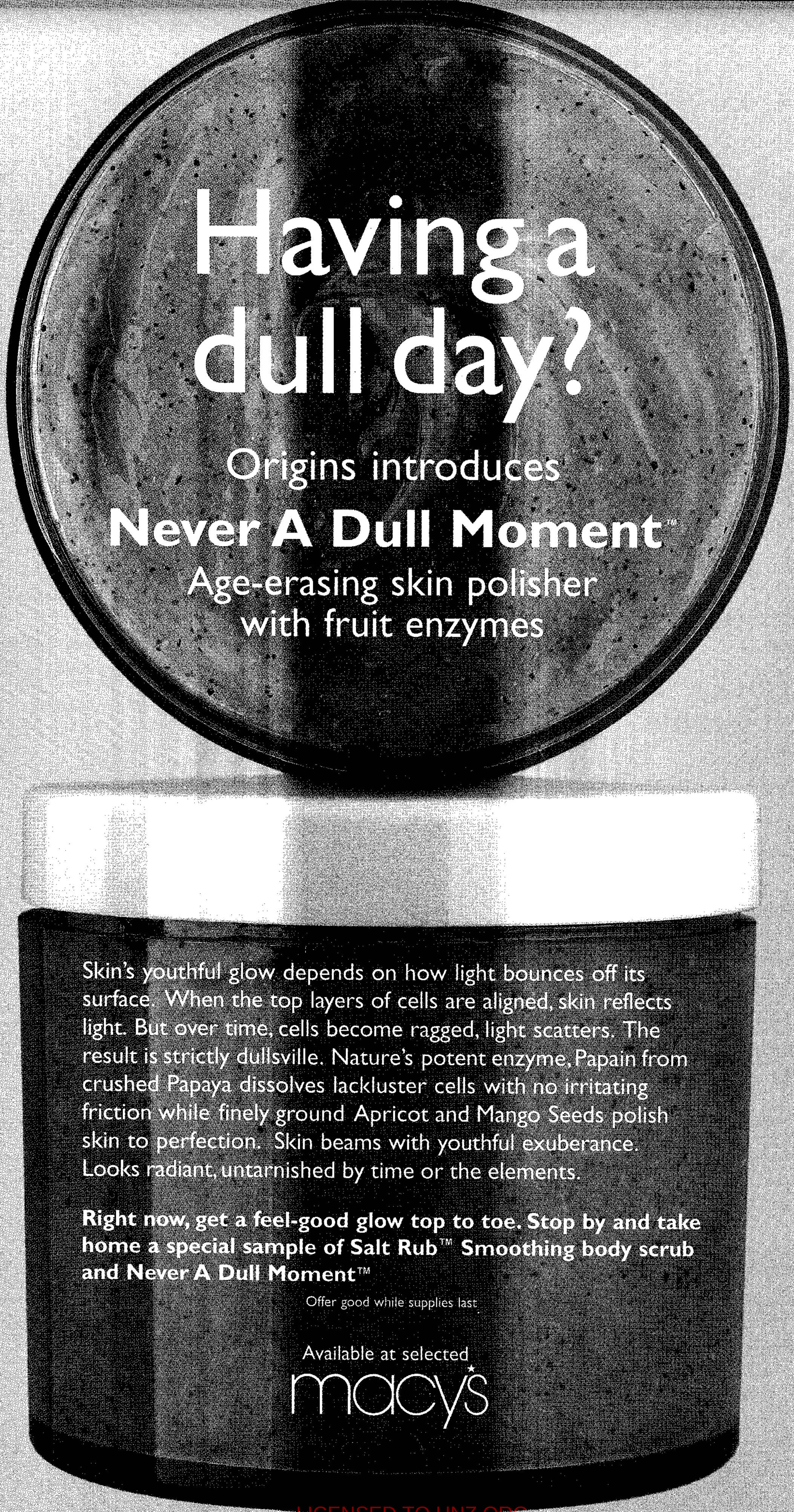

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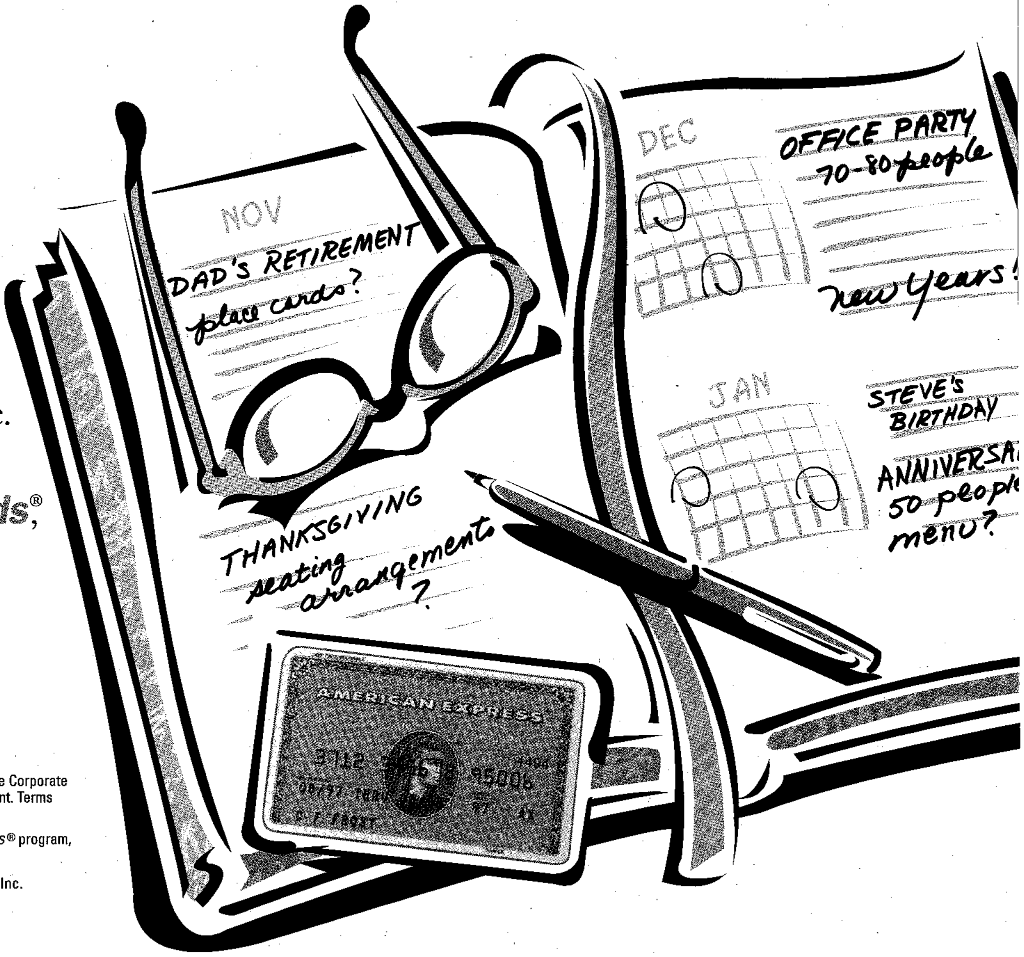

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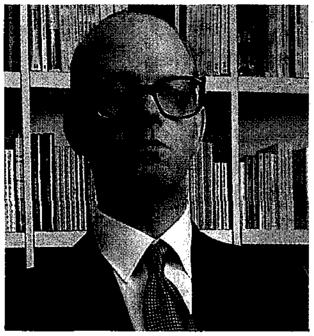
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

A WORKER'S WYLIE RETRIBUTION

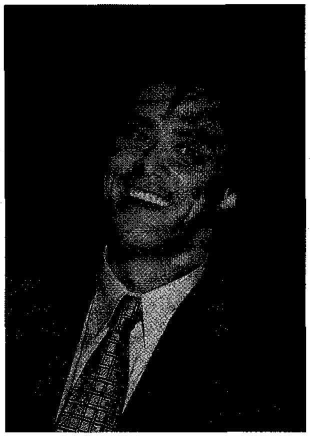
Wily agent **Andrew Wylie** may be known as the Jackal, but one of his former assistants is trying to outfox the master. A disgruntled ex-employee of the Wylie Agency filed a complaint with the state's Labor Department, which is now looking into the matter. A representative of New York's Division of Labor Standards—they enforce the state's wage-and-hours laws regarding, for example, who's entitled to overtime pay—visited Wylie's West 57th Street offices earlier this year. "There is an open investigation at this time," confirms a department spokesman who refuses to answer any other questions specific to Wylie's case. "We investigate every complaint," the spokesman continues, adding that an agent will typically examine time sheets and pay records at the business. Wylie, who represents such authors as **Martin Amis**, **Paul Theroux**, **Philip Roth**, and **Salman Rushdie**, is a notoriously demanding boss who requires long hours of his staff. Through his attorney, Wylie declined to comment.



Andrew Wylie:
Going into labor

ANDY, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THIS ONE?

The only thing more bizarre than Andy Kaufman himself may turn out to be **Jim Carrey**'s method of portraying him. Last week's almost-too-perfect re-creation of Kaufman's 1982 battle with behemoth wrestler Jerry Lawler—which put Carrey in a neck brace—isn't the half of it, according to sources on set at *Man on the Moon*. Throughout the shooting of the **Milos Forman** biopic, Carrey has refused to step out of character, reportedly delving so deeply into the role of the late comic/inter-gender world wrestling champion that he insisted on being called "Andy" at all times, and even sported the late comedian's underwear. Can that be healthy?



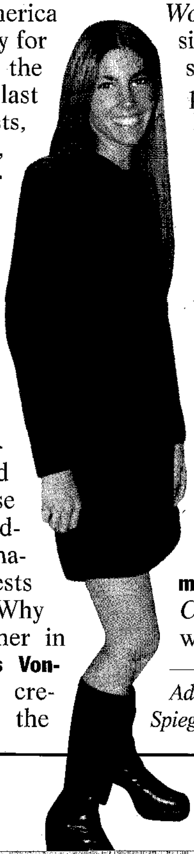
Jim Carrey:
Borrowed boxers

MUSEUM HEAD'S STILL LIFE WITH NUDE

Maybe **David Ross** should have stayed in New York, where he was safe. Not long after he left the Whitney to take over the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, the museum director discovered just how wild the West can be. Ross awoke at three one morning to find a naked stranger standing at the foot of his bed—a homeless man, dripping wet. Evidently the intruder had just taken a bath and was, sensibly enough, looking for a towel. While Ross guarded the uninvited guest, his wife, **Marilyn**, called the police and gave the intruder a pair of David's shoes to put on. Then she discovered that her bathtub was full of dirty water, which, according to the police report, "she proceeded to empty"—but, it continues harrowingly, "dirt remained on the bottom and sides." The visitor explained to police that he was from outer space, but he nevertheless faces two misdemeanor charges in San Francisco and has a court date of October 5. Ross didn't return calls but told the San Francisco *Chronicle* that he has a new alarm system.

FULL OF BOLOGNA (AND CHEESE)

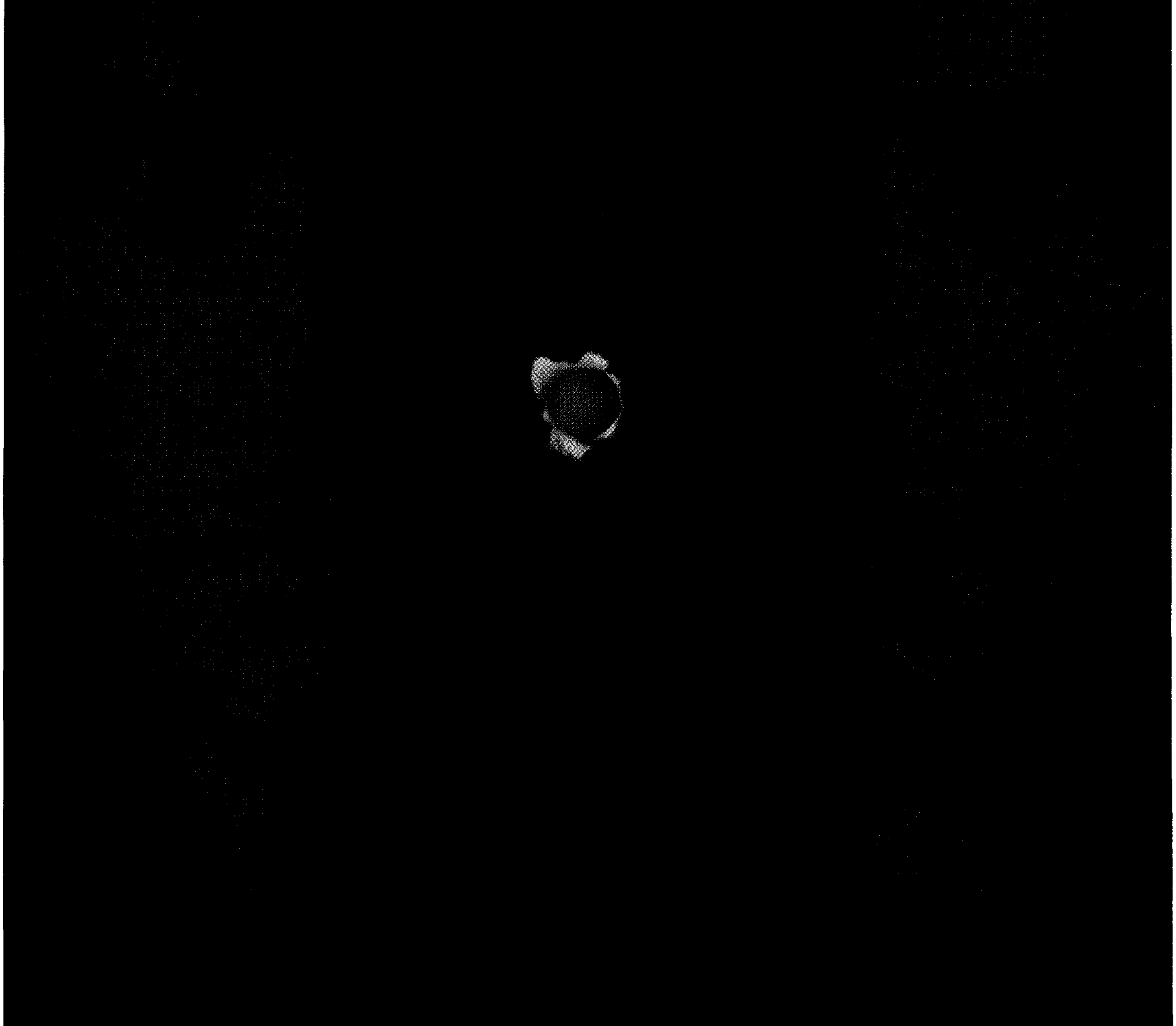
Juliet Hartford (below) seems to have inherited some of the eccentricities of her father, Huntington. The stately socialite attended America Online's launch party for its 4.0 software at the Mercer Kitchen last week, and while guests, including **Bob Pittman**, **Chris Cuomo**, and **Stephen Dorff**, munched on such delectables as lobster, couscous, and baby-beet salad with goat cheese, the 30-year-old blue blood sat down at a table and pulled out a brown paper bag. Whereupon she unwrapped a bologna-and-cheese sandwich and proceeded to devour it nonchalantly as other guests stared in disbelief. Why the brown-bag dinner in lieu of **Jean-Georges Vongerichten**'s exquisite creations? "This is the hottest new restaurant," she allowed. "But I *never* eat the food at parties. You don't know who could cough on it or handle it as it goes by." So the bologna-and-cheese was from her own kitchen at home? "From a deli," Hartford replied.



NEUMAN'S OWN: *Chad's World*, the much-gossiped-about gay drama series that was supposed to debut on the Internet this fall, has been delayed till next year. But Digital Entertainment Network is still planning to put original programs on the Web this November, among them *The Chang Gang* (a sort of Asian Hardy Boys) and *East Side High* (about L.A.'s Hispanic subculture). A spokeswoman for DEN president **David Neuman** explains that *Chad's World* just wasn't ready in time.

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Alan Derek/Rangefinder/Globe Photos; Patrick McMullan; John Chiasson/Gamma-Liaison.



H B O P I C T U R E S P R E S E N T S

WAR CHANGES EVERYTHING

SHOT
THROUGH
THE
HEART

HBO PICTURES PRESENTS AN ALLIANCE COMMUNICATIONS, COMPANY PICTURES AND TRANSATLANTIC MEDIA ASSOCIATES PRODUCTION "SHOT THROUGH THE HEART" LINUS ROACHE VINCENT PEREZ AND LOTHAIRE BLUTEAU MUSIC BY EDWARD SHEARMUR EXECUTIVE PRODUCER FRANCINE LEFRAK PRODUCED BY SU ARMSTRONG WRITTEN BY GUY HIBBERT DIRECTED BY DAVID ATTWOOD

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 8PM ET/PT

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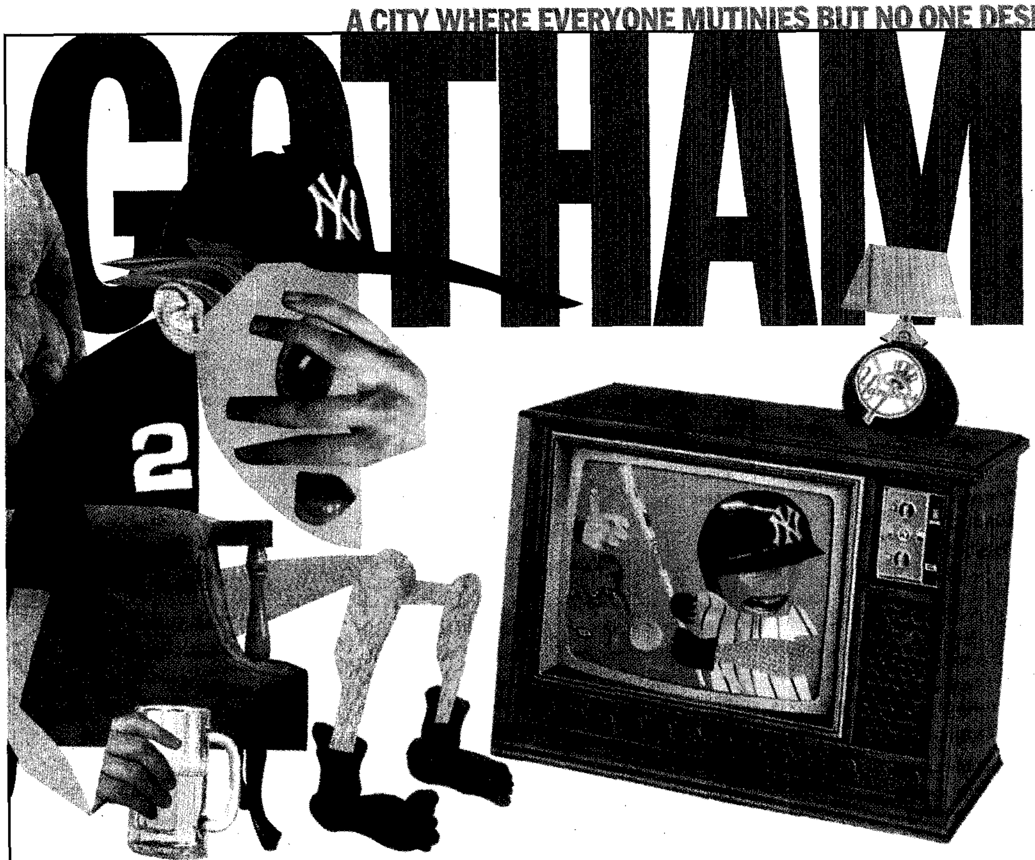
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CITY WHERE EVERYONE MUTINIES BUT NO ONE DESERTS—*HARRY HERSHFIELD*

GOTHAM



Black October

The playoffs are here, but cringing Yankee fans may be too scared to watch.

NOT EVEN TUBE SOCK Day was enough to draw much of a crowd out in the hot, drizzling rain last week as the Yankees wound down their greatest regular season ever. But those fans who did brave the elements were searching for signs of hope. Frank, a contractor from central Jersey, sat in his own row near the foul pole, trying to keep dry under a garbage-bag poncho. "The way this team's been playing, it makes me queasy," he said. "Forget about the greatest of all time. For 30 games now, they've been a normal team. A less than normal team." Suddenly, the waterlogged crowd perked up as Bernie Williams drilled a fastball off the right-field wall. Frank lurched to his feet in time to see the Indians' outfielder smartly play the ricochet, fire into the second-baseman, and hold Williams to a long single. "Good God," Frank said, collapsing back into his seat. "In June, that would've been a home-run ball, gone, good-bye. Queasy, man, it's making me queasy."

All summer, the Yankees didn't just win ball game after ball game. They were the one sure thing in a city consumed by real and imagined threats. Will the president be impeached, will the Dow melt down to 1000, will Bin Laden bring his jihad to the subways? Who knows and who cares? The Yankees were making history.

Then, just like that, the Yankees started to lose—two of three here, another couple there. Soon, people were scouring the daily coverage for answers. Joe Torre's loopy statements about his team's greatness were parsed and dissected—did they demonstrate complacency? What about David Cone's arm—was it shot? How come shrimpy Chuck Knoblauch was swinging for the

(continued on page 12)

SUBPLOT

Don't Have to Live Like a Refugee

- When Iran finally decided, last week, to call off the hit against Salman Rushdie, moderate and fair-minded people around the world dared to wonder, *would the embattled writer at last come out of hiding?* When New Yorkers heard, they dared to wonder, *would he at last stop going out every night?*

- "The first time he came we were all paranoid that something horrible would happen," says Howard Schaffer, general manager of B Bar, where Rushdie could often be seen. "He was never protected in any manner or form. He'd talk to semi-celebs at other tables. It was like he wanted to be seen."

- During the later years of the *fatwah*, every gossip column in town spotted him at Balthazar, Citron, or Della Femina's, hanging out with rock stars and models. "He seemed completely at ease," says Kirsten LaBue, assistant manager of Nick & Toni's, where Rushdie recently dined unprotected. "I guess he can walk into Muslim temples now," adds Schaffer. "Or at least he can come to restaurants in a cab."

CAMEO

The Mrs. Has Two Faces

LIKE HER HUSBAND, BILL, HILLARY'S OFTEN accused of having a strategically split personality—publicly, a supportive wife and doting mother; privately, a shrewish, power-hungry manipulator. Her two visits to New York last week prove otherwise: She has two faces, all right, but neither is recognizable. First she spoke at NYU's "Third Way" conference, the kind of high-minded exchange on global issues she's said to live for. But instead of letting herself go in the world of ideas, she came off like a Cryogenic Queen. Paramedics are still working to revive some of the spectators who endured her stultifying session on "Civil Society and the Future of Democracy." Two days later, she showed up for a perfunctory fund-raising appearance for Senate hopeful Chuck Schumer. This time, however, she was breathing fire, blasting Al D'Amato as "a Jesse Helms clone." About the only thing she didn't call him was a liar.

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger. Photograph by Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

Yankees *continued from page 11*

fences every time up?

In the midst of all this was the McGwire-Sosa home-run spectacle, which may have saved baseball, but which didn't help the Yankees much. Even in the Bronx, the Bombers had trouble holding center stage. At a recent game against the Red Sox, a large group of Dominican fans started several chants of "Sosa, Sosa." A stocky, balding man in a Derek Jeter jersey turned to face them: "I don't know if you know this, but Sammy doesn't fucking play here. Root for someone on our team or shut up."

Most fans don't want to contemplate the possibility of the Yankees not winning—or even reaching—the World Series. They don't want to be nitpickers or naysayers. Most of all, they don't want to jinx their team. "Whaddya writing about, that the Yankees suck?" one fan yelled at a reporter, from several rows away. "Is that your story? Well, that's a typical media way to look at things. The Yankees don't suck. You suck." He refused to speculate on the Yankees' chances, however. "Like I'd tell you word one."

Meanwhile, the teams' postseason rivals were stronger than ever. "They should've gotten Randy Johnson, because it would've kept him away from someone else," said Bill, a Long Island hardware-store manager. "Johnson was dogging it all year in Seattle, but when he got to Houston, suddenly he's a happy guy who's killing everybody." Lowering his voice, Bill added: "He could kill the Yanks, too."

Last week's three-game sweep of the Indians made everyone feel a bit better, but would it supply the needed momentum? Two kids shooting hoops outside Yankee Stadium thought not. "I don't see no Michael Jordan on the Yankees, some money dude who's going to drop dead before he lets his team lose," said one.

"The real heartbreak," said a fan on the 161st Street subway platform, "would've been if we'd played out of our minds the whole season, won 125 games, then blown it right at crunch time. Least this way, it's like we've been prepared."

HUGO LINDGREN

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Night Clubbed

Unruly cops turn Webster Hall into a policeman's brawl.

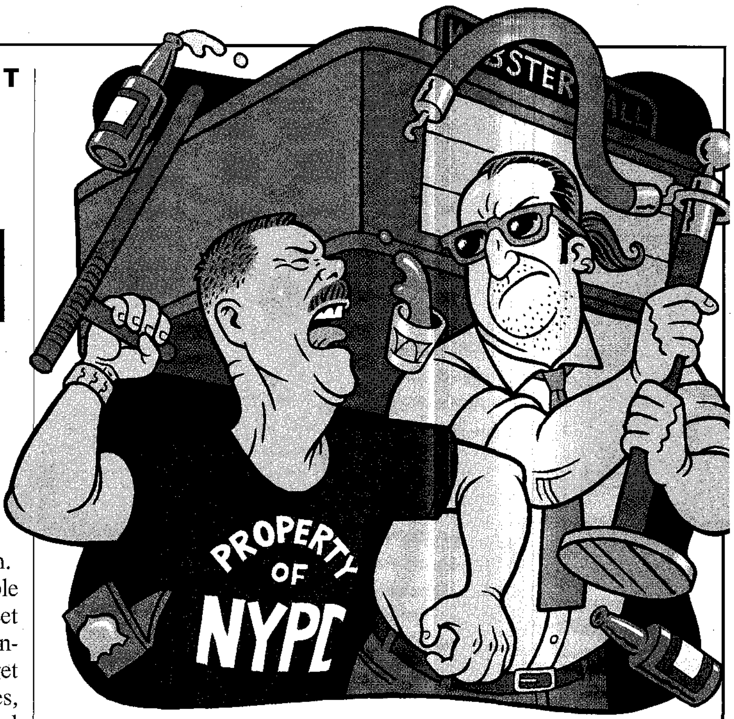


Illustration by Danny Hellman

SATURDAY NIGHTS AT Webster Hall are predictable enough. A few hundred people pack East 11th Street by the nightclub's entrance, waiting to get patted down for guns, knives, and drugs, then get drunk and throw up on the neighbors' cars. And around 2 A.M., there's usually a street fight. The Ninth Precinct cops routinely bust it up with a siren. Two Saturdays ago, however, the local badges were called in to discipline their own.

According to the Internal Affairs Bureau, which is currently investigating the incident, as many as twelve off-duty cops may have been involved in a brawl, which nearly blinded one officer and sent a bouncer to the hospital. Further complicating the issue, the NYPD had previously forbidden local off-duty cops from patronizing Webster Hall. One officer has been suspended just for being there on the evening in question.

According to witnesses and police, the cops had been attending a bachelor party around the corner, then moved to Webster Hall. At 2:11 A.M., in a dark stairwell, a bouncer shone a light at one of the patrons and told him to keep moving. A shouting match erupted, then the bouncer was smashed in the head with a bottle. The fists started flying.

Off-duty cop Harry Hernandez, a ten-year veteran of the Ninth, was standing outside the open door when a spray of glass lacerated his left eye. Amid the clamor, a friend hustled him into a cab and sped him to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary three blocks away. For two days, it looked as if he might lose the eye.

"I really have no idea what happened. I was just standing there" he says. "I just came with a friend from Brooklyn."

If Hernandez didn't know what hit him, a dozen other people might. According to officers from Internal Affairs, several members of the bachelor party were involved in the stairwell mêlée. Bouncers used flashlights, fists, and retractable nightsticks to beat the raucous partygoers down the stairs. The brawl tumbled into the street, where bouncers eventually managed to break it apart. By the time the on-duty police officers had responded to the call, the disturbance had boiled over several times, as furious party members spit obscenities inches from the bouncers' faces.

The chaotic scene was captured by *New York* on a videotape that is currently being viewed by Internal Affairs. "Their faces are pretty clear," says one detective. "We'll be taking it around looking for names." About the brawlers' affiliation, however, there should be little doubt. At one point, a man walks toward the camera, punches his fist in the air, and, identifying himself, shouts: "Seventh Precinct. Webster Hall security sucks. And let 'em know. There were a bunch of our officers here and they fucking beat the shit out of one of our officers."

"It's just the raw edge of human emotion," says club owner Lonnie Ballinger. "These guys come in here—I know them so well. All the pressure they're under. We're not holding any grudges."

None of the members of the bachelor party would comment about their involvement. Several calls to the bouncer went ignored. Hernandez, the injured cop, won't discuss it, referring all questions to a PBA official.

And even Ballinger was quick to downplay the incident, explaining that "somebody just stumbled, and that got everything going. The bouncer slipped. He feels real bad."

Nevertheless, the Internal Affairs detective vowed that the investigation would continue. "We'll see if it rises to the level of criminality," he said. "Obviously, if a cop assaulted someone, you think they'll want to talk to me?"

But someone talked, and it was likely someone from the Ninth, since only an East Village cop would know that fellow officers weren't allowed at the club. "Each precinct knows what's off limits to their cops," says Police Department spokesperson Cheryl Cox. "Cops in other precincts might not know what's off limits." With 76 city precincts, she adds, "you'd need a book [to consult] every time you went out." That might not be a bad idea.

KEVIN GRAY

LAW

The Plane Dealer

Top-flight air-crash litigator eyes Swissair

Lee Kreindler, who is representing the families of the Swissair crash victims.

ATTORNEY LEE S. KREINDLER gets up from the barber's chair fresh from a trim. Handing the shoeshine boy a $5 tip, the 74-year-old lawyer glances in the mirror: All ready for the day's meetings with several families of the 229 passengers killed when Swissair Flight 111 went down off the coast of Nova Scotia on September 2. "I'm frazzled," he says, crossing the street to his Park Avenue office. "I've been working my ass off lately."

Working, that is, on what he calls "the perfect liability case." Because Swissair had earlier signed a multi-carrier agreement to waive the caps on accident liability, Kreindler—the country's most famous plane-crash litigator—envisions a huge settlement. And since Boeing and its suppliers are not party to that agreement, Kreindler may decide to sue them, too. "There is more than one way to skin a cat," he says, "but I will play that card."

Kreindler got his start in 1952 when he won the first major verdict—$165,000—against an airline by independently proving the cause of the crash. Later, he wrote what is still considered the definitive text on aviation litigation. In 1988, he served as lead counsel in the largest airline case to date: the Pan Am 103 bombing. The nearly eight-year effort, which included suing the Libyan government and a collective outlay of more than $3 million, brought in a combined $500 million in damages for the plaintiffs, nearly half of whom were Kreindler's clients.

Then TWA Flight 800 blew up off Long Island in 1996; as co–lead counsel in the suits brought by the victims' families, Kreindler was the first to go public with the theory that a faulty fuel pump detonated the explosion. Having recently spent two days going over the wreckage with his own team of investigators, he insists, "We're on our way to solving this crash. We've come up with things that have so far eluded the NTSB [National Transportation Safety Board], and I believe we are going to bring to light facts that will lead to substantial damages." Asked to elaborate, Kreindler says only, "I've been pretty hot on the scavenge pump."

In the legal world, Kreindler has an unimpeachable reputation for professionalism and thoroughness, though he's had a problem or two with his own team. Mitch Baumeister, who carried Kreindler's bags when he worked for him as a law student in 1970, left Kreindler & Kreindler to start a rival practice in 1984. When Kreindler first publicized his Flight 800 theory, Baumeister blasted him for being "irresponsible" and "hold[ing] out [the] false expectation" of a solution.

Today, Kreindler and Baumeister speak respectfully of each other, but their styles are very different. While Kreindler is methodically meeting with the Swissair victims' families, Baumeister quickly slapped the airline with a $50 million suit on behalf of ex-boxer Jake LaMotta, whose son was killed.

It's just one indication of the way competition in the field has intensified as damage awards have risen. The attorney's percentage in passenger-jet disasters is usually less than the 30 percent that personal-injury lawyers generally get, but the settlements themselves are vast. Kreindler's firm's take in the Pan Am settlement was around $40 million, plus expenses.

The Swissair case could be much more lucrative. "There were around the same number of passengers as [on Pan Am Flight] 103, but Swissair had a lot of breadwinners," Kreindler says, sitting in his firm's conference room, next to a poster-size blowup of the reconstructed 747 that was Flight 800. "Let's just say . . . recovery will be substantial." The first $1 billion air crash? "Could be," he says hopefully. TED OEHMKE

SITE LINES

Hoopless Dreams: The NBA Store Plays Ralph Lauren's Game

THE NBA IS NO LONGER JUST A SPORTS LEAGUE. IT IS NOW something more exalted—a brand. That's the raison d'être of the newly opened NBA Store, a 35,000-square-foot showplace on Fifth Avenue, not far from the Disney Store, the Coca-Cola Store, and NikeTown. Here, at the corner of 52nd Street, says Rick Welts, the league's chief marketing officer, the NBA "can take its place among the great global brands."

The store's exterior is what we've come to expect of a brand palace: A gold-leafed NBA logo is "hand-carved" into the limestone, a hoop and ball hang over the front door, and the revolving doors have eerily disembodied brass arms holding basketballs as handles. But the merchandise seems off-theme. The main floor is dominated by the Logoman Collection, a line of polo shirts, pastel sweaters, and other Wasp attire featuring a silhouetted basketball player embroidered on the chest in lieu of a polo jockey or a wee crocodile. The only balls for sale are golf balls.

The interior of the NBA store, at Fifth and 52nd.

Photos of retired NBA greats like Julius Erving and Jerry West displayed between stacks of pullovers tell the story. Merchandise such as the $150 Hugo Boss NBA golf shirts—two brands in one shirt!—is intended for older, more affluent customers, the sky-box crowd. Other merchandise is harder to figure. Who would shell out for an $8,000 Waterford crystal vase inscribed with a picture of Larry Bird? Or an $1,800 spangle-covered, basketball-shaped disco purse? "This is a level of products that didn't exist before," Welts observes.

While architecture is hardly the point, the NBA Store does have one notable design feature: A central ramp, with team logos projected on it like stepping stones, leads customers in a spiral to the lower level. Here's the real stuff—team jerseys, WNBA Barbie dolls, a "Pose Like a Pro" digital-photo studio—crass and colorful. The ramp is the conduit from the new NBA, the lifestyle brand, to the old NBA, which still has something to do with basketball. KARRIE JACOBS

NIGHTLIFE

Never Too Old To . . .

Septuagenarian stripper makes the scene.

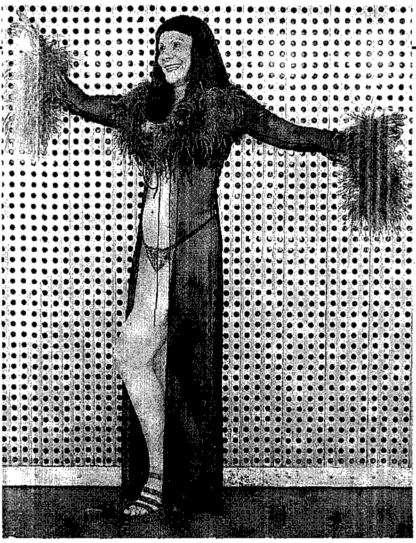
OF ALL THE STRIPPERS saddened by Mayor Giuliani, perhaps none is so blue as Rose Edwards, 72, whose stripping career was just picking up steam.

A real-estate agent and free spirit, Edwards, née Lapone, discovered her calling three years ago. She had always been somewhat eccentric. And she'd always had a killer body. At 69, she wanted to do something—perhaps a seminar—about women's sexual empowerment. But then she saw the dancers, and they called to her.

She hired a teacher, and soon made her debut at a private party—less nervous, she says, about performing without her clothing than about performing without her bifocals.

The crowd went wild, she made $12, and an ecdysiast was born. "My dancing came from a desire to express myself in a way which tapped into my own sexual energy," she says. "I didn't want to be walking off with suitors." Since then, she's performed (often for gay and lesbian audiences, though she is straight) at Jackie 60, Velvet, and the Blue Angel.

She's no dotty old lady with a boa. Rose has a Cher-like cascade of hair and several intimate piercings. The breasts are new, but everything else is as God gave it to her on a very generous day. In performance, Rose not only shakes it, she conveys a rare joy. One recent night, she danced so exuberantly (astride an umbrella) that, she later told her instructor, "I lost my bikini top, but I also lost my hearing aid."



Rose Edwards, real-estate agent and ecdysiast.

Watching her dance is empowering, in a post-menopausal zest sort of way, but also unsettling. Even Ute Hanna, proprietor of the Blue Angel, seems taken aback. "I don't think somebody as old as she is should be naked onstage," she says. Still, she's booked Edwards three times.

At Velvet, Edwards did a lap dance for a drag king. As Rose ground into her lap, the drag king's expression changed from a comradely "You go, girl!" to something deeper, equal parts rapture and terror. She seemed to realize this wasn't novelty, this was sex, with seven decades of force behind it. "I feel this incredible power," Rose says, "which I don't misuse."

Delighted to discover that, at her age, "the dance still works," she doesn't hide her nightlife from her real-estate colleagues, and has invited her extended family, from North Caldwell, New Jersey, to see her show. As for the mayor's disapproval, she's nonplussed. "I think stripping is really good, and it's too bad that he's done what he's done," she says gently. Recently, she's been checking out a Queens venue where the dancing is totally naked. "It's not a fancy place," she says, "but I need the practice." STACEY D'ERASMO

THE SCENE

SoHo UFOs

Photographs by Patrick McMullan
Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis

SHE MAY BE A SUPERMODel, but when Irina celebrated her memoir, *Siberian Dream*, last week, her friends made her sound like a visionary. "I happen to love Irina," said designer Yeohlee. "We speak deeply about so many things." Vivienne Tam agreed: "The best thing about Irina is her wonderful storytelling. I can listen to her stories for hours." Katherine Freed gushed, "I'm so glad this person moved to SoHo. How wonderful to get out of repetitive, cold, primitive Siberia, away from all those yaks." As Irina lifted a glass of champagne, and describe her encounters with various extraterrestrial beings, she offered up a most unusual résumé: "I am the center between the East and West. All the world is in me."

Bob Wright; John Malone; Ted Turner; honoree Charles F. Dolan, chairman of Cablevision Systems Corporation; and James L. Dolan, at the Walter Kaitz Foundation dinner at the Hilton.

Model and author Irina Pantaeva with Yeohlee at Lot 61 for the publication of *Siberian Dream*.

Alexander McQueen with Suzy Menkes at the Fashion Group International's annual *Night of Stars* at the Pierre Hotel.

Duane Hampton, guest editor Bill Blass, and Annette Tapert celebrating this month's *Civilization*.

Swami Ganapati, Hunt Slonem, and Marisol at Slonem's show, at Marlborough Chelsea gallery.

Kate Moss, Joaquin Phoenix, and Liv Tyler at Irving Plaza for the premiere of Gramercy Pictures' *Clay Pigeons*, sponsored by Perry Ellis.

Photograph by Melanie Dunea.

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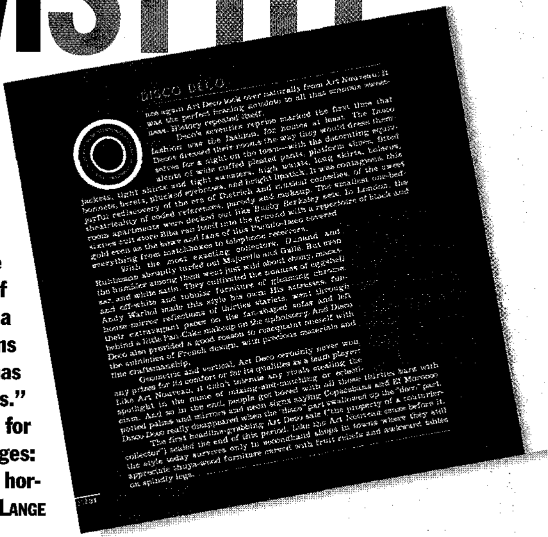
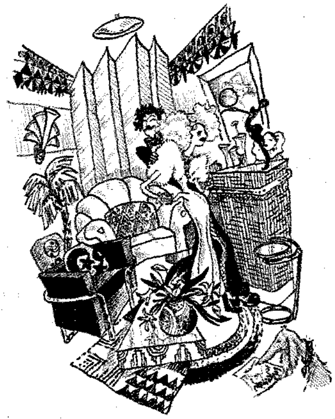
GOTHAMSTYLE

Home Wrecker

Never has so much décor been insulted with so few words. In *Your World . . . And Welcome to It: A Rogue's Gallery of Interior Design* (Simon & Schuster), couturier Christian Lacroix savagely caricatures the fads and furbelows of interior decorating—including many that his readers are likely to have fallen for. The designer's send-up of minimalism, for example, features his sketch of a black-clad soul gazing at a bouquet of bare stems and Patrick Mauriès's observation that the style has "about the same anemic allure as a terminal illness." All those with design pretensions, and a capacity for self-mockery, can find themselves in these pages: "Disco Deco," perhaps, or "Happy Habitat"—or, horrifically, "Be Still, My Chintz." **ALEXANDRA LANGE**





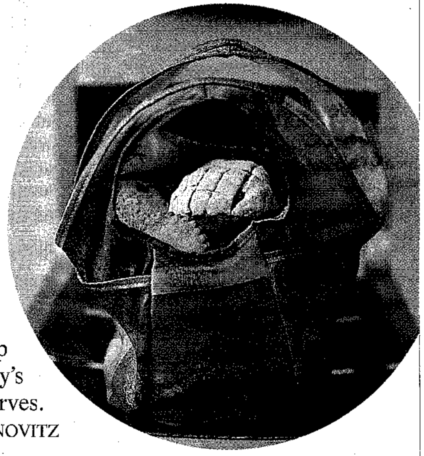
B O D Y T Y P E

Give Me Some Lip

Maintaining those bee-stung lips is such a bore: Collagen injections don't last very long, and Gore-Tex or implants (the newer methods) can produce uneven results. Now Dr. Thomas Loeb—Paula Jones's own plastic surgeon—offers a permanent alternative he calls the "V-Y." In an hourlong operation, he pinches the inside of the patient's lip into a V shape, then stitches it into a Y. "Your lips won't look as huge as with collagen or silicone," says Dr. Loeb. "They're just naturally fuller." It may sound extreme, but he doesn't recommend it for those in search of a Wildenstein smile: "Since I'm using their own tissue, there's only so much that you can do." BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Bagging Brunch

Sample sales can be heaven for budget-conscious label whores, but in terms of atmosphere, they tend to be more like a trip through purgatory: fluorescent lights, frantic customers, and nary a crust of bread to sustain them. Mercifully, however, smaller designers have begun staging sales in restaurants, during lunch hour. Last Sunday, brunching bin-diggers sifted through items by Rebecca Taylor, Ohm, and Susanna Monaco at the Astor Restaurant; this weekend, the Mexican-French bistro Coup hosts a sale of Amy Chan and Inca bags, and West Broadway's Salient offers dosas alongside pashmina shawls and silk scarves. Indian brunch? Never hurts to try. KAREN ROBINOVITZ



Home Is Where the Art Is

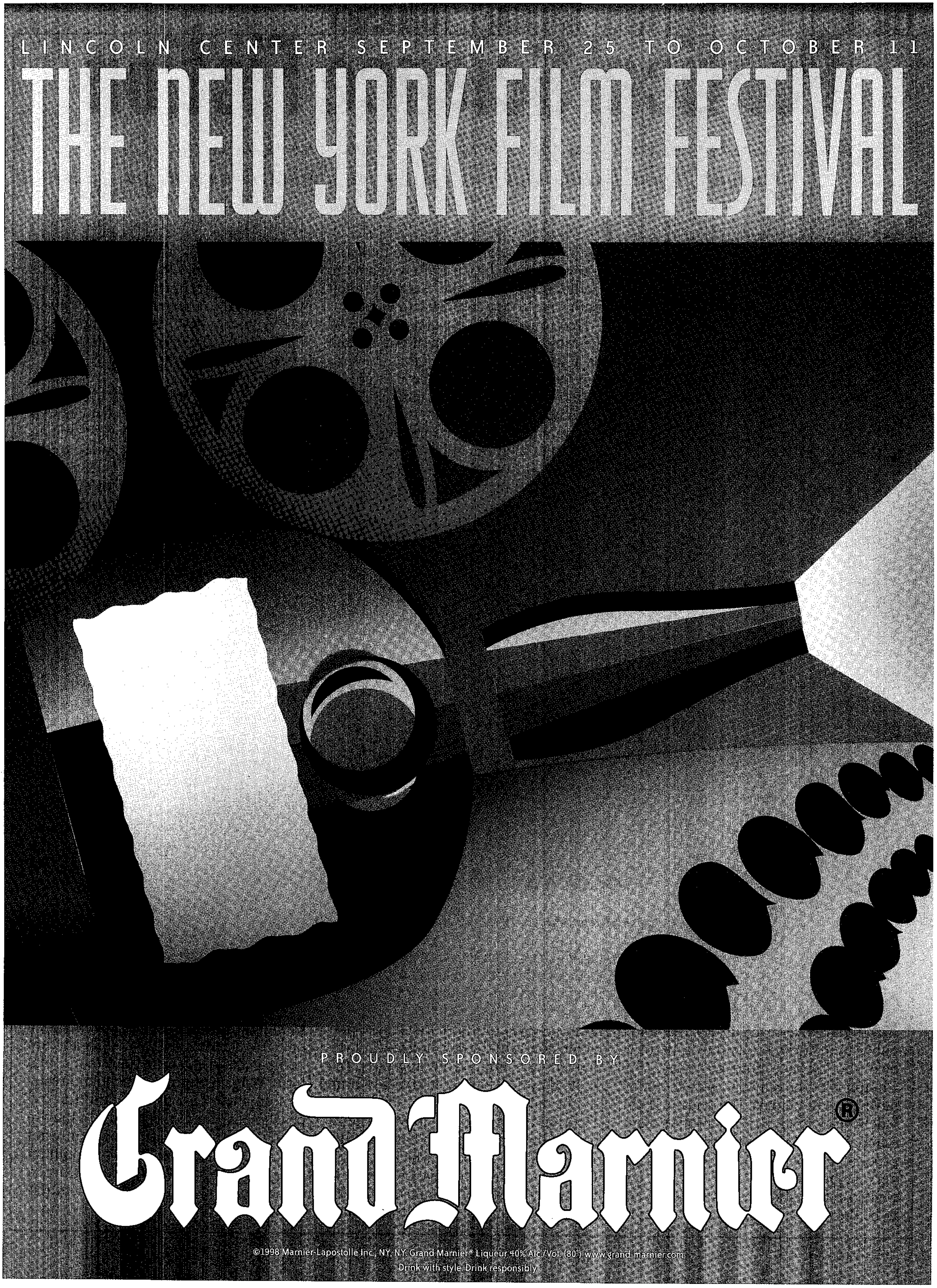
The estate of Pablo Picasso is notoriously strict about copyright infringement: It denied Merchant-Ivory Productions the right to use paintings in *Surviving Picasso,* sued for a share in Greenwich Village's Cafe Picasso, and stalled production of countless cubist key chains. But apparently the painter's descendants have no objection to people sitting on his masterpieces. This week, Richard's Interior Design starts selling upholstery hand-screened with images from Picasso's "Marina" collection. "They're crazy for the drapes on Park Avenue," says designer Michael Lionza, " 'cause even though they have big windows, the views are horrible."

The Eternal Board

Standing by his five-foot-long skateboard, Ray Lego explains his attraction to the outsize gear: "You get older and it hurts more," he says. "Who needs to do fancy stuff? I just want to cruise." From the Jersey Shore to the East Village, hordes of more mature skaters have been abandoning their highly maneuverable short boards in favor of these old-school models, which are usually decorated with retro surf scenes. Their large wheels make them a much smoother ride, though one can expect a somewhat bumpy reception from hard-core competitive skaters. ANTHONY LAPPÉ

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Photographs: top to bottom, Amy Freeth (2); Kristine Larsen.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THE NATIONAL INTEREST MICHAEL TOMASKY

Political Science Fiction

Republicans and pundits bet that the videotape would convince us the Clinton presidency is over. But the upcoming election could prove them wrong yet again.

I WATCHED THE FIRST HALF-HOUR OF the videotape in the radio-and-television-correspondents' gallery, a suite of small offices on the third floor of the Capitol building. The thing having established itself as anticlimactic within moments, I wandered into a small room dominated by a lectern, whose front features the seal of the House of Representatives, and a television backdrop made to resemble a study. When you see Newt Gingrich or Dick Gephardt briefing the press on some matter of national gravity, it's usually from here.

Approaching the shelf behind the lectern, I studied the books. They weren't fake. That would have been expected. No, they were real books, all right, but the shelves were only about five inches deep, and so the books were lopped in half lengthwise and rebound at the corners! Smith's *Wealth of Nations,* Stendhal's *Red and the Black,* Hemmeter's *Diseases of the Stomach* —chopped clean in two. I puzzled: Why go to all this trouble, why take reality and then, at public expense, maim it and manufacture a worthless imitation of reality? Then I remembered I was in Washington.

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IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT AN INVESTIGAtion so reckless as Kenneth Starr's should have overreached, and that a Republican majority so panting in partisan heat should have done the same. Bill Clinton isn't the only one who shouldn't have gone to climax: The release of the video—just another of this probe's many scandalous defenestrations of due process, this one perpetrated not by the pervert and zealot Starr but by our elected representatives—was calculated to be the topper, the event that would finally stir the wrath of a public that conservatives and the media have come to loathe. People, as usual, exercised their loathsome good sense, and yawned.

How quickly the coyotes who prowl the cable channels ran up the white flag! As I watched Tuesday night, the fires that usually animate their eyes were reduced to sodden embers. Suddenly—in one day!—the talk was not of immediate impeachment or resignation but of the difficulties Clinton will face as he limps through his two remaining years.

That'd be nice, but this consensus, having been incubated after all in the land of half-books, was as false as the one that preceded it. Something *did* change after the videotape was aired—Clinton's enemies began to realize that maybe public opinion would never budge—but this moment of humility will surely pass. This week, they'll be back at it, trying to bring out the tape of the president's Paula Jones deposition, among other moves. The release of this testimony can have only one propagandistic purpose, which is to feed the networks more footage of Clinton lying so that it can be juxtaposed to other footage of him lying and then to footage of him finally telling his grudging version of the truth while the voice-over reads from the same old script. The barrage will continue; as the phlegmatic Englishman is said to have remarked upon seeing Niagara Falls for the first time, "But whatever is to stop it?"

WELL, A COUPLE OF THINGS. FIRST, THE midterm elections. History dictates that the sitting president's party takes a bath at the polls in his sixth year, often to the tune of 25 seats or so in the House. Even during the blackest night of Monicamania, no one thought the Republicans would gain that much, so the Democrats are already ahead of the game, historically speaking. Now, a little math from a Democratic operative who follows these things: There are thirteen incumbent Democrats whose seats are marginal, ten incumbent Republican marginals, in the parlance, and fifteen marginal open seats. The other 397 are already done deals, so these 38 seats will chart the next Congress's course. Given the way such chips usually fall, it would be odd for either party to gain or lose many more than ten seats.

The Republicans are pressing a vote on moving forward with impeachment sometime in early October. They hope, says Democratic consultant Mandy Grunwald, that this will accomplish two things: put Democrats on the spot, and energize their own base. "The Republicans are betting that despite the fact that a majority is against impeachment and resignation, their base is not only for impeachment and resignation, they're wildly for them," she says. Grunwald and all Democrats fear a low turnout on their side, so the Republican effort to make the elections an impeachment referendum concerns them.

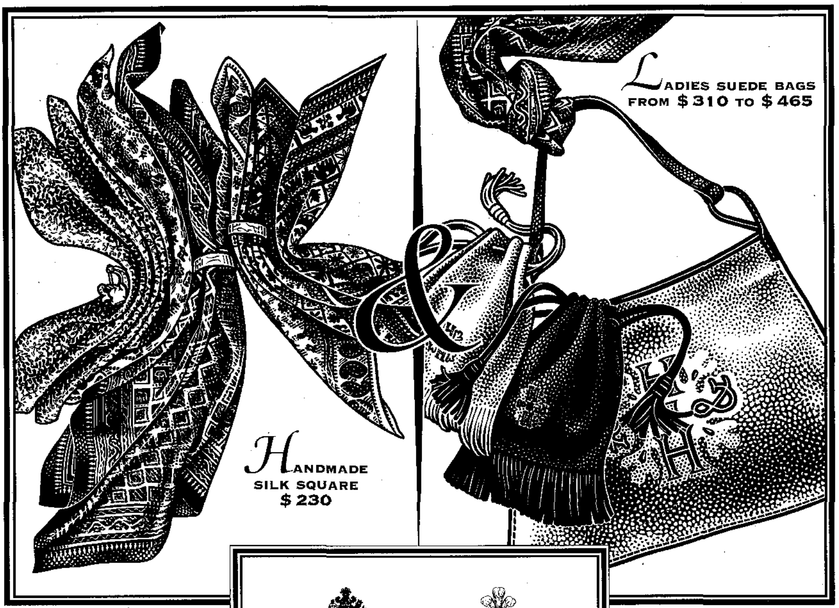
Photograph from AP/Wide World/APTV.

There are Republicans who doubt the strategy's efficacy. "Republicans, going back to 1992, have been pretty terrible at articulating what it is that troubles people about Bill Clinton," says GOP consultant Stuart Stevens. "And we don't seem to be getting any better." He recalls working in Bob Dole's campaign and seeing poll numbers showing broad public awareness of Clinton's oilier qualities, but the campaign "never knew what to do with it." To Stevens, the Monica mess may not automatically translate into bad news for Democrats or good news for Republicans, helping instead candidates of either party who are pure of heart and habit. "You can't say, 'You're a Democrat so you're a pathological liar and have sex with 21-year-olds,' " he says.

The scandal dynamic will shift a dozen times between now and November 3, but the current lay of the land suggests that clever Democrats might find ways to use anti-Starr sentiment to their advantage, thereby limiting the damage the election might do and slowing impeachment momentum. Myself, I'd like to see some of them run aggressively against Ken Starr and Linda Tripp and the whole shebang: "My opponent wants to go to Washington to roll around in the mud for six months, and I want to go there to move us past prosecutors and rat-fink friends and work on education and health care and Social Security. You decide."

Second, it's high time the media take stock. Someone in a position of power in the major media must chart a way to cover these things that's more responsive to public opinion. Suppose that, for eight long months, the public had said *x* about some policy question, and Bill Clinton had resolutely and repeatedly said, "To hell with the public. Not *x*!" Imagine the sanctimonious finger-wagging that we'd see from the very folks who have spent the past eight months doing exactly that! Cokie and Steve Roberts, in their silly column (how do two people write a column, anyway?), actually went so far as to write that it's "conscience vs. constituency," and members of Congress must choose, as if this witch hunt that makes Helmut Kohl and every reasonable person the world over "want to vomit" were the moral equivalent of desegregation. Cokie, Steve, Sam Donaldson, Howell Raines, George Will, Chris Matthews—the American people have suffered long enough! Stop putting your sexually obsessed self-interest ahead of the public you purport to serve. Pursue the only honorable option that remains before you and resign now!

Diseases of the Stomach indeed. ▬



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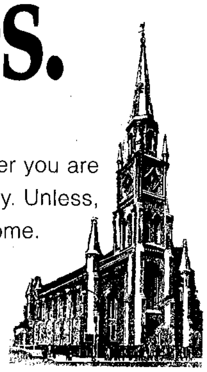

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POLITICS CHARLES KAISER

The Best Man?

New York's Senate race has left national gay leaders in a painful bind: Will they reward the Senate's most pro-gay Republican or back his more reliable Democratic rival?

WHICH SENATOR HAS GAY-rights activists in Washington, D.C., in his thrall this year?

If you guessed Ted Kennedy, Barbara Boxer, John Kerry, or Pat Moynihan, you guessed wrong. This fall, the darling of the largest gay organization in America—the man the leaders of the Human Rights Campaign are most eager to endorse for reelection in 1998—is none other than Al D'Amato.

Talk about strange bedfellows. Despite his 92 percent approval rating from the Christian Coalition and his conservative record—not to mention the key role he played in installing the main impediment to gay-rights legislation in New York, State Senate majority leader Joseph Bruno—despite all that, many of the savviest gay leaders in Washington and New York believe the HRC should embrace Al D'Amato this year.

And that's true even though everyone agrees on which major-party candidate for the Senate has a better record on gay rights. According to HRC's own scorecard, that would be Democratic nominee Chuck Schumer, by a substantial margin.

All of which is causing the greatest political uproar in years inside the gay community. "Chuck Schumer's record speaks volumes more in favor of our interests," said Jeffrey Tooke, chairman of the New York State Federation of Gay and Lesbian Democratic Clubs. "I would be appalled if HRC endorsed D'Amato," Tooke added, predicting that "many New Yorkers" might leave HRC over this issue.

Party boys: Chuck Schumer and Al D'Amato go courting the gay vote.

> *"...To endorse D'Amato would be a grave error. It's an outdated notion that we have to lean over backwards when anyone not in our group is nice to us..."*
>
> CONGRESSMAN BARNEY FRANK

> *"...If HRC fails to endorse him, how will they get the support of another Republican? The next guy will say, 'D'Amato walked the plank for you, and you spit in his face...'"*
>
> POLITICAL CONSULTANT ETHAN GETO

The gay vote could be crucial if this year's Senate race is as close as it was six years ago, when D'Amato defeated Bob Abrams by a single percentage point. Exit polls in 1993 put the gay vote in New York City at 7.9 percent—more than enough to determine the outcome in a tight statewide election.

People like Tooke believe that a D'Amato endorsement would be an unforgivable betrayal of the movement's traditional commitment to a broader liberal agenda. But plenty of veteran gay Democrats disagree with Tooke—even though most of them are still planning to vote for Schumer themselves. To these self-described political realists, HRC's willingness to endorse D'Amato is a symbol of the movement's coming-of-age.

The reason for this extraordinary disconnect is the remarkable transformation Al D'Amato has undergone on gay issues over the past five years. D'Amato's close friend Ed Koch traces the beginning of the senator's new sensitivity to the loss of one of his senior staff members and close friends, who died several years ago after a long battle with AIDS.

On election night in 1992, Koch saw D'Amato embrace the staff member, who was crying tears of joy. The senator was crying, too. "I am crying because he has AIDS and he's dying," the senator told Koch that night. "I will miss him." The following year, HRC staffers asked Koch to intervene with D'Amato, to try to persuade the senator to come out in favor of gays in the military. "Before I could say anything to him," Koch recalls, Al said, 'I just came back from the floor. What do they mean they can't serve?' He'd already made up his mind." Just six days after Clinton was inaugurated, D'Amato declared in the Senate, "No government has the right to discriminate against any of its own people. Gays and heterosexuals have served in the military in the past with honor, and they will continue to serve honorably together in the future. I support allowing gays in the military. It's that simple."

D'Amato says his commitment to gay rights is related to

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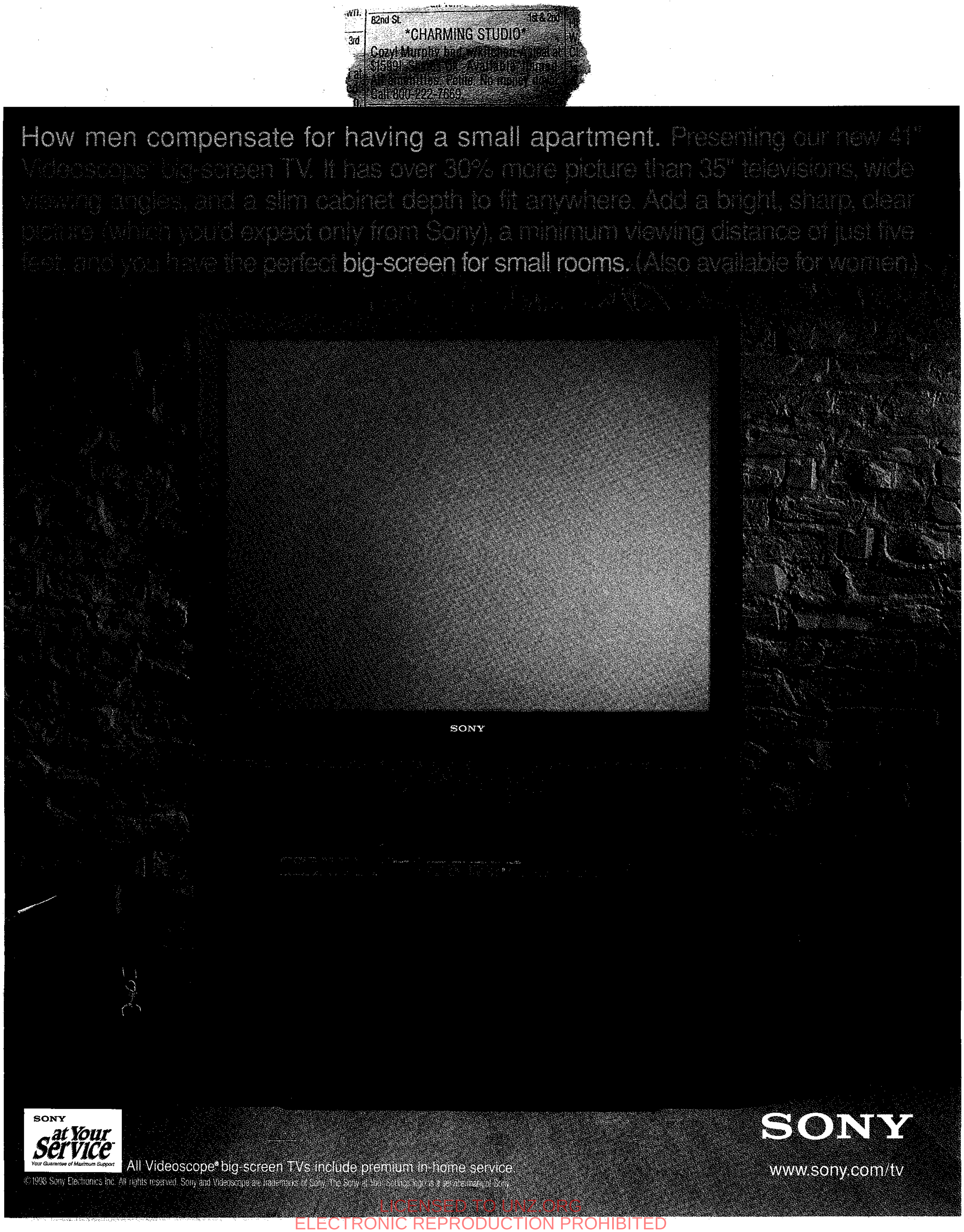
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the discrimination his father experienced when he couldn't get a job as a teacher because of his Italian surname. When Clinton's proposal to allow gays to serve openly in the military was first debated in the Senate, "I don't know if there were any other elected Republicans in Congress who came out and said very strongly, 'This is right,' " D'Amato recalls. "What happens is that some of our colleagues just get a little too intolerant. You don't have to endorse somebody's lifestyle. But you have to respect differences."

Soon after, D'Amato voted in favor of the Employment Non-Discrimination Act, which would ban job discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation and which failed in the Senate by a single vote (50–49). Then he appeared before a luncheon meeting of HRC to announce that he would also become a co-sponsor of the bill. There he made a rousing speech in support of gay rights.

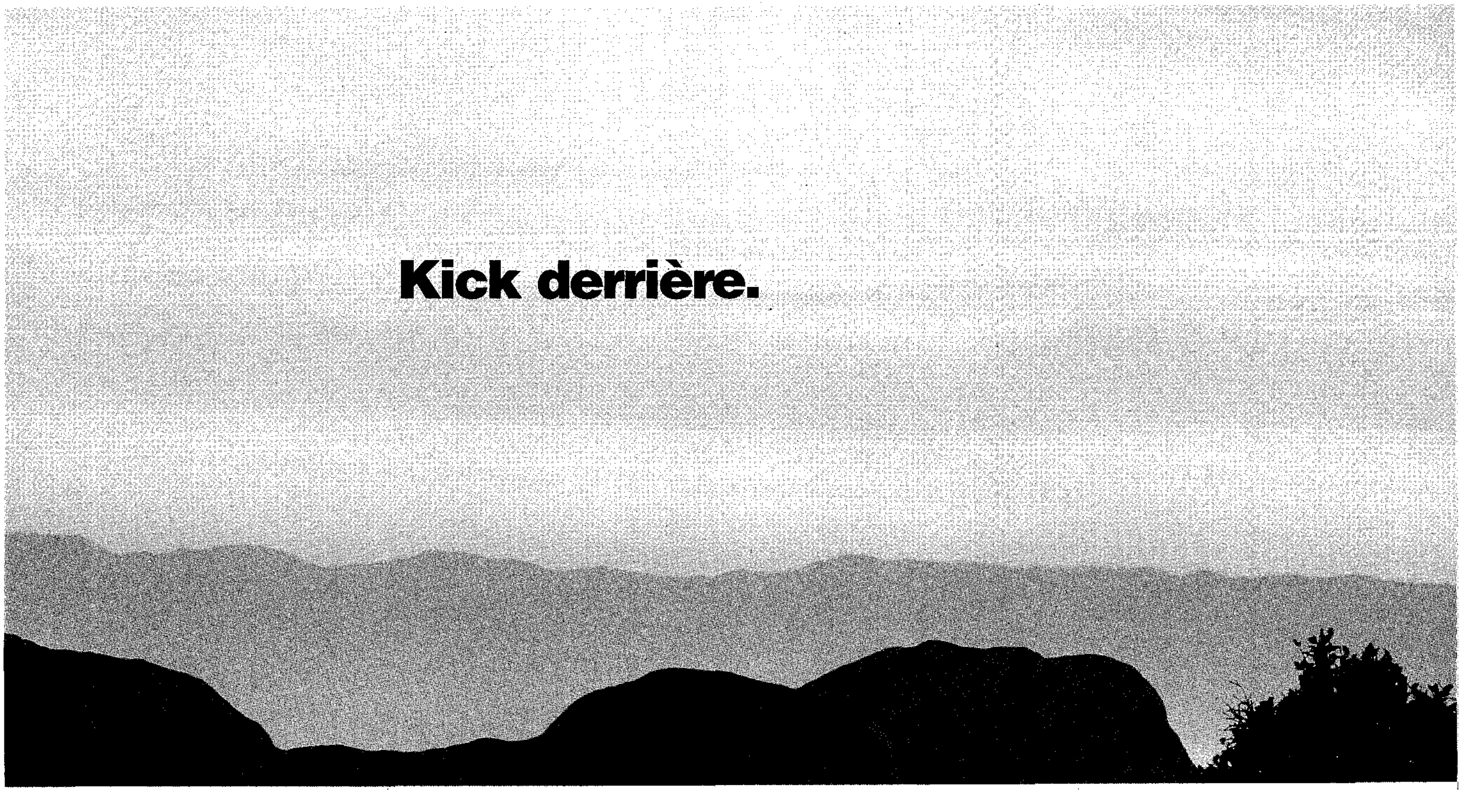
"He gave a wonderful speech about the journey he has gone on over the years in learning more about gay and lesbian issues," says HRC political director Winnie Stachelberg, who is the prime supporter of D'Amato's endorsement.

D'Amato has also fought hard for increased AIDS funding. And last summer, he publicly rebuked Senate majority leader Trent Lott for blocking the confirmation of philanthropist James Hormel as United States ambassador to Luxembourg solely because he was gay. "On a personal level, I am embarrassed that . . . the party of Lincoln, is . . . the force behind this injustice," he wrote to Lott.

Perhaps most important of all, D'Amato stands practically alone among senior Republicans in attacking his party for its recent revival of a time-honored tactic: scapegoating gays to try to win votes at election time, a strategy that dates back to the McCarthy era (when congressional committees hounded even more homosexuals than Communists out of the State Department). In the fall of 1980, Christians for Reagan blanketed the South with a little-noticed but highly effective series of TV spots attacking the Democrats because their national platform called for an end to discrimination on the basis of "sex or sexual orientation." After those ads, Jimmy Carter's support among born-again Christians collapsed. And in 1992, Bush staff members privately confided to reporters that they planned to use the issue again because of Clinton's support for gays in the military. The only thing that changed their minds was the overwhelmingly negative reaction to Pat Buchanan's gay-bashing that summer at the Republican National Convention.

Earlier this year, Trent Lott revived the tradition when he bowed to pressure from the religious right and compared homosexuals to "alcoholics and kleptomaniacs." Once again, Al D'Amato won the hearts of gay activists in Washington by quickly attacking his leader's rhetorical excesses.

Winnie Stachelberg's key ally in her fight to get HRC's endorsement for D'Amato is her boss, Elizabeth Birch, who left her job as an in-house counsel at Apple to become HRC's executive director. In the past three years, Birch has helped boost HRC's membership from 85,000 to 250,000 and more than doubled its budget to $13 million. She has been especially successful at cementing an alliance with the White House: When Bill Clinton addressed an HRC fund-raiser a year ago, he became the first sitting president to address a gay organization.



It is the most powerful luxury SUV on the continent. It can pamper seven passengers in three rows of leather-trimmed seats. While it tows up to 8,10

THE MAIN PROBLEM FOR HRC IS THAT WHILE D'Amato may be a hero to gay activists in Washington, he remains a rather dubious figure to some of their counterparts in New York. Earlier this fall, Stachelberg and Birch organized a meeting in Manhattan between D'Amato and twenty representatives of some gay advocacy groups here. Though Stachelberg denies it, many attendees believe the meeting was called in an attempt to soften up the New Yorkers before HRC announces its support for D'Amato. According to Matt Foreman, executive director of the Empire State Pride Agenda, the leading gay-lobbying group in New York, the Manhattan meeting focused on the "disconnect between Senator D'Amato's record in Washington and the homophobia of the state Republican party." Although many people believe D'Amato can get the Republican-controlled State Senate to do whatever he likes—and therefore ought to be able to get a gay-civil-rights law passed in New York State—D'Amato, predictably, denies having such power. "His response was essentially that he has less influence than people think, and that he can only engage in so many fights," says Foreman.

Urvashi Vaid, a veteran activist who now directs the policy-institute think tank for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, also attended the meeting. Vaid would prefer to see Schumer in the Senate, but she says D'Amato made "a compelling case for why he can be an effective advocate for the gay movement because of his seniority. I believe he's sincere in his support for gay equality." But what disturbs her about endorsing him is his opposition to abortion.

"HRC can make a very credible case for why it might endorse D'Amato because they basically use a single-issue screen: What is the candidate's record on gay rights?" says Vaid. "A lot of what politics is about is moving people who are horrible on our issues, moving them along to take better and better positions. And Senator D'Amato has been one of the few leaders in the national Republican party willing to take public stands in support of gay and lesbian issues."

Ethan Geto agrees with Vaid, and no one in New York State has a more distinguished record of fighting for gay rights than Geto. His public life as a gay activist began when he was working for then–Bronx borough president Bob Abrams. In 1971, just two years after the Stonewall riot, Geto persuaded Abrams to become one of the very first public officials to endorse the gay-civil-rights bill that had been introduced in the City Council. Six years ago, Geto managed Abrams's unsuccessful Senate campaign against D'Amato. And this year, he is voting for Schumer. But he has no problem at all with HRC's desire to endorse D'Amato.

"So many people say to me, 'Can you believe HRC will endorse Al D'Amato?' " says Geto. "When you look at gun control, abortion, and a host of broader issues, many of HRC's constituents, including me, would prefer Schumer. But then you look at HRC's mission. They're there to get pro-gay legislation passed to protect the interests of the gay and lesbian communities and make policy advances on behalf of gay people. There's only one way they're going to do it: They have to attract moderate Republicans."

Now D'Amato has "signed on to the core of HRC's agenda," Geto continues. "He's gone against expectations. The guy cooperates with *(continued on page 72)*

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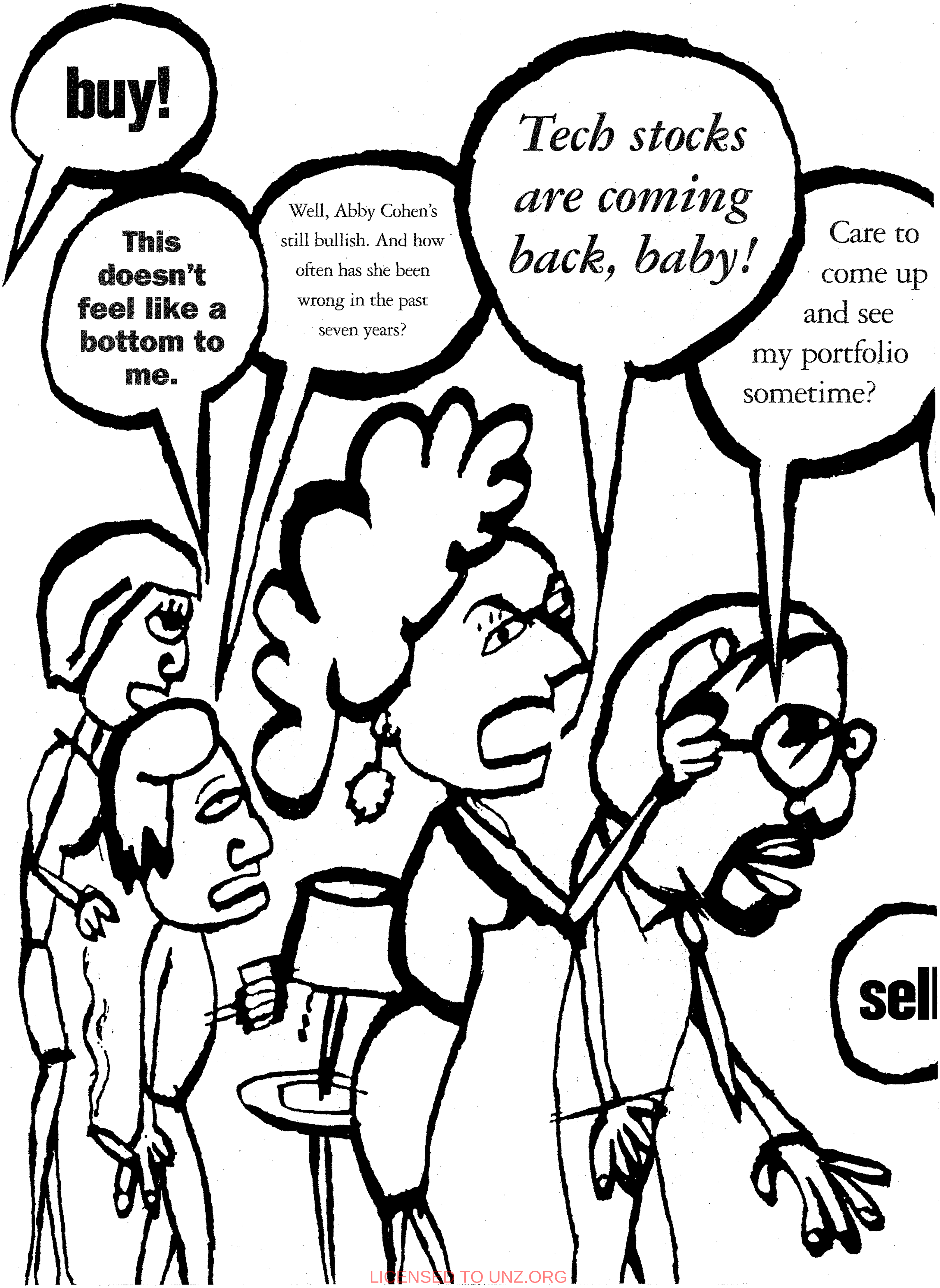
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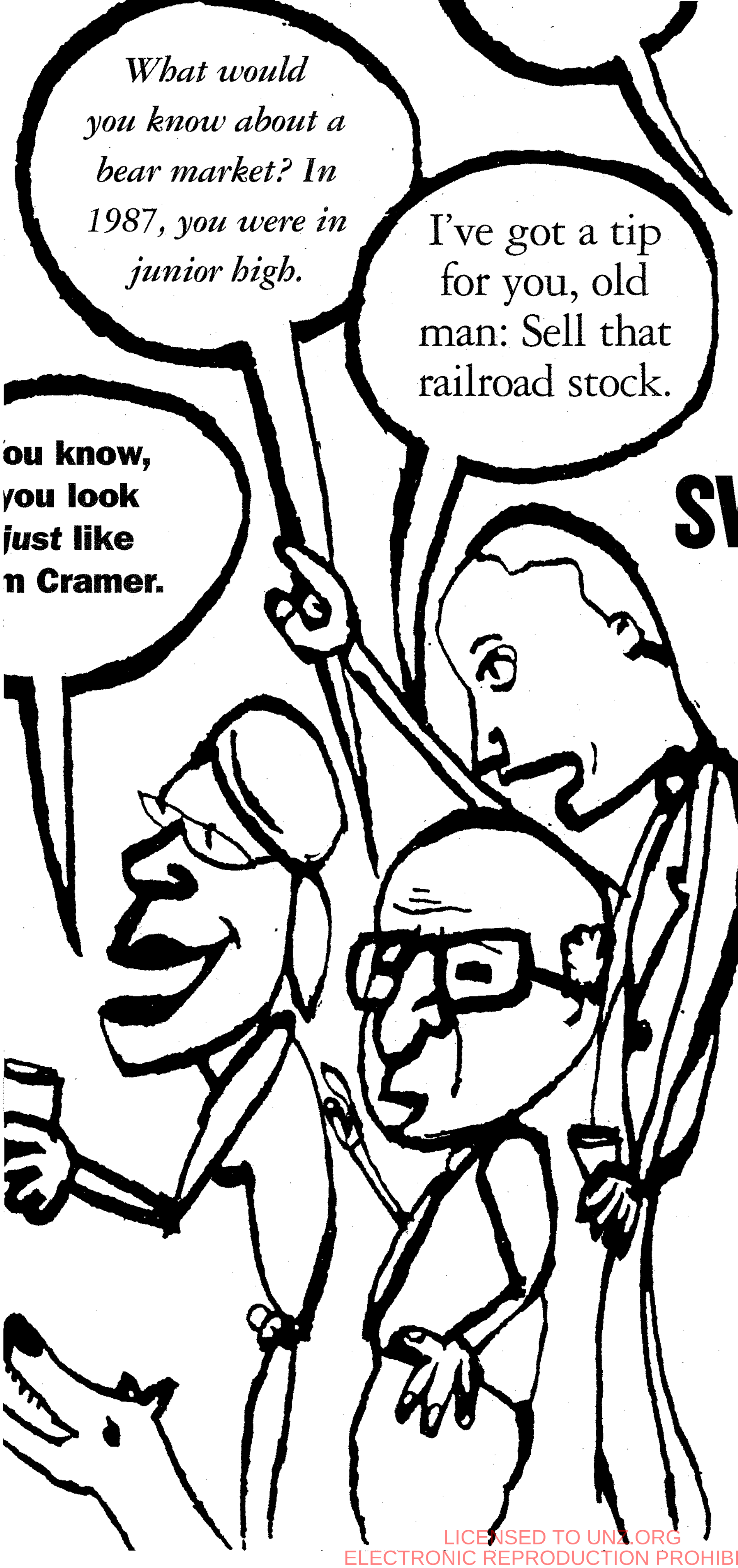

What would you know about a bear market? In 1987, you were in junior high.
I've got a tip for you, old man: Sell that railroad stock.
ou know, you look just like n Cramer.

HOW THE STOCK MARKET SWALLOWED NEW YORK

BY CHRIS SMITH

Illustrations by Scott Menchin

IT WAS A WARM SEPTEMBER MORNING, but Kate Aurthur suddenly awoke chilly and anxious in her Cobble Hill apartment. "I'd had a full-on dream about one of the CNBC reporters!" Aurthur says, sounding rattled all over again. "I don't know why, but in the dream, I was on the CNBC set, and Susan Lisovicz slipped me a note saying that Abby Joseph Cohen *actually* thought the market was unsustainable, but we don't want to cause a panic by admitting it." • She pauses, exhales, laughs nervously at the memory. Aurthur, 29, splits her time between freelance writing and investing. "So now *I* was burdened by this knowledge—I was one of only three people in the world who knew this, that Abby Joseph Cohen thought the market couldn't hold at 7,500!" she says. "I woke up really scared."

In 1987, when the stock market melted down, Aurthur didn't care: "I was still into *Kill the capitalists!* at that point." Now even the wild fluctuations of the past two months can't spook her out of the Dow Jones. "This is no trendy thing," Aurthur says. "I can't imagine ever not being involved in stocks." Especially since she's still haunted by October 1997, when she sold most of her AOL stock as the market plunged, only to watch helplessly as the price later tripled. "I won't," Aurthur says, sounding as steely as a Morgan Stanley lifer, "make that mistake again."

SINCE AUGUST 31, WHEN THE DOW Jones Industrial Average shed 6 percent in one frenzied day, the nonstop, unavoidable New York conversation has been about the stock market, exposing just how obsessed and market-savvy this city has become. Pizza bakers in Carroll Gardens argue about the valuation of Amazon.com. On the steps of St. Patrick's, a man in expensive pinstripes shouts into his cell phone, "Qualcomm is down 6!" A friend of mine describes his fiancée as having "tremendous upside potential." The boom, besides enriching hundreds of thousands of people and revivifying the city, has permanently altered the New York mind-set. We have become a city of traders.

Way back in 1987, a true crash did far more economic damage than August's tumble, but the immediate suffering was confined to a red-suspendered financial-industry elite. Reams of business-section stories have documented how Main Street has been directly connected to Wall Street since 1987, through the explosive growth in 401(k) plans, mutual funds, and online investing. In many ways, the revolution in personal finance has been hopeful and democratizing. But the deep emotional investment of New Yorkers in the stock market, the way in which Dow consciousness has pervaded the collective unconscious, doesn't fit neatly into charts and graphs.

Suddenly, everyone in New York thinks like a businessman: *Clinton's testimony is coming out Monday. I know the market's going to move—but which way? It's also a Jewish holiday, and Alcatel, the French phone company, is going to buy back some of its stock. When I turned on CNBC this morning, Europe was finishing a sharp overnight sell-off. How do I position myself?*

The strange genius of this moment in the city's life is that instead of letting the complex flood of world events wash over us, we're seizing all this data and acting on it. With Bloomberg real-time stock quotes on our office computers and the Motley Fool guide on our bookshelves, we're brokering our own future. In a period of record-setting volatility—twelve of the past twenty trading sessions (as of last Thursday) have seen triple-digit swings—any public anxiety has been offset by the thrill of being in the game. And in that sense, the boom has finally given the information age a purpose; everything, now, is news you can use.

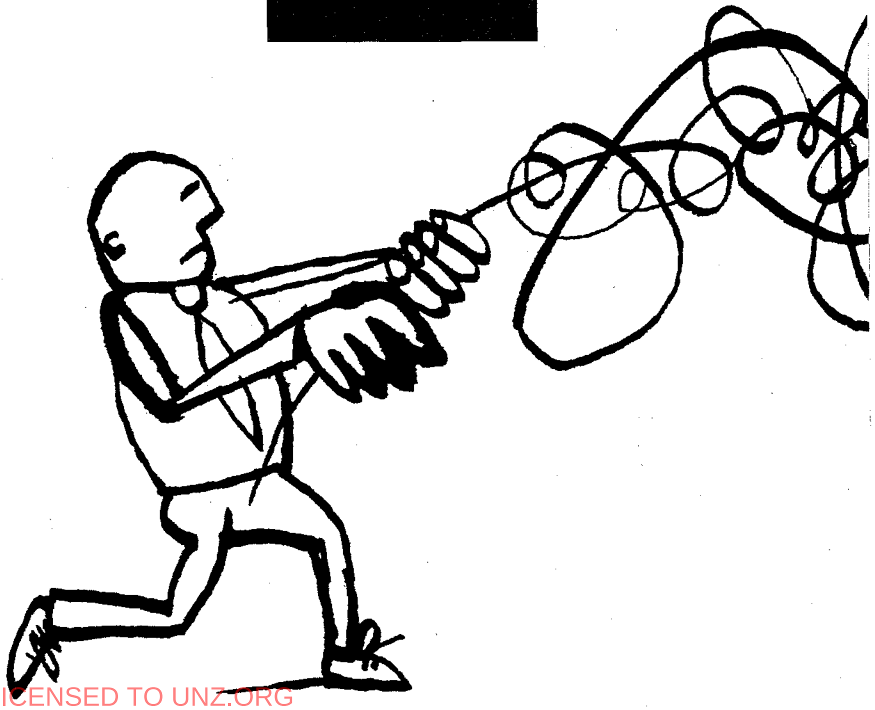
> **"Being involved with the stock market has absolutely changed the way I think," says Vasillov. "It's given me a feeling of control over my life I never had before."**

SUZIE VASILLOV OPENED KEESAL & Mathews, an Upper East Side store selling fine housewares, in October 1988. "One year after the crash, and just as the city was *really* heading into recession," she says now, with wry sarcasm. "That shows you how much attention I was paying to the stock market, and what a financial genius I am."

One recent night, Vasillov walked over to her favorite neighborhood Italian restaurant. Enjoying her pasta, she suddenly noticed she was surrounded by empty tables. Vasillov's first thought wasn't that Mondays are slow in the restaurant business. "No," Vasillov says, "I thought, *The Dow went down 500 points today. Are people cutting back already?"*

Perhaps she thought that way because her store has thrived and she's got more at stake these days; maybe it's because she's more sophisticated. Or maybe it's because this city has grown so acutely attuned to the stock market that Dow awareness alters everyone's reflexes.

For thousands of New Yorkers, the nineties boom has been a transformative experience, not for the change in their income and consumption but for the shift in their sensibility.



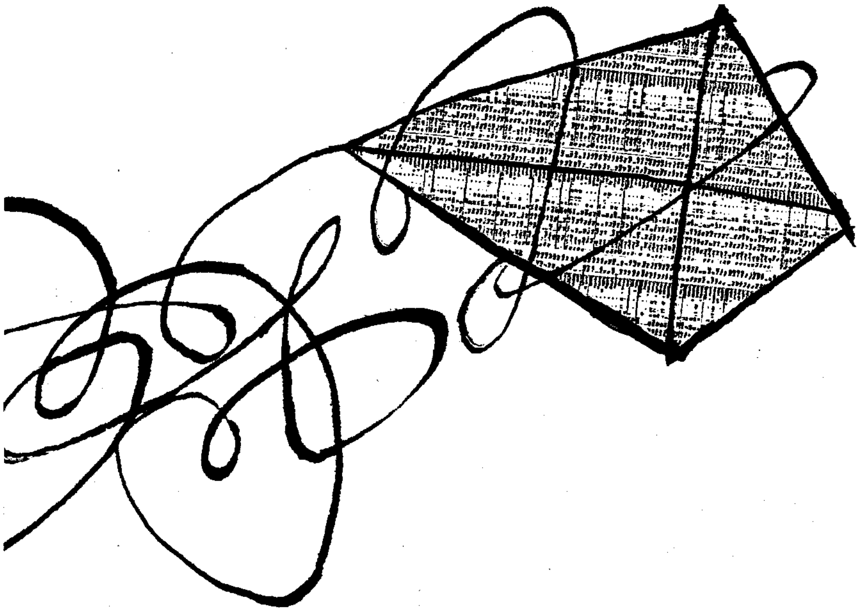
"Being involved with the stock market has absolutely changed the way I think and the way I look at the world," Vasillov, 38, says. "Besides giving me a feeling of control over my life I've never had before, once you're intimate with an investment portfolio you realize how everything is interconnected, from ball bearings to Dell computers. And you realize that all businesses are exactly the same—everyone's making a product and trying to sell it. And whether you're a mommy or the owner of a tony housewares shop, we're all businesspeople. I think it's a great thing that's happened to this country."

The triumph of stock-market culture is visible everywhere you look in the city. A decade ago, Wall Street was represented in the visual imagination by a TV shot of the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, crowded with harried, faceless guys in ill-fitting coats who appeared for a few seconds. Now the market is a ubiquitous, streaming electronic presence all over town, a rush of price quotes flickering through the windows of Fidelity branches.

A decade ago, Times Square was an anarchic neon jumble of small businesses peddling sex and novelties. Walking through Times Square now feels like stepping inside a spreadsheet: The famous news zipper at 1 Times Square is sponsored by Dow Jones. NASDAQ will soon have its own mammoth stock-quote screen directly across the street, rising three stories high on the face of the Condé Nast building; there will also be a gallery, à la the *Today* show, that's part TV backdrop and part tourist attraction, featuring live traders. Five blocks north, on Morgan Stanley's headquarters, huge glowing orange stock fractions and corporate symbols move so fast they're unreadable.

But then, reading comprehension isn't really the point of the Morgan Stanley zipper, and the new Times Square isn't really about tourists. It's about giving business the feeling of entertainment, and creating a central, tangible locus for the new, borderless capitalism. Sure, there are old-fashioned plays and musicals down there on Broadway, but the real drama is in those numbers overhead, and multinational titans of the info-industrial age, companies like Disney, Viacom, and Warner Bros., dominate the landscape. In a world where there's little inherent value anymore in a thing itself, and the cultural sensibility reduces questions to who's a winner and who's a loser—*what did the movie gross? Did the president's speech play, or didn't it?*—then the stock market becomes prime theater.

"The new Times Square," says New School semiotician Marshall Blonsky, "is an agora of global business. If you're going to have a new-money economy, you have to have a center; there has to be a place to go and dream about it, and an image that these companies can film and



BEAR WATCH

REAL ESTATE

Pretty much everyone agrees that the real-estate market has nowhere to go but down. The question is, how far? Will there be a repeat of the early nineties, when rents actually fell and the market was flooded with vacant space?

● The residential-real-estate market probably isn't as precariously balanced as it was in 1987. People haven't been buying condos hoping to turn a quick rental profit. Buyers aren't as leveraged—co-op boards learned a bitter lesson in the eighties and simply won't allow it.

● Not only are the prime neighborhoods, like Yorkville and Greenwich Village, saturated, but so are C-list territories like the Jersey shore, Williamsburg, and Manhattan Valley. In a recession, people don't take pay cuts; they either lose their job or they don't, says Nancy Packes, of Feathered Nest. "For that same amount of pay, they move to better locations. So the demand contracts to the better areas. Not everybody will suffer equally."

● All the same, the prime areas suffered quite badly last time. Between 1988 and 1991, the average rent for a non-doorman one-bedroom on the Upper West Side fell by about $80 each year. Anyone who's looked for a place in the city recently might understandably start rooting for a crash.

● While demand remains high, there are signs that the market may be changing course. On August 31, when the stock market lost all of the year's gains, The Corcoran Group saw five buyers walk away from deals. While that hasn't continued, there has been an increase in unsolicited price reductions from sellers nervously reassessing the true value of their properties. There were close to 376 during one recent week, the biggest reductions being in the million-plus price range. Barbara Corcoran expects a clearer view of the short term in early October, when her financial clients begin to anticipate their bonuses.

● Commercial real estate is unlikely to crumble as badly as it did in the late eighties. There has been hardly any new construction during a business cycle that created almost 200,000 new jobs, so demand still outstrips supply. Prices may have peaked, however. Real-estate investment trusts have seen their share values plummet this year. As a result, several of Manhattan's largest developers—the same ones whose buying sprees helped to drive up midtown office prices—have postponed their plans to go public. MICHAEL STEELE broadcast. It's about the imaginary—people worldwide have to be able to form an image out of this new globo-business."

Certainly the getting and spending of money, the doing of deals, has been a central element of New York life from the moment Peter Minuit bought out the Manhattan Indians. And Wall Street has been a defining presence in the city's mythology for nearly as long. But the stock market was only one, albeit powerful, guest at the cocktail party; now it is the loudest voice. Carl McCall, the state comptroller, recently detailed the city's extraordinary economic dependency on Wall Street. But McCall didn't try to quantify New York's growing *spiritual* dependency on the market. What does it mean to a city's soul when the rise and fall of the Dow occupies so much space in the civic heart?

IT'S THE FRIDAY BEFORE THE LONG LABOR Day weekend. The Dow rocketed down 512 points on Monday and wobbled for the next four days. Dr. Kin Tsoi is on his way to visit a friend whose office is next to Grand Central, but first he pops into a Charles Schwab branch across East 42nd Street to check stock quotes. "A lot of money will be made on Tuesday, when the real traders are back from vacation," Tsoi says coolly. "I've already plotted out what I'm going to do."

One of the things that marks this moment in New York life is the lack of investor panic, despite the six-week Dow roller coaster. Personal-finance best-sellers have pounded an investing orthodoxy into New Yorkers' brains, and whenever the market lurches, people mouth its slogans with cultish repetition: *We're in it for the long term. Dips are great buying opportunities. The fundamentals haven't changed.*

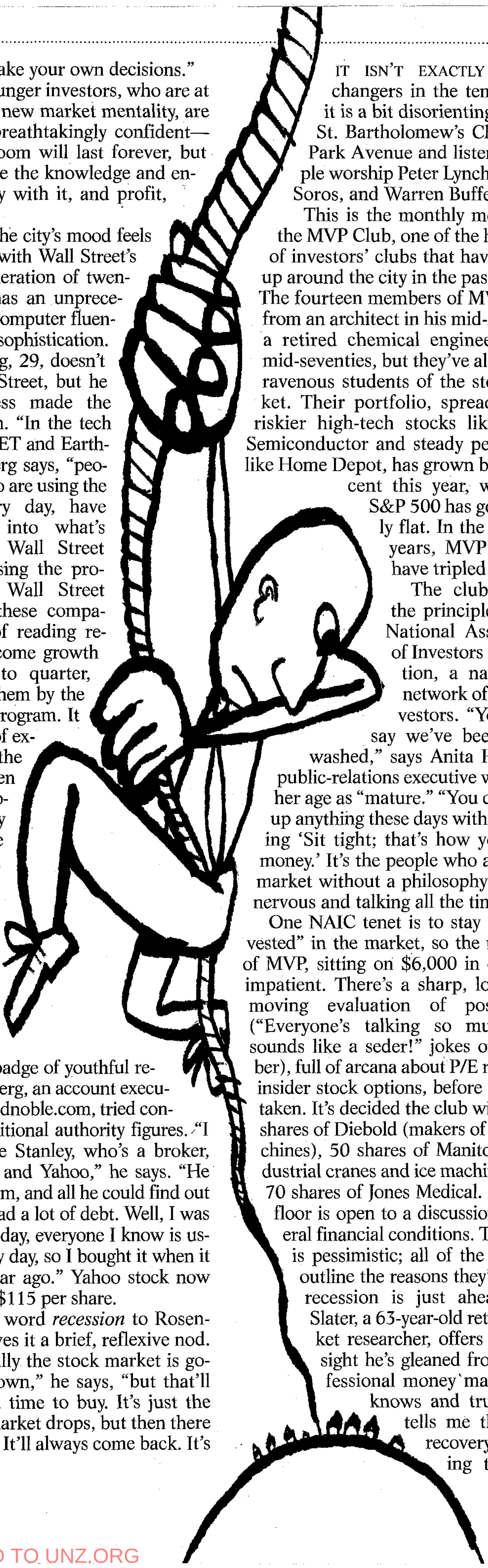
Tsoi is typical: He's sure his theory of the market is right, and that he's got the stomach to ride out any turbulence. Tsoi, the son of acupuncturists, grew up in a mainland China where private profit was far from encouraged. Today he manages hundreds of thousands of dollars in investments for his parents' retirement portfolio, and swears by a ten-day average he's developed, mixed with judicious purchases of index options. For the past seven years, Tsoi, 32, a research fellow in oncology at NYU, has spent at least twenty minutes a day studying the market, downloading software to help with his calculations, charting the trends. "If the ten-day average of prices is down, I'm out of the market," Tsoi says. "All the psychology, all the pricing is built into the graph rating. Nothing else matters. You don't make a lot of money, but you make good money. I don't believe 'experts.' They're a bunch of liars. You have to do the homework by yourself and make your own decisions."

The city's younger investors, who are at the core of the new market mentality, are fascinatingly, breathtakingly confident—not that the boom will last forever, but that they'll have the knowledge and endurance to stay with it, and profit, when it falls.

One reason the city's mood feels so intertwined with Wall Street's is that this generation of twentysomethings has an unprecedented mix of computer fluency and market sophistication. Todd Rosenberg, 29, doesn't work on Wall Street, but he has nevertheless made the market his own. "In the tech stocks, like CNET and EarthLink," Rosenberg says, "people like me, who are using the programs every day, have more insight into what's working than Wall Street does—we're using the programs before Wall Street knows about these companies. Instead of reading reports about income growth from quarter to quarter, we're judging them by the quality of the program. It creates a level of excitement. It's the same as Warren Buffett's philosophy: He only buys things he knows, uses, and likes."

IN FACT, THE stock market, formerly the epitome of Establishment power, now can serve as a badge of youthful rebellion. Rosenberg, an account executive at barnesandnoble.com, tried consulting the traditional authority figures. "I asked my uncle Stanley, who's a broker, about Amazon and Yahoo," he says. "He didn't know them, and all he could find out was that they had a lot of debt. Well, I was at Yahoo every day, everyone I know is using Yahoo every day, so I bought it when it was at 38 a year ago." Yahoo stock now hovers around $115 per share.

Mention the word *recession* to Rosenberg and he gives it a brief, reflexive nod. "Yeah, eventually the stock market is going to come down," he says, "but that'll just be a good time to buy. It's just the pattern—the market drops, but then there are huge gains. It'll always come back. It's kinda cool."



IT ISN'T EXACTLY MONEY-changers in the temple, but it is a bit disorienting to sit in St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue and listen to people worship Peter Lynch, George Soros, and Warren Buffett.

This is the monthly meeting of the MVP Club, one of the hundreds of investors' clubs that have sprung up around the city in the past decade. The fourteen members of MVP range from an architect in his mid-forties to a retired chemical engineer in his mid-seventies, but they've all become ravenous students of the stock market. Their portfolio, spread among riskier high-tech stocks like Dallas Semiconductor and steady performers like Home Depot, has grown by 12 percent this year, while the S&P 500 has gone nearly flat. In the past five years, MVP's stocks have tripled in value.

The club follows the principles of the National Association of Investors Corporation, a nationwide network of small investors. "You could say we've been brainwashed," says Anita Hunter, a public-relations executive who gives her age as "mature." "You can't pick up anything these days without reading 'Sit tight; that's how you make money.' It's the people who are in the market without a philosophy who are nervous and talking all the time."

One NAIC tenet is to stay "fully invested" in the market, so the members of MVP, sitting on $6,000 in cash, are impatient. There's a sharp, loud, fast-moving evaluation of possibilities ("Everyone's talking so much, this sounds like a seder!" jokes one member), full of arcana about P/E ratios and insider stock options, before votes are taken. It's decided the club will buy 75 shares of Diebold (makers of cash machines), 50 shares of Manitowoc (industrial cranes and ice machines), and 70 shares of Jones Medical. Then the floor is open to a discussion of general financial conditions. The mood is pessimistic; all of the speakers outline the reasons they're sure a recession is just ahead. John Slater, a 63-year-old retired market researcher, offers some insight he's gleaned from a professional money manager he knows and trusts: "He tells me the Asian recovery isn't going to be V-shaped or U-shaped," Slater says. "It's going to be an L. This big slide is going to be followed by a flat horizontal line."

Bernie Brachfeld, an Upper West Side dentist, hasn't said a word in the entire two-hour meeting. But now he pipes up. "So with all this bad news ahead," Brachfeld says, "why are we pushing this money back into stocks right away?"

Dead silence. Then Bob Freeman remembers the doctrine, the canon that they all cling to: "We're not market-timers!" he shouts. "The system is that you stay fully invested, or you miss the great leaps up! There's been 28 days in the past ten years that if you were out of the market, you would have missed the biggest advances." The others jump in, a babble of voices, reciting the mantras: *We're in it for the long term. We're not speculators. A balanced portfolio. The fundamentals haven't changed.*

Brachfeld, the heretic, shrugs and goes along. Later, he says he's far from convinced. "The other people, they're all strongly into NAIC and its principles," he says. "There's all these rules, but they're generalities. I just feel one should look at the specific situation. No matter what the philosophy, if the market goes down, you're going to lose money."

"Yeah, eventually the market is going to come down, but that'll just be a good time to buy. It's just the pattern. It'll always come back. It's kinda cool."

DOWNTOWN, THE MARket's shedding another 175 points. But inside Prada's sleek, minimalist new Fifth Avenue flagship store, the walls are a soothing light green—the color of happy, guilt-free money. The charge-card terminal is hidden out of sight, so no one has to be reminded this is a transaction. Prada has ridden to stylish prominence in the past five years, courtesy of a black nylon backpack and the bull market.

On the main floor, a shopper, Aljean Stuart, nods to a saleswoman—yes, she'll take the $1,950 appliquéd organza sheath. "We've done well in the past five years," Stuart says; her husband is a bond trader. "It isn't time to worry," she says.

A few amateur investors, though, are admitting to market fatigue. "The last few weeks have been really draining," Steve Hoffman says. "When things are going good in the market, I pay a lot of attention. I try to ignore it when it's bad, but it's been hard not to look lately. It's been nerve-racking. There are stock zippers everywhere. You go into Citibank on 50th Street, and they have all those flat-screen monitors with stock quotes going by your face as you're standing in line. It's like the hearth of the nineties."

Hoffman, the creative director at *Sports Illustrated,* is 47, married, with two children and a brownstone in Park Slope. "In 1987, I was blessedly poor," he says. "I wasn't paying any attention. I didn't have that much at stake. Now so much of our family's savings is tied up in the market. A few months ago, I said to myself, *If I have this much money, something's wrong. Why has my money doubled? It's a sign the apocalypse is coming.*"

So did he sell and walk away with handsome profits? "No," he says with a rueful laugh. "Of course I let it ride. It's greed. Now I don't know which way things are going to go—maybe I should sell, but the taxes make it worse, and I'll end up with less than I paid. But maybe I *should* panic." He's been calming himself with some small moves, shifting around the discretionary money in his 401(k) plan, moving some money into bonds. "But now I expect things to double every year, and it's depressing when they don't," Hoffman says.

When he was a child growing up in the sixties, Hoffman says, the stock market wasn't a subject of dinner-table discussion, which is one reason he's ambivalent about his current obsession. "I knew nothing about this world," Hoffman says. "During the nightly news, right before a commercial, they tagged on a thing about, 'And the Dow Jones Industrial Average rose ten points today.' I had no clue what it meant. Today, my kids know so much about the stock market. It's everywhere they look, on the news, in the air."

And that's a good thing, right? More information, more knowledge? "No, it's not a good thing for kids to be hearing all this," Hoffman says. "They hear the stock market crashed, they see KISS YOUR ASSETS GOOD-BYE on the front page of the *Post,* and they think the world is ending."

He pauses, mulling the values the boom has inculcated. Then he laughs. "Of course," Steve Hoffman says, "my 9-year-old does own Disney stock. His godfather gave it to him when he was born—one share. Now there's been all these splits, he owns twelve shares, and it's been worth as much as $500. My 9-year-old is a player!"

And the kid is holding his Disney. For now. ■

BEAR WATCH

BUSINESS

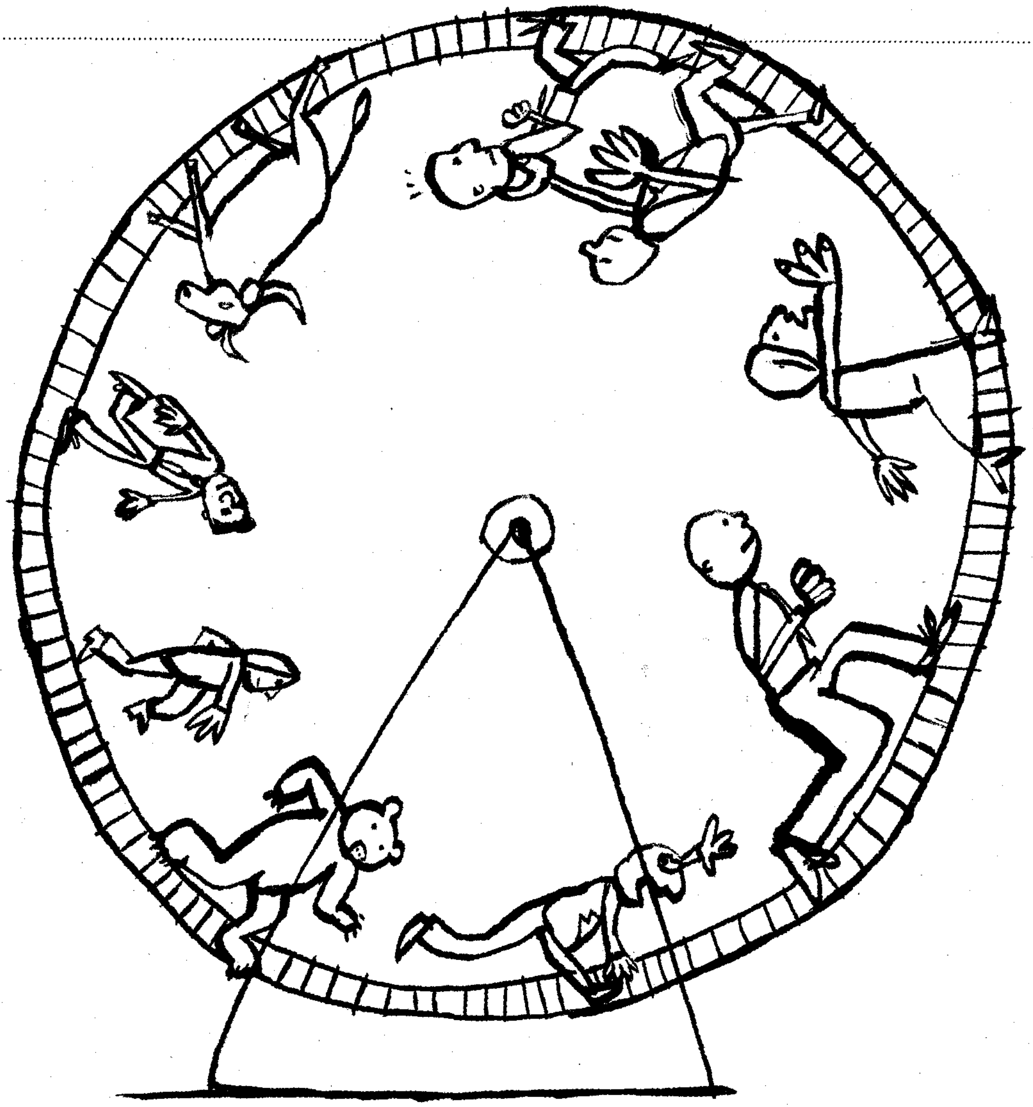
At the market's peak last year, Wall Street brokers took home $12 billion in year-end bonuses, but many firms are about to post their worst quarterly results since the boom began. Dean Eberling, senior analyst at Putnam, Lovell, de Guardiola & Thornton, estimates bonus compensations could be cut 30 to 50 percent. Job cutbacks are already on the drawing board at Merrill Lynch and Travelers Group's Salomon Smith Barney unit, to name two. And we all may have to shed a tear if Goldman's IPO doesn't happen, depriving its partners of their well-earned obscene profits.

● Silicon Alley companies had been having a harder time attracting capital even before the market started to wobble, and this trend will intensify if things go south. Jason Calacanis, of *Silicon Alley Reporter,* says that "some of the more speculative companies, like globe.com [a personal-home-page site], may pull their IPOs." And those stock options many young employees took in lieu of salary? Wallpaper.

● Restaurants are the "first to feel it, the last to come out of it," says *Nation's Restaurant News* editor Milford Prewitt. During the summer of 1992, even classics like the Four Seasons and "21" Club introduced the $19.92 lunch to lure diners back to their tables. There are more restaurants this time around, but major players may be safe. Drew Nieporent predicts a flight-to-quality phenomenon: Diners will continue to flock to blue-chip boîtes, but downtown's pool of new, second-echelon restaurants are sure to suffer, because their exorbitant rents require full houses willing to pay $30 for an entrée, a situation that's unlikely to continue in a bear market.

● Hotels always quiet down after the New Year when holiday visitors clear out. If the market falls, hotels will forgo their annual rate hike, maintaining current prices and filling vacancies. And the millennium is bound to fill New York's hotels to capacity, bear or no bear.

● The art market in the eighties was closely tied to Wall Street, with Masters of the Universe collecting Schnabels (and even Kostabis) as status objects. Wall Street abandoned the art market after the crash, and nowadays the contemporary art market is an extremely small club (one gallery owner estimates there are as few as 100 serious collectors), buying paintings that usually don't cost much more than $10,000. It's likely to stay that way whatever happens on Wall Street. MAURA EGAN



You're Not Crazy

. . . but every other investor *is.* Fortunately, there are some smart academic types who see some logic amid the mad scramble. *By James Surowiecki*

LIKE THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW Coke, the rise of the Backstreet Boys, and the return of bell-bottoms, stock-market crashes basically happen for no good reason. And you can say the very same thing about the kind of stock market we appear to be in now, a market in which moves up and down of 200 or 300 points have become almost commonplace, and in which investors wake up in the morning—that is, if they're able to sleep—thinking not about the fundamentals of the stocks they own or even the business climate or world economy but instead, *I sure hope the market's in a good mood today.*

Although there are plenty of good reasons the stock market has tumbled—declining corporate earnings, Asian crisis, global turmoil—none of these reasons is really new. And in any case, explaining what investors are worried about isn't the same as explaining why investors got worried about these things *now*—why investors who two months ago welcomed the chance to pay $180 a share for Citicorp stock now flinch when it's offered at $100 a share.

Enter Robert Shiller, professor of economics at Yale and one of the key figures in the field of behavioral finance. After the 1987 crash, Shiller conducted elaborate surveys of investor behavior, trying to figure out not how investors were *supposed* to have acted but how they *did* act—giving us a world in which investors are conflicted beings torn by fear, greed, pride, regret, self-delusion, and a desire to be with the crowd. It's a messy picture, but then, we're messy people. And in the past couple of months, we've only been messier.

"In terms of the market we're in now, I like to call it a chaotic feedback loop," Shiller says. "First, a price movement occurs and attracts attention, and people talk about it, and that prompts another price movement, which attracts attention, and so on. But it's irregular. It's not bang-bang-bang. And it's not just what happened yesterday that matters. It's what happened last week or even last month, because we're still talking about that and we're still vulnerable to it. That's why markets sometimes seem to move on old news, because it's still with us, still generating uncertainty and talk."

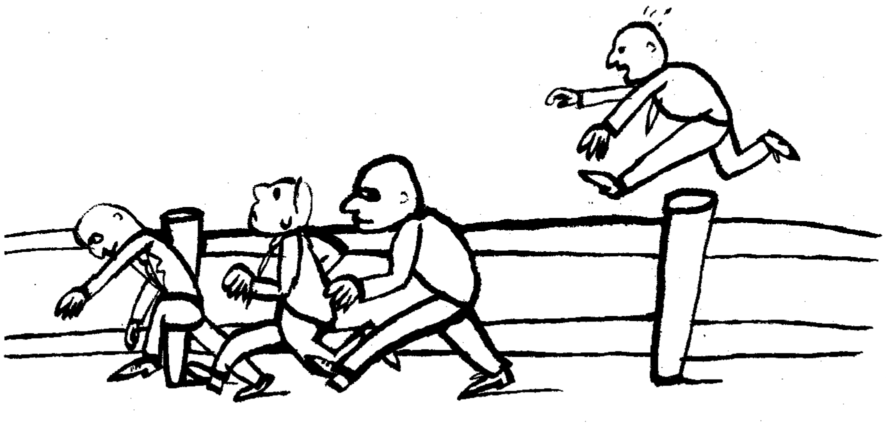
After the 1987 crash, Yale's Robert Shiller tried to figure out not how investors were *supposed* to act but how they *did* act.

What Shiller and his fellow behavioral economists are taking on, essentially, is the whole of modern finance theory. Modern finance theory lets us do a lot of things—measure the present value of a capital asset, or price an option, or determine what level of return is appropriate to a given level of risk. But it also happens to view investors as coldhearted maximizers of opportunity. Modern finance theory is clean, as spotless as a fifties kitchen; its hero is the rational investor who compares all new possible investments and chooses the best one (highest return for least risk). She keeps all her finances in one mental account, so that she doesn't treat money won in a poker game differently from money earned at work or from money earned in the stock market. She doesn't believe in the difference between "paper" and "real" losses. She cuts her losses and rides her winners. And she is immune to the pull of the crowd.

Unfortunately, it's not really clear that she exists. Or, if she does, there aren't many of her around. In the first place, most people have not one mental financial account but many. They target some money for paying off the credit card, some for investing, and some for the "rainy-day fund." And with regard to investing, most people don't treat all stocks alike. Some stocks they think of as their long-term holdings, the ones they put away and just won't touch. Other stocks, though, they buy to trade, jumping in and out based on what they think the market will do next. Similarly, people tend to value stocks they've been given more highly than those they've bought themselves. (You may think, *I should sell those shares of Bethlehem Steel my grandmother gave me in 1979 and buy Microsoft.* But you probably won't.)

"It's not that people aren't prudent and intelligent," says Daniel Kahneman, a professor of psychology and public affairs at Princeton. "They are. But you can be prudent and intelligent and not be rational in the way that word is used in modern finance." Kenneth Fisher, who both runs the California-based Fisher Investments and does academic work in behavioral finance, puts it more bluntly: "The way normal people's brains work is in contrast to the way standard finance theory says people's brains are supposed to work."

THE FIRST THING TO UNDERSTAND ABOUT the way normal investors' brains work is that most of us carry on an elaborate and constant process of **mental accounting**. In the seventies, for instance, a lot of people deposited money in Christmas Club accounts, which paid almost no interest and had stiff penalties for withdrawal, even though they could have just put the money in their savings account instead, because they didn't trust themselves not to spend the money if they had easy access to it. Similarly, people treat money invested in stocks as different from money in the bank. And they treat particular stocks differently from one another, even though the money you make when you sell a share of GE is the same (in the sense that a dollar is a dollar) as the money you make when you sell a share of that hot biotech stock.



"People have specific mental accounts associated with particular stocks," says Kahneman, "and they do a very good job of keeping those accounts separate. And that, of course, means they don't optimize their portfolios as a whole."

Optimizing your portfolio is, of course, exactly what an investor is supposed to do according to modern finance theory. And while the fact that investors aren't optimizing doesn't help explain crashes per se, it does suggest that something other than pure rationality is shaping the stock market.

Another factor: **Investors are almost absurdly overconfident.** As a result, they tend to believe that they know much more than other people in the market do. This is one explanation for the absolutely breathtaking trading volume we now see on the stock exchanges every day. When you buy a stock from someone, after all, you're essentially asserting that you have a better sense of where that stock is going than the person you're buying from does (and vice versa). Otherwise you wouldn't make the trade. What huge volume reflects, then, is that there are a lot of people in the market, all of whom think they're smarter than the next guy.

"A rational individual has a good idea of the limitations of his knowledge," Kahneman says. "The really interesting question about any investment, after all, is, Why is this idiot selling this stock to me? But for most people, the answer is, Because he doesn't know what I do. People trade out of overconfidence."

Since market crashes are what happens when speculative bubbles burst, the overconfidence-optimism combination helps demystify crashes by explaining what makes their precondition—the bubble—possible. The same is true of what Fisher calls **the importance of "pride and regret."** People's propensity toward pride makes them believe that when they buy a stock and it goes up, it's because they knew it would go up, while when they buy a stock and it goes down, it's because of bad luck. If you got screwed on your Tel-Save stock, for instance, watching it rise from 18 to 30, then watching it fall to 12, it's because the gods turned against you—not, of course, because you didn't spend the time to read Tel-Save's dubious financial statements. As a result, success tends to encourage further investing, since, as the Wall Street adage has it, "everyone's a genius in a bull market."

The **regret aversion factor** is even more interesting. "People don't want to make a mistake that they're going to kick themselves for later," says Shiller. "So one important reason for booms is that people are afraid that they're going to feel regretful later on." If you had the chance to buy Dell at $12 a share and didn't, watching the stock run up to a split-adjusted $63 is as good a definition of investor hell as there is. Schiller adds, "People don't want to run the risk of looking back and saying, 'I could have been a millionaire, but I'm not.' "

The importance of regret also speaks more broadly to the role played by popular sentiment in shaping investment decisions. There's some tentative evidence that one of the reasons contrarianism is so difficult a strategy is because, as John Maynard Keynes famously put it, "worldly wisdom teaches that it is better for reputation to fail conventionally than to succeed unconventionally." Going along with the group, either on the way up or down, offers at least **the comforts of company**. (You should have seen the hate mail I got after suggesting in my July "Bottom Line" column that cashing out of Internet stocks—now down, in some cases, as much as 70 percent, of course—would be the rational thing to do.) Shiller suggests that something like this is probably at the back of investors' minds when they participate in booms, along with the simple thought *As long as I'm doing what everybody else is doing, things can't go too wrong. The government will bail us out in the end.*

At the same time, Shiller is also keenly interested in the way that what you might call **Street fashion** pushes investors into certain kinds of decisions. Shiller argues that the formation of bubbles in particular kinds of stocks (biotech, Internet, large-cap), makes sense only if you recognize how much of an impact popular prejudices have on investors, even professional ones. "There are simple theories that go around in the public mind; they have to be simple to work," Shiller says. "And I think these theories really move markets. For example, when you ask people, they'll say that stocks are the best investment, and if you ask them how long they've believed that, they'll say, 'Always.' But in the eighties, everyone knew that real estate would always be the best investment. I suspect that by 2005, we'll be hearing about the virtues of real estate again."

IT'S WORTH NOTING THAT MODERN FINANCE theory has always suggested that irrational behavior could not persist, because survival of the fittest would punish the irrational and reward the rational. But you can live a long time eating just cheeseburgers and French fries, and you can earn okay returns—not optimal, but okay—for a long time by investing with the crowd. Even money managers, whose professional existence presumably depends on beating the market, are not punished for irrationality as severely as they should be. (In fact, the few high-profile mutual-fund managers who *have* been punished in the past few years are those who expressed skepticism about the bull market, such as Fidelity's Jeffrey Vinik.) Most money-management contracts, instead of having only two benchmarks of performance—risk and return—have a host of them, all of which are extraneous to the task of optimizing your portfolio.

If all of these factors—overconfidence, optimism, pride, fear of regret, herd behavior, and popular sentiment—help push the market up, many of them also help send it spiraling down once the bubble bursts. "Crashes are climaxes of public attention," Shiller says. "One of our strengths as humans is our ability, in an emergency, to drop what we're doing and respond rapidly. When a crash occurs, there's a tendency for people to focus all their attention on it, and what that does is it causes people to reevaluate their whole investment strategy. And they do that in part by looking around at others and judging their confidence. That's why when you ask people about a crash, they think of it as a psychological event."

The downward movement in a crash is exacerbated, ironically, by people's propensity toward overconfidence. A market crash doesn't obliterate people's confidence. It just changes the object of their attention. Just as investors in a bull market are sure they can pick winners, investors in a downwardly spiraling market are sure they can pick losers. In fact, Fisher suggests they might be even *more* sure. "When there's a downward spike in the market, it feels bad, but because of overconfidence the average investor thinks he can tell you where the market is going to go next, even though he hadn't even thought about the possibility of it falling until it actually fell," Fisher says. "The really strange thing is that when the market's rising steadily, clients—and these are both retail and institutional—tend to ask us what's going to happen. But when the market's falling, at least half of them tell us what's going to happen." ■

A market crash doesn't obliterate people's confidence. It just changes the object of their attention. Investors in a bear market are sure they can pick losers.

BEAR WATCH

GOVERNMENT

The nineties stock boom created about as much political currency as wealth. Finance firms will account for 50 percent more of city income taxes this year than they did in 1992. In terms of tax revenue and job growth (real quality-of-life issues), the city owes its comeback to Wall Street. But in a downturn, the mayor will have to either raise taxes or cut services.

- **Education, sadly, is the most likely place he would start. Only about 10 percent of its funding comes from the Feds; the rest is split by the state and city. The city is required to spend at least the same proportion (currently 25 percent) of its budget on education as it has in each of the preceding three years, but 25 percent of a smaller pie is still a smaller slice.**
- **When funding was cut in 1987, class sizes swelled. During the fiscal collapse of the seventies, thousands of teachers were laid off on a last-hired, first-fired basis, triggering tremendous movement within the system as teachers were transferred repeatedly. Some classes had as many as five teachers in a year. "They also slashed extras," says Jan Atwell, associate director of the Educational Priorities Panel. "Like librarians, AP classes, music and art."**
- **Public transit is equally vulnerable. Dedicated revenues, such as a fixed percentage of the sales tax, account for close to half of the MTA budget. Last year the system had a $185 million budget surplus: Tax-revenue targets were met early and ridership went up, thanks to job growth and the new MetroCard transfers. The extra money was used to pay for unlimited monthly and weekly MetroCards. However, the same logic works in reverse. "The crash of '87 had a big impact on the transit system," says Gene Russianoff of the Straphangers Campaign. "People lost their jobs or left the region, ridership went down, fare revenues went down, followed by service cuts."**
- **Megaprojects like the rail-freight tunnel, the airport rail link, the rebuilding of Penn Station, the Convention Center expansion, and a new Yankee Stadium would create jobs and increase the city's economic diversity. But such projects depend heavily on federal funding, and there is evidence that the national economy has become almost as tightly leashed to the stock market as New York's. (Every $1 drop in stock values now means a 4-cent drop in personal spending.) If these monies dried up in the event of a bear market, it wouldn't be the first time.**

MICHAEL STEELE

Tightening the Borscht Belt

CAVIAR DREAMS: Mac Hisey still believes his Troika fund has great long-term prospects.

It was a quick slide from the best of times to the worst of times at the Troika fund, a near casualty of the new global economy. ***By Alan Deutschman***

AS HE LEFT THE OFFICE THAT FRIday evening, Richard "Mac" Hisey had no intimation of the impending disaster. It was August 14, and the 40-year-old co-manager of Lexington's Troika mutual fund had stuffed the usual piles of faxes and e-mail printouts into his briefcase and a shopping bag. He would dutifully charge through all the paper over the weekend. But he was also looking forward to enjoying time with his family at his house in suburban Fairfield County. On Saturday, his children were planning to hurtle off the diving board into the swimming pool for the very first time, and Hisey wanted to watch. His 8-year-old son, Billy, had resisted the idea, but he was goaded on by his fearless sister, Julia, who was only 6.

Billy and Julia had little conception of why, for the past six weeks, their father had been getting up in the middle of the night. Twice a night, actually. At 1 A.M., Hisey would make his way down the stairs of their four-bedroom house, stepping lightly so he wouldn't wake the kids or his wife, Linda, a high-school special-education teacher. Then, from the kitchen phone, he would call his business associates in Moscow to gauge the mood at the opening of trading in the Russian markets, which are eight hours ahead. He would return to the bedroom, then rise again at 5 A.M. to call Moscow for a midday update on the action. Despite his best efforts tiptoeing back to the bedroom, he'd sometimes find his wife wide awake and concerned.

Before long, he'd be in his car, making the 75-minute predawn drive over the Tappan Zee Bridge to a health club near his office in Bergen County, where he'd shake off stress by pounding the treadmill, pumping the Cybex weight machines, or taking a high-adrenaline spinning class. Then, from his high-rise office in Saddle Brook, he would call Moscow at 9 A.M. to check up on the final results at the exchange.

He had been deprived of REM sleep for weeks, but still, it was critical that he stay informed. As one of Troika's stewards, his job was to take the savings of seasoned investors with large holdings stashed elsewhere and those of many small-time customers—who hadn't been put off by the fund's $5,000 minimum—and invest solely in Russian stocks and bonds. It was starting to look dicey for the millions of dollars of other people's money—a lot of it, surprisingly, from retirement accounts or trusts for children. Although Hisey constantly warned customers to commit no more than a very small portion of their assets to the risky fund, he hadn't followed his own advice: A big chunk of his own savings sat in Troika accounts for Julia and Billy, for his wife, and for his own retirement.

HISEY'S IRON STOMACH HAD MADE HIM ONE of the most remarkable success stories of the bull market. Last September, Troika's twelve-month return was an astonishing 143 percent, making it the top performer of the thousands of mutual funds. Not bad for a fund that was launched only in July 1996, or for Hisey, who was running a portfolio for the first time ever. "You are the next Peter Lynch!" a CNBC reporter gushed on the air.

Russia's incredible boom outpaced even Wall Street's wild run-up, and Hisey wasn't the only Western investor who was profiting mightily. The major banks had

Photograph by Jake Chessum.

big stakes in Russia, as did famed speculators George Soros and Julian Robertson. Many other hotshot managers of "hedge funds"—the secretive private firms that invest the money of very rich individuals—were enticed by Russian government bonds, called GKOs, which promised yields as high as 50 percent. In a frenzy, they had borrowed heavily to buy as many of the bonds as they could.

But then the troubles began. The Asian crisis made investors skittish about Moscow too. Currency traders in New York and London—smart, preppy young men with balding pates and wire-frame glasses and Oxford button-down shirts, much like Hisey—began betting against the ruble.

KOPECK MECHANISM: More lines in Moscow, as Russians make an August 28 run on an ATM outside the GUM department store.

Hisey was in close contact with a network of sources, from Moscow stockbrokers to Russian-politics experts at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C. And on August 14, at least, the news was reassuring. President Boris Yeltsin had announced that there was no way that Russia would devalue the ruble. He was off on vacation, not a sign that he was particularly nervous. So was Hisey's Moscow-based co-manager, Gavin Rankin, who was traveling in Greece. If the Russian leader could take some time off, why couldn't Hisey relax a bit and watch his kids do cannonballs?

On Saturday, August 15, Hisey had to attend a wake in New Jersey, not far from his office. He stopped in briefly to check for news on his Bloomberg terminal. The Bloomberg didn't say anything unusual about Russia. So Hisey drove home, not seeing the speed bump lurking in the shadows just ahead.

It was on his bleary-eyed 5 A.M. phone call that Monday to Satemik Sardaryan, his assistant portfolio manager in Moscow, that he heard the news: Yeltsin had lied! Russia was devaluating the ruble! And even worse, Russia was defaulting on $40 billion worth of government bonds! Hisey started manically working the kitchen phone and then headed straight for the office. There was panic in the Moscow market—and then panic on Wall Street, too, culminating in the single-day 512-point decline in the Dow Jones average.

Hisey's fund was decimated. At its peak last year, Troika had assets of $230 million. By June 30 of this year, they had fallen to $45 million. And after a tumultuous August, they were down to $20 million. This calendar year, the fund's returns are down by 85 percent.

Hisey's misfortune was shared by many of the most sophisticated investors on Wall Street. George Soros lost $2 billion in Russia. Julian Robertson announced losses of $600 million. Morgan Stanley, Merrill Lynch, Citicorp, Bank of America, and other big institutions lost billions more. A significant number of the hedge-fund guys had substantial losses that can be traced to what happened in Russia, directly and as a result of a ripple effect. Long-Term Capital Management, John Meriwether's highly leveraged hedge fund with huge losses, is now being bailed out by fifteen banks because its wide-ranging default on loans could send the economy into a tailspin. In addition to its other problems, this fund was also hurt by people dumping Russian securities and stockpiling Treasuries instead; Meriwether hadn't counted on everybody jumping into Treasuries, which he'd sold as a hedge against riskier bonds.

How did so many smart people manage to lose so much money so quickly?

MAC (FOR MCDANIEL) HISEY GREW UP all over New England—in Maine, New Hampshire, and Connecticut—one of five sons in a family in which the father traveled the world building paper plants. As did Hisey's grandfather. But Hisey would break from the patriarchal precedent: He took an interest in Russia when he was in high school in the seventies, when U.S.-Soviet relations held promise as well as peril. As an undergraduate at the University of Connecticut at Storrs, Hisey was one of the first students there to major in Slavic and Eastern European studies; as an exchange student in 1979, he became fluent in Russian. After graduation, careerist classmates mocked him for his seemingly limited job prospects. What was he going to do? they snickered. Teach Russian? Hold some boring, ill-paying, dead-end civil-service job at the State Department?

Instead, Hisey stayed on at Storrs to earn an M.B.A., making his mark in the eighties boom as a financial strategist at Richardson-Vicks, which makes Oil of Olay and VapoRub. When he plotted the company's successful defense against a takeover attempt by Unilever, he revealed that he could stay cool under siege. That's how he came to the attention of the company's owners, the Richardsons. In 1986, he switched over to Lexington, a mutual-fund family controlled by the Richardsons. In the following years, he rose to managing director by analyzing venture-capital investments—a side business for Troika—and managing the prosaic "back office" support operations.

When Hisey co-founded the Troika mutual fund two years ago with Gavin Rankin, a Brit with long experience in Eastern Europe, Yeltsin's progress seemed extraordinary. Russia's inflation rate, which had run as high as 2,500 percent after the erasure of the Soviet regime, was down to 11 percent by 1997, a fantastic improvement. The country's gross domestic product, which fell by 50 percent in the economic collapse of the early nineties, actually rose slightly last year.

Russia seemed poised for an economic revival, but there was one remaining obstacle: The Russians don't pay their taxes. This had resulted in big shortfalls of government revenues, which nonetheless didn't stop the government's remaining Communists from pushing for outsize government spending. Where would the money come from? The government could sell bonds. So in 1993, the Russians began hawking GKOs with astonishingly high yields.

Western investors liked GKOs because they thought Russia could always sell off some of its huge oil reserves if it needed to raise money to make the interest payments. Russia accumulated almost $70 billion worth of bond debt by 1998, more than the net worth of Bill Gates.

With Asia wobbly since last October, and traders suddenly disenchanted with the ruble, the Russian government had to buy up the rubles that traders were getting rid of. The Russians were forced to dip into their $15 billion reserves of foreign currencies. The crisis abated for a while. But then Russia suffered from a sharp decrease in the price of oil, which is its prime export and its main way of earning dollars, pounds, marks, francs, and

Photograph by W. Laski/Gamma Liaison.

yen. Currency traders assessed Russia's deteriorating situation and figured the country was about to go the way of Asia. They resumed dumping rubles.

LAST AUTUMN, HISEY HAD BEEN BULLISH, envisioning a huge upside potential and a tolerable downside. In November 1997, he told one reporter: "I don't think it is inconceivable that the market could double, or even triple, in the next few years. But it could just as easily correct by 30 percent." His Troika fund finished 1997 with an impressive 67 percent gain for the calendar year, far exceeding the high performance of the Dow Jones Industrial Average, up 23 percent.

Still, there had been a huge drop already: The fund had been up 143 percent in September. The precipitous October-to-December fall had frightened a significant number of Troika's investors, who reportedly redeemed $15 million worth of shares, leaving Hisey with backers who had a taste for risk or the time to wait for a rebound.

Hisey was still hopeful that Russia would rally in 1998. The nation was negotiating with the International Monetary Fund to get money to stabilize the ruble. But the talks dragged. Oil prices continued to fall. To sell its GKOs, Russia raised the interest rates, which hit 200 percent. Higher interest payments only exacerbated Russia's budget deficit. Currency traders kept selling rubles. And investors got very, very antsy.

> **Saturday, August 15: The Bloomberg terminal in his office didn't say anything unusual about Russia. So Hisey drove home, not seeing the speed bump lurking in the shadows just ahead.**

ON JUNE 30, TROIKA WAS down 60 percent for the first six months of the year. And while other investors could abandon this kind of market, as the manager of a Russia mutual fund, Hisey was committed to investing in Russia by his charter.

In retrospect, July might have seemed like a time when Western investors should have packed up their caviar tins and fled Moscow. But then came another reason for hope. Clinton and other Western leaders leaned on the IMF, which finally approved a loan package to help Russia. "The initial response of the markets was euphoria," Hisey recalls. But later, traders began to doubt whether the IMF's first installment of $4.8 billion was enough. Investor confidence sank again, and with it went the Russian stock market.

Hisey had a dilemma: Should he retreat from Russia? Normally, he was supposed to keep 65 percent of his portfolio in Russian stocks, but the fund's rules gave him some leeway to take a "defensive" cash position in the event of a crisis. However, if he panicked and pulled out too early, and then the Russian market rebounded, he could be sued by angry shareholders.

In July, Hisey risked the potential lawsuits and began selling off Russian securities, parking almost half of Troika's assets in safe U.S. Treasury bills. He tried to shift the rest of the portfolio into Russia's blue-chip stocks, such as oil companies with vast reserves that would have real value even as the ruble plummeted.

But it was too little, too late. Monday, August 17, brought the dreaded news about the ruble.

Hisey scrambled to figure out which stocks would benefit from the devaluation and which would be hurt the worst. He wanted to weight his portfolio even more heavily with oil and gas companies, which would pay expenses in cheap rubles but sell their products for hard foreign currencies. He decided to dump some shares of electrical utilities, which charge their customers in rubles. But how to sell? Instead of trusting Russian brokerages, which weren't as liquid, he channeled most of his trading through Western-owned firms. There was little else Hisey could do. He had already stashed what he could in dollars, and he'd steered his portfolio into the safer stocks.

On Sunday, August 23, Yeltsin dismissed his government. Two days later, the financial plan was released: GKOs, which were supposedly the safest possible investment in Russia, were worth only 10 cents on the dollar (or, more precisely, 10 kopecks on the ruble).

Today, Hisey's Troika fund has 70 percent of its assets in Treasuries and only 30 percent in Russian stocks. He describes his current position as "on the sidelines, waiting for clarity." But his shareholders are ready for action: Hisey says the fund has raked in $5 million more in subscriptions than redemptions since June 30, much of it coming from pros such as financial advisers who are investing their own money: "A lot of people really saw this as a good buying opportunity," he insists. They'd all better have the same otherworldly wiring upstairs as Hisey—it helps to keep a cool head when all hell breaks loose. ■

BEAR WATCH

LUXURIES

Do we really *need* that new six-bedroom house on Lily Pond Lane, or that case of '85 Latour? Well, that depends on what you mean by the word "need." And increasingly, wine, second homes, and many other highly desirable but, let's face it, inessential purchases won't be fitting the bill.

● Wine auctions have started slow this fall. At a recent sale, 250 of the designated 1,500 lots of wine were left on the auction block. Yesterday's bullish bidders are cutting down on that extra case of a blue-chip Bordeaux, like the 1982 Mouton Rothschild, which fetched between $5,000 and $8,000 per case last buying season. California's boutique wines, like Screaming Eagle Cabernet Sauvignon '94, which until now could command up to $1,000 per bottle, are likely to slip in price. Second-tier wines will drop, too. However, according to the city's busy sommeliers, big-bonus traders are still ordering from the top of restaurants' wine lists.

● The second-home market is also experiencing portentous rumblings both in the Hamptons and in pockets of upstate New York. In Bridgehampton, one nervous trader reneged on his offer on a $750,000 three-bedroom cottage. "I think we'll see at mid-level range, the $500,000-to-$800,000 properties, this scenario repeated again and again in the next few months," explains one seasoned broker. In Locust Valley, two international buyers recently pulled out of deals on million-dollar colonials for similar reasons. But after a 40 percent increase over three years in second-home prices, there will be a leveling off in the next buying season. Construction and remodeling continue, but this is not the same ill-fated speculative housing that damaged the eighties real-estate market. Still, one Realtor predicts that buying activity will come to a "screeching halt."

● Luxury cars are the most visible of status symbols, but they may be less visible in the future. Even with long waiting lists for Porsche Boxters and Rolls-Royces, dealers say September was ominously quiet. This is a trend that's likely to continue through Wall Street's bonus season unless the Dow takes a miraculous leap upward. "We'll see fewer of the twentysomething brokers sitting behind the wheel of the Mercedes SL600 convertibles [$130,000] this year," one dealer predicts.

MAURA EGAN

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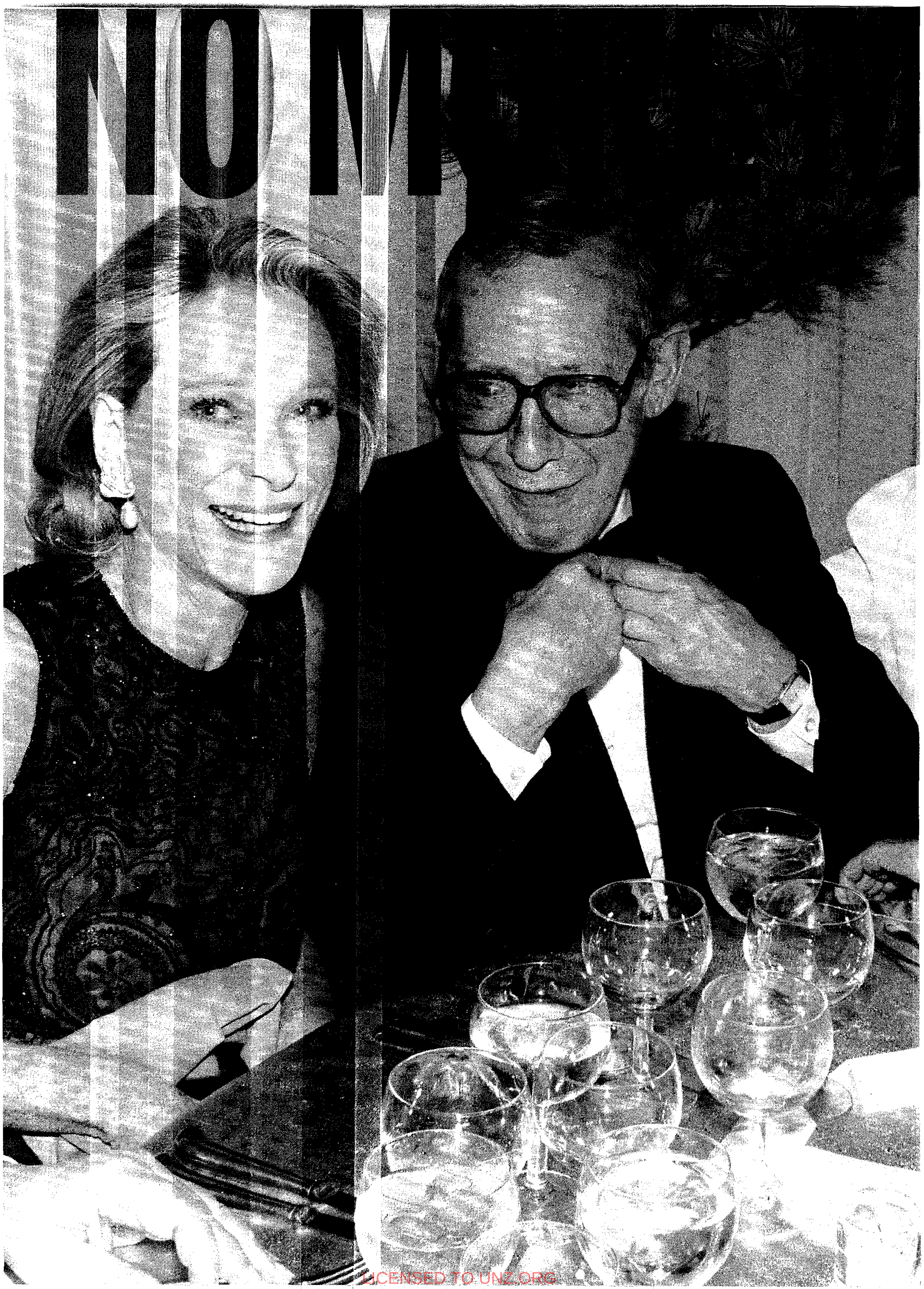
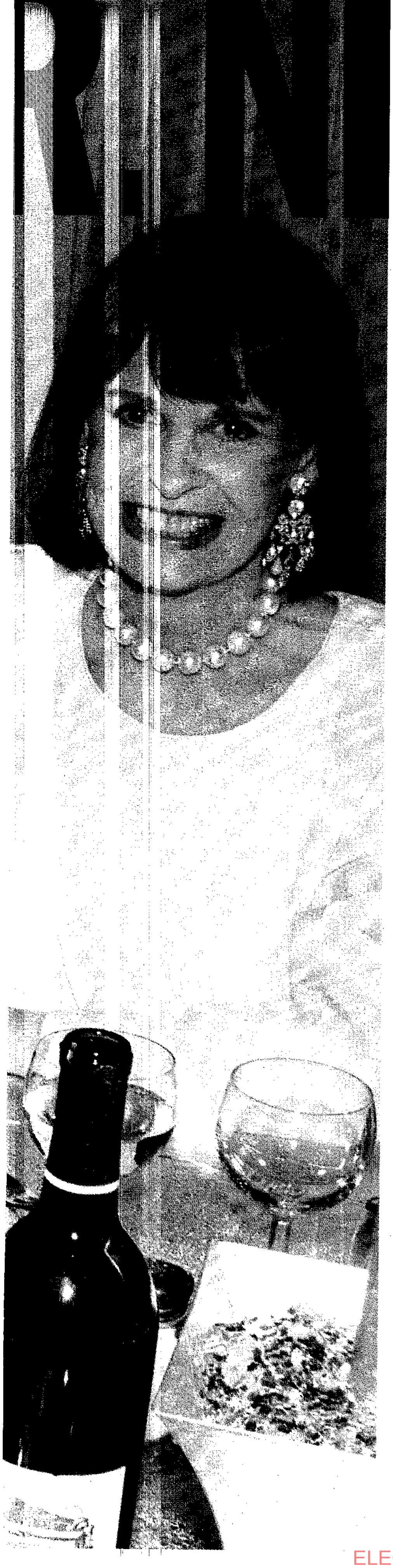


R. NICE GUY

With the death of owner Glenn Bernbaum, the party's suddenly over at Mortimer's. Café society breaks out the black armbands and exorcises a friend's demons.

BY MERYL GORDON



THE PANICKY PHONE CALLS started in July. When Glenn Bernbaum, the owner of Mortimer's restaurant, returned from a European vacation, he looked terrible and complained loudly that he didn't feel well. But he hated seeing doctors and refused to be examined, even as his health deteriorated. So one by one, his rich and famous customers—those charmed lifers who would often spend their nights off from the spangled-gala circuit encamped in Mortimer's front room—made pilgrimages to plead with him, conspiring with one another to try to get him help.

Reinaldo Herrera lunched with Bernbaum and was frightened by his appearance. "I told him, 'Glenn, your eyes are yellow, it could be jaundice, you've got to see a doctor,' " says Herrera, the husband of designer Carolina Herrera and *Vanity Fair*'s special-projects editor. Bernbaum brushed him off, growling back, "I'm fine, it's just the light coming through the yellow awning."

Mario Buatta was so upset—"Glenn was the color of a yellow squash"—that he called Bill Blass and Nan Kempner to see if they could talk some sense into Bernbaum. "Glenn was furious at me when he found out," says Buatta, the decorator known as

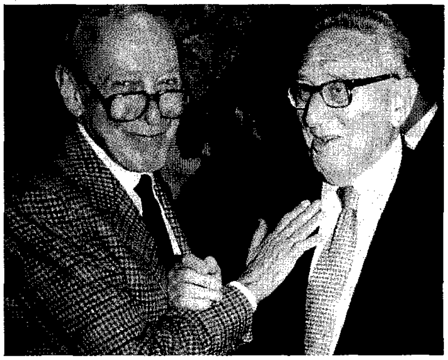
AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER: Opposite, Bernbaum celebrates Swifty Lazar's birthday at Mortimer's flanked by Nan Kempner and Gloria Vanderbilt. Above, his nineteen-table empire.

the Prince of Chintz. “He was going around saying, ‘Mario, that SOB.’ ” Even socialite Nan Kempner was rebuffed. “I tried my damnedest,” she says, detailing her visits and repeated phone calls. “He finally said, ‘Stop bullying me; I’m a big boy.’ ”

Bill Blass, who had befriended Bernbaum back in the fifties when they were both young men in the garment industry, offered to bring a limo and accompany him to the doctor, to no avail. “The possibility of being in the hospital, being *cared for,* was too intimate for him,” Blass says sadly.

Uncomfortable with the attention, his energy flagging, Bernbaum eventually retreated to his apartment above the restaurant, taking few phone calls and refusing visitors. Senga Mortimer, the *House & Garden* editor who was one of Bernbaum’s closest friends, was so concerned that she went to the restaurant, called Glenn, and announced she wasn’t leaving until he appeared. Four long hours later, Bernbaum relented, coming down for comfort and conversation, and the next day he did get in touch with a doctor. But after decades of prodigious alcohol consumption, it was too late for Bernbaum to reverse the damage—weeks or months or perhaps years too late.

“Cirrhosis of the liver isn’t necessarily fatal,” says Dr. Robert Ascheim, the physician at New York-Cornell Hospital who examined Bernbaum less than two weeks before he died—Bernbaum hadn’t been to see him in years. “But there’s a point where the devastation is very significant and irreversible. He never discussed with me, ‘Am I going to die this week or next week?’ In fact, he avoided the question. But he knew he was very ill.” Hospitalization at that stage would not have made much of a difference, he says, and Bernbaum was adamantly against it.



BERNBAUM WAS DRINKING A LOT. C.Z. GUEST TOOK HIM ASIDE AND SA

Bernbaum didn’t want anyone to know how bad things were. He admitted to Senga Mortimer that he had cirrhosis but insisted the illness was treatable by diet, that his heart was strong; he’d beat this thing. He didn’t tell his two loyal employees, chef Stephen Attoe, a 22-year veteran, and maître d’ Robert Caravaggi, a nearly-20-year employee, but they had their suspicions; that the usually cantankerous Bernbaum was being so nice seemed to confirm them. “He was very gentle those last few days,” says Attoe, a Connaught Hotel–trained British chef who also rents an apartment in the Bernbaum-owned restaurant building. Adds Senga Mortimer, “The thing that terrified me was when I called Glenn, and he told me he loved me. It was so out of character. I told him, ‘Don’t go soft on me.’ ”

With the restaurant closed for most of Labor Day weekend and no one around, Bernbaum asked his personal house cleaner, Gregory Mair, to come to his apartment daily. “The first thing he told me to do was to take everything out of the refrigerator and throw it away,” says Mair. Bernbaum’s body was shutting down, but he put up a jolly front. “I talked to him on Sunday and he was so chipper,” says Robert Caravaggi. “He was watching baseball on TV. He was really excited by Mark McGwire’s home-run streak.”

On Monday afternoon at about 3:30 P.M., Mair says, he was leaving when “I heard this big crash; it sounded like a 500-pound weight had hit the floor. I called out, ‘Are you all right?’ He said yes.” Mair waited awhile, heard what sounded like Bernbaum opening the medicine cabinet in the bathroom, locked up, and left.

Senga Mortimer spoke with Bernbaum three times that day and feels certain that their last conversation took place that evening. “He was very up,” she says, sounding perplexed. “He was looking forward to parties. He asked me to come arrange flowers for a party Thursday night.” She sounds tearful and touched as she says, “He tried to protect me.”

At 7 A.M. the next day, Stephen Attoe walked downstairs from his fourth-floor apartment and was startled to hear the TV blasting from Bernbaum’s second-floor home. “That wasn’t his usual routine,” he says. Tuesday is payday at Mortimer’s, and by 9:30 A.M., when Bernbaum hadn’t come down to sign checks and didn’t answer the phone, Attoe and another staff member entered his apartment. Bernbaum was dead; it appeared he’d fallen in the bathroom, landing in the bathtub fully clothed. Even though he was ailing, he’d taken the trouble to put on an ascot. There was no autopsy; in his will, Bernbaum donated his body to medical science, with New York-Cornell Hospital as the beneficiary.

“WHY DO PEOPLE LOVE A CURMUDGEON?” KENNETH JAY Lane, the jewelry designer, is sitting in his office with its sparkling showcases of fabulous fakes, contemplating his four-decade friendship with Glenn Bernbaum. “There has to be one curmudgeon in every crowd. Charming people are a dime a dozen.”

Bernbaum cultivated his image as the gruff, tough gatekeeper to society, but charm was also in his repertory, provided the right people were within range. His success was spectacular: Virtually from the day Mortimer’s opened its doors in 1976, the restaurant has been ubiquitous in the social columns, attracting an eclectic crowd ranging from Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger to Mick Jagger and Boy George to Jackie O., Fergie, and Brooke Astor, and even Cal Ripken Jr. Oh, and the parties—using set designers, Bernbaum could transform his humble saloon, re-creating the Paris Opéra, the Plaza’s Palm Court in 1907, or an overgrown wild jungle in the fairly mundane shell of the restaurant. He’d find unusual entertainers: can-can dancers to kick up their heels on the bar, Zippy the Chimp to deliver a birthday cake, a gospel choir to rock the restaurant. The annual New Year’s Eve party at Mortimer’s was one of the hottest invites in a chronically jaded town.

But who was Glenn Bernbaum, when he wasn’t fulfilling his role as the life of the parties? Even as his friends recount those favorite moments at Mortimer’s, they remain bewildered by his

Photographs: preceeding pages, Mary Hilliard (left); Marina Garnier (right); this page, left to right, Mary Hilliard; Sonia Moskowitz; Marina Garnier.

quirks, no matter how well they felt they knew him. What to make of a man who could be so imperious in public but so unsure in private that he shied away from romance and intimate relationships? How could a Jew, who was clearly choked up when he visited Auschwitz, be so contemptuous of other Jews that he conspicuously made them unwelcome at his establishment? Why tell friends that he was estranged from his family even as he secretly sent checks to support his younger sister Phyllis? How odd that the same person who was so obsessed with the good breeding, manners, and sartorial style of others would let his own teeth fall out for fear of the dentist. And above all, why was he so mean, even to his closest friends?

"He could be the bitch of all times," says Nan Kempner, who always thought his behavior stemmed from profound insecurity, the need to put down others to feel good about himself. Mortimer Levitt, the founder of the Custom Shops, where Bernbaum worked for twenty years—and in whose honor, it's said, the restaurant was named—admits, "He was absolutely, unquestionably a snob." Kenny Lane, who traveled with Bernbaum in Spain and Venice in July, says that in recent months, "he was emulating Scrooge." Adds the diplomatic Senga Mortimer, "To say he was difficult was being kind."

WHAT A SWELL PARTY THAT WAS: Left to right, Bernbaum charms Brooke Astor; kidding around with C. Z. Guest and deb daughter Cornelia; Henry Kissinger checks in; Anne Slater, Aileen "Suzy" Mehle, and Bernbaum do the Mortimer's mingle; looking down his nose at Pat Buckley.

M ONLY GOING TO TELL YOU THIS ONCE, BUT THIS HAS GOT TO STOP."

Friends swap stories of his contrary behavior, marveling at his (and their own) perversity. Tim Snell, who for the past ten years has painted the restaurant's special party murals, remembers Bernbaum's insisting that he create racy pinups for a lunch Christie Hefner gave for high-powered women friends shortly after taking over at *Playboy*. "He wanted us to put in tawdry underwear. She hated it," says Snell, who got a last-minute call to basically airbrush the pictures. "Glenn did that to create trouble. His attitude was, this is a tawdry event, so I'll give it a tawdry edge."

Still, Bernbaum's friends also eagerly mention his ironic wit and grouchy warmth, and his unexpected gestures of friendship. He comped meals at the restaurant for long-standing customers going through hard times, made generous loans, sent meals to friends in the hospital: "When I had hip surgery, he sent a waiter with dinner and a tablecloth, silver, and china," says Kempner. He raised millions of dollars to battle AIDS through his yearly Fête de Famille party, held at the restaurant. "He always wanted us to be nice to people," says Robert Caravaggi, "because he knew he wasn't very nice."

HE WAS BORN ON APRIL 5, 1922, IN PHILADELPHIA TO HARRY Bernbaum, a prosperous retailer who owned Lousols, a Bergdorf Goodman–like specialty store, and his wife, Elsie, a music and art patron who took great pride in the family's antique-filled townhouse on Delancey Place, just off Rittenhouse Square. Their lifestyle was about as Main Line as you can get for a Jewish family: The four Bernbaum children—Harry, Jeanne, Robert Glenn (then known as Bobby), and Phyllis—were chauffeured to private schools, given tennis and music lessons (Glenn played the mandolin), and cared for by a staff of seven. Glenn attended Friends Select School and Germantown Academy. "Our parents would go off to Europe quite a bit and leave us with the nurse," recalls Phyllis Gabaeff, a divorcée who now lives in Florida and works at Barnes & Noble. The family belonged to a temple, but they never celebrated Jewish holidays.

Glenn was his mother's favorite, and perhaps he learned from her the social cues that would later guide his door policy at Mortimer's. A source close to the family says of Elsie Bernbaum, "Nobody was good enough for her. If they didn't come from a very particular background, they weren't supposed to come to the house." Ask Gabaeff about her mother and she says with a sigh, "My mother was strict. And mean."

In later years, when he was a well-established figure in New York, Bernbaum rarely spoke of his family. Sam Green, a private art curator who rented an apartment from Bernbaum above Mortimer's and dined with him weekly, says, "His feeling about his family was, 'I don't want those ordinary people in my life; I want extraordinary people.' " Bernbaum kept his family life such a secret that the New York *Times* obituary failed to mention that he is survived by *two* sisters instead of just one (brother Harry, a clothing buyer based in Georgia, died of prostate cancer a decade ago). Even Bernbaum's lawyer, Aaron Richard Golub, didn't initially have the sisters' names and addresses to track them down for next-of-kin notification. Gabaeff, who had received a check and a note from her brother as recently as August, found out about his death when a friend sent her the *Times* obituary. Bernbaum had not spoken to his older sister, Jeanne, for 30 years, declining to respond to her recent notes trying to reestablish a relationship.

Perhaps one of the reasons he kept his distance from family members is that he never felt comfortable acknowledging his homosexuality to them. "He kept it very quiet," says Gabaeff. Bernbaum attended the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia—both before and after his stint in the Army in World War II—and during his school years, rumors about his sexuality filtered back to his family. His mother was quite distressed and didn't want the matter discussed, according to a family intimate, and Bernbaum apparently preferred to keep his lifestyle private.

In January 1943, Bernbaum enlisted in the Army, where he was promoted rapidly, eventually achieving the rank of captain. Stationed for a time in France, he was wounded by shrapnel in the leg and hand. "He was so proud of that period of life," says Caravaggi, who says Bernbaum liked to regale the restaurant's staff late at night with war stories. Bernbaum told Mortimer Levitt that he developed his distinctive raspy, deep voice in the Army, after being told by a commanding officer that his cultured

Photographs: left to right, Mary Hilliard; Sonia Moskowitz.

Philadelphia consonants lacked the authority for barking orders. Levitt says, "He would go out in the woods and yell and yell," determined to sound like a tough guy.

After the war, Bernbaum bounced through a series of jobs, battling constantly with bosses, convinced of his own superiority and unwilling to suffer fools. First he signed on with the office of the military governor in Germany, editing a magazine for American government workers. He left after a dispute over a drawing he published depicting American officers at a café, which his superiors thought made them look like Nazis.

He then finished up at Penn, graduating with a degree in political science, and ran the family store briefly after his father died. But Bernbaum argued with his mother, and the store was ultimately sold. He subsequently worked as a buyer at a Philadelphia ladies store, then moved to New York and became the general merchandise manager at the Franklin Simon department store, where he showed some panache. "He had Andy Warhol do silk screens for the store awnings," recalls Kenneth Lane. "He wasn't very avant-garde, but he had good taste." Bernbaum left Franklin Simon after fighting with management and joined—never mind the indignity of being part of such a lowbrow enterprise—the famous discounter E.J. Korvette's. He didn't last very long there either.

Wanting to get away from the Custom Shops' day-to-day operations, Mortimer Levitt ran an ad in 1959 for a "presidential trainee." He remembers pulling Bernbaum's résumé out of a stack of 400 to exclaim with amusement to his wife, Mimi, " 'Look at this hack applying for the job.' Glenn had come from cheap stores." Levitt tossed out the résumé, only to get a call a few days later from a headhunter who said, "I've got a great merchandiser for you, if you can stand him."

All of Bernbaum's friends (detractors, too) talk admiringly about his extraordinary taste and attention to detail, even if, as Pat Buckley points out, "he wore very good clothes, bought in London, but he always looked like a rumpled bed." Levitt, a spry 91-year-old, credits Bernbaum with great vision in running the Custom Shops, adding, "He knew what to buy." Bernbaum would travel to London with friends like Bill Blass and Kenneth Lane to pick fabrics. He was soon earning enough to afford a 52nd Street townhouse, beautifully decorated by Albert Hadley. Hadley would later decorate Bernbaum's apartment over Mortimer's, a luxurious retreat with a custom-designed sleigh bed, Venetian chairs, and fur throws.

"HE WAS JEWISH, BUT HE DIDN'T ENCOURAGE JEWISH CLIENTS," SAYS BILL

EVEN DURING THIS PROSPEROUS EARLY PERIOD, BERNBAUM WAS not an easy man to be around. Levitt describes seeing Bernbaum "literally foaming at the mouth" in anger at a fellow staffer, and on many occasions, "I could hear him yelling from one end of the floor to another. What's interesting is that people didn't leave him—I guess they respected him." Bernbaum was already drinking heavily during those years, although it apparently didn't interfere with his work. He confided to Levitt, "I can't go to sleep without drinking."

In fact, it was his love for a few pops at night that first gave Bernbaum the idea to open a restaurant. As he posed the question to Mimi Levitt, "Why can't I drink at my own bar? Why do I have to drink at someone else's bar?" He decided to open a neighborhood place, nothing too posh, and run it as a hobby while continuing at the Custom Shops. He really wasn't expecting a society crowd. Indeed, after taking over the space that had lodged Tangerine, a failed jazz bar, and spending a year renovating, Bernbaum panicked that no one would come to his joint. "He called me up and said he had this brilliant idea," says Lane, "that he'd offer doctors and nurses from Lenox Hill Hospital a discount price for lunch. I told him I didn't think that was a good way to start."

Although Bernbaum wasn't well connected to New York's elite tastemakers, his friends were, and they opened the mullioned doors to this chic world he quickly came to adore. "Jerry Zipkin dragged me to Mortimer's," says Mica Ertegun, the decorator and wife of record-industry legend Ahmet Ertegun, who liked the atmosphere and convenient location and returned with friends. "I was there the first day for lunch," says Blass, who frequently took clients to the restaurant. "It caught on fast." Lane brought Diana Vreeland and gave a party at the restaurant that attracted the likes of Countess Jacqueline de Ribes and Elsie Woodward. As Bernbaum was fond of pointing out, the rich are cheap and they appreciate a bargain. The food was deliberately unambitious and the prices low: The first lunch menu featured salmon croquettes for $5.50. But it wasn't the food that mattered; it was the scene.

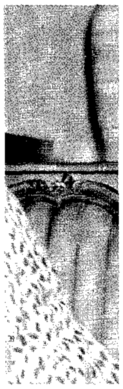
For Bernbaum, who was essentially a very solitary man, it was thrilling to be taken up by this crowd. "It was a source of absolute joy to him that his social idol, Nan Kempner, was crazy about him," says Christopher Mason, the writer and former society songster. But Kempner, the Herreras, C. Z. Guest, and A-list others didn't just eat in Bernbaum's restaurant; they paid him the ultimate compliment of including him in their lives. "He loved to gossip, and he always made me giggle," says Pat Buckley, who traveled in Belgium several years ago with a group of friends, including Bernbaum. "I was the first person to invite him to my home," says Guest, the gardening columnist and steel heiress who lives in Old Westbury. "I thought he was lonely."

He was. For a while, his loneliness was assuaged by a pug named Swifty (after agent pal Swifty Lazar) that was given to him by Senga and John Jay Mortimer; he had been planning to name the dog "Lauder" after Estée and family, says Senga Mortimer, but Estée objected. "It was like his child," says Mortimer. Bernbaum was distraught after he left Swifty with friends during a vacation in Europe and the dog disappeared. "Glenn was desperate," says Mortimer. "He wanted me to drive up and down Long Island looking for him. He vowed he'd never have another dog."

It is still a mystery to his friends that Bernbaum never fell in love, never lived with anyone. "I've always wondered about that," says Blass. "He'd form crushes on people, but I don't think they were reciprocated. He was full of insecurities about himself, but he never sought psychiatric help." Lane, a confidant who talked to Bernbaum daily for years, echoes those thoughts, saying, "He didn't demand love, and he wasn't very lovable, at least not in that way. He enjoyed sex, but love, no." And in the last fifteen years of his life, Bernbaum gave up sex, or at least that's what he told friends, at times hinting that he didn't want to put himself at risk for AIDS. "Gay? No, he was morose," Sam Green quips. "He parked whatever he used in the garage a long time ago."

Certainly a bizarre event early in the restaurant's history undermined Bernbaum's ability to trust his fellow man. Shortly after the successful launch of Mortimer's, Bernbaum ebulliently told the top four staff members that he had left them the restaurant in his will. A simple thank-you note would have sufficed, but the enterprising maître d' Stefanos Zachariadis—whom Bernbaum had met on vacation in Crete and brought to New York—decided instead to murder Bernbaum, hiring a hit man who turned out to be an undercover cop.

In the subsequent publicity, Bernbaum did a great job of playing the debonair and unflappable proprietor, but he was deeply shaken by the betrayal. "He came back from the trial with tears in his eyes," says chef Stephen Attoe. Richard Golub, Bernbaum's lawyer, says, "It left a bitter taste in Glenn's mouth. He had a tremendous distrust of people after that; it really scared him." When Zachariadis was released from prison, he returned to the restaurant to apologize to Bernbaum. "Glenn didn't accept him back in the fold," Golub said, "but that meeting helped resolve the whole thing for him."



THE PHILADELPHIA STORY: Left to right, Robert Glenn Bernbaum in December 1923; His mother, Elsie (right), entertaining Mrs. George H. Earle, the wife of the governor, and Madame Lily Pons; "Bobby" Bernbaum with sister Phyllis in their antiques-filled home on Delancey Place; as a lieutenant, stationed in France in 1944.

GERRY SCHOENFELD SHOOK WITH FURY OVER HIS SEAT NEAR THE KITCHEN.

BERNBAUM RELISHED HIS NEW ROLE AS THE EAST SIDE'S FOREMOST social dictator, presiding over this nineteen-table empire. Forget the notion that the customer is always right; at Mortimer's, Bernbaum was always right. Those who liked him talk with amusement and affection about the way he bossed them around. When Pamela Gross, a Mortimer's regular and former editorial director of *Manhattan File,* gave a large dinner some years ago at the restaurant with her then-fiancé Lord Lewisham—the romance was later broken off—her intended made the mistake of making a suggestion about the place cards to Bernbaum, who flew into a rage. "Glenn began bellowing, 'Get out of my restaurant,' " says Gross, who was startled but then thought the whole thing was funny.

Blaine Trump, planning a luncheon for twelve friends, discussed the menu with Bernbaum in advance, ordering several courses including soup and grilled chicken. But that's not what they were served. "When the waiter started bringing out artichoke salads, I told him there must be a mistake," she says. The waiter disappeared and returned moments later to announce, "Mr. Bernbaum thought you'd prefer this instead." Her reaction: "I had to laugh. He didn't approve of what I'd ordered, so he changed it. Most of the time he was right. Entertaining in the restaurant was like eating in Glenn's home."

Of course, you're free to invite anyone you want into your home, but a restaurant is supposed to be, well, public. Bernbaum was extremely disdainful of the arrivistes who didn't have the right clothes, pedigree, or star power yet had the nerve to want to dine at Mortimer's. Subtlety was not his strong point; he took some measure of pride in humiliating people. What's so curious is that his tony customers weren't put off by this boorish behavior. Kenneth Lane's mischievous theory: "People don't like to be treated badly. But they like to see *others* treated badly."

The Zagat Survey has consistently criticized the restaurant with such lines as "If you haven't been on 'Page Six' lately, plan to sit by the coatrack." Susan Mulcahey, who was editor of the glossy monthly *Avenue* in the eighties, recalls asking Bernbaum how he decided whether someone was worthy of a table. He looked her up and down critically and replied, "You can learn a lot from a person's shoes." His sister Phyllis was embarrassed after a doctor friend went to Mortimer's and had a bad experience. When she called Bernbaum to complain, he turned on her instead.

Bernbaum was absolutely unabashed about refusing to take reservations for many years, shooing people away who didn't fit the image, telling them his place was fully booked even if tables were empty. In the end, that reputation hurt him: Mortimer's revenues peaked in the mid-eighties at $3 million a year but dropped to $2 million in recent years, causing a worried Bernbaum to make a concerted effort to improve the food. "It had gotten really good by the end," says Christopher Mason. "Glenn was allowing us to be more adventurous," says chef Stephen Attoe, "to add more contemporary dishes like sautéed foie gras." Bernbaum also tried to be somewhat more democratic in welcoming customers.

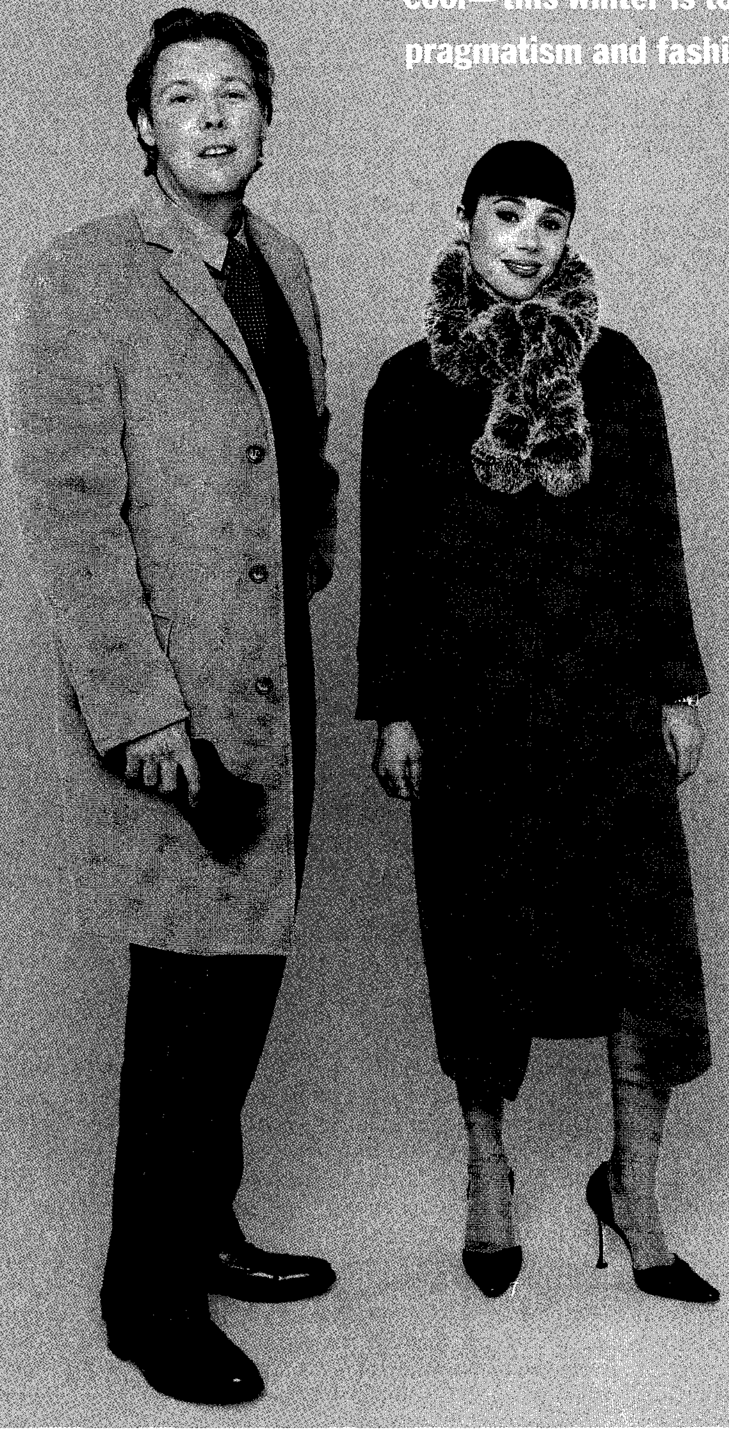
Still, at the height of the restaurant's popularity, Bernbaum's unwritten rules were quite discriminatory: African-Americans were unlikely to get a chance to taste twinburgers Mortimer unless they were as famous as Bobby Short, and Jews often got second-class treatment as well. "He was Jewish, but he didn't encourage Jewish clients," says Bill Blass. Mortimer Levitt recalls running into Gerry Schoenfeld, chairman of the Shubert Organization, who was absolutely shaking with fury over how rudely he'd been treated at Mortimer's. "They wouldn't give him a table until his guests arrived," Levitt says, "and then they sat him near the kitchen." (Schoenfeld, through a spokesman, declined to comment.)

Yet four years ago, when Blaine Trump ran into Bernbaum in a hotel lobby in Warsaw and mentioned she wanted to visit Auschwitz, he was eager to accompany her. "We both just wept as we walked through the camps," she says. "He could show such immense vulnerability and sympathy." By then, perhaps, he'd reached a point in his life where he could confront the Holocaust and his own Jewish identity, particularly in the safe company of a much-admired reigning member of New York's Wasp aristocracy.

(continued on page 57)

COATTALES

If Los Angelenos are the cars they drive, New Yorkers are the coats they wear. The trick to staying warm—and looking cool—this winter is to steer a course between professional pragmatism and fashion fancy. By Sally Singer

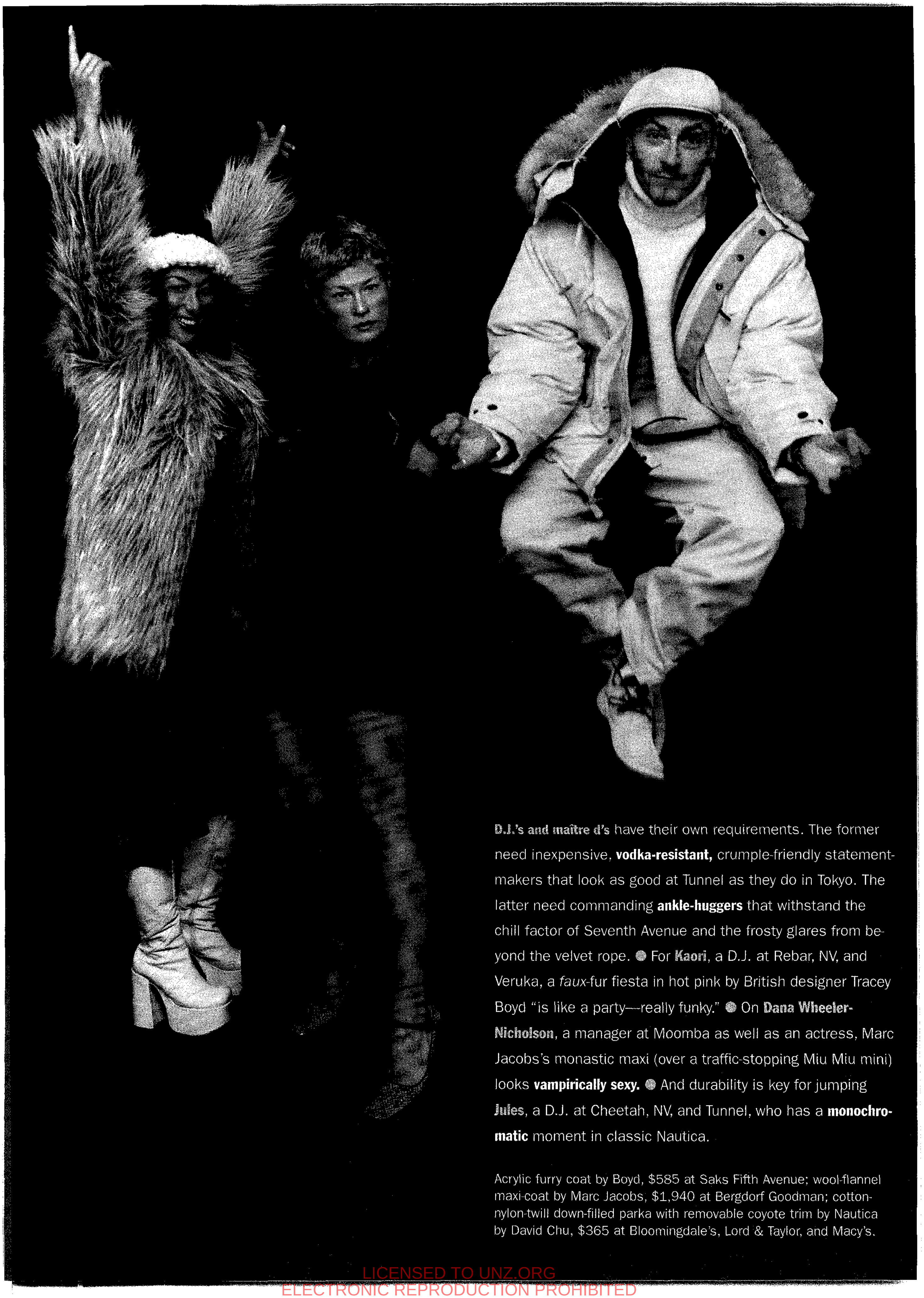


Art-world powerhouses require day-to-evening coats that can be all things to all people—**dapperly appropriate** to members of the board, aesthetically gratifying to members of the CFDA. ● For **Christopher Mount,** the Museum of Modern Art's assistant curator for architecture and design, a three-quarter-length **camel crombie** marries American sportswear savvy and Savile Row. ● On **Tiffany Dubin,** Sotheby's fashion director (and a woman who embodies her breakfast-haunt namesake), a double-faced jewel by **Michael Kors** whispers timeless **elegance** when paired with a matching sheath.

Silver-gray double-faced coat by Michael Kors, $1,995 at Bergdorf Goodman. Camel three-button coat from New York Industrie by Staff Int., $1,112 at Camouflage and Riccardi (Boston).

> *"I love camel's hair. It makes me feel more established, perhaps even English."*
>
> CHRISTOPHER MOUNT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NITIN VADUKUL



D.J.'s and maître d's have their own requirements. The former need inexpensive, **vodka-resistant,** crumple-friendly statement-makers that look as good at Tunnel as they do in Tokyo. The latter need commanding **ankle-huggers** that withstand the chill factor of Seventh Avenue and the frosty glares from beyond the velvet rope. ● For **Kaori**, a D.J. at Rebar, NV, and Veruka, a *faux*-fur fiesta in hot pink by British designer Tracey Boyd "is like a party—really funky." ● On **Dana Wheeler-Nicholson**, a manager at Moomba as well as an actress, Marc Jacobs's monastic maxi (over a traffic-stopping Miu Miu mini) looks **vampirically sexy.** ● And durability is key for jumping **Jules**, a D.J. at Cheetah, NV, and Tunnel, who has a **monochromatic** moment in classic Nautica.

Acrylic furry coat by Boyd, $585 at Saks Fifth Avenue; wool-flannel maxi-coat by Marc Jacobs, $1,940 at Bergdorf Goodman; cotton-nylon-twill down-filled parka with removable coyote trim by Nautica by David Chu, $365 at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and Macy's.

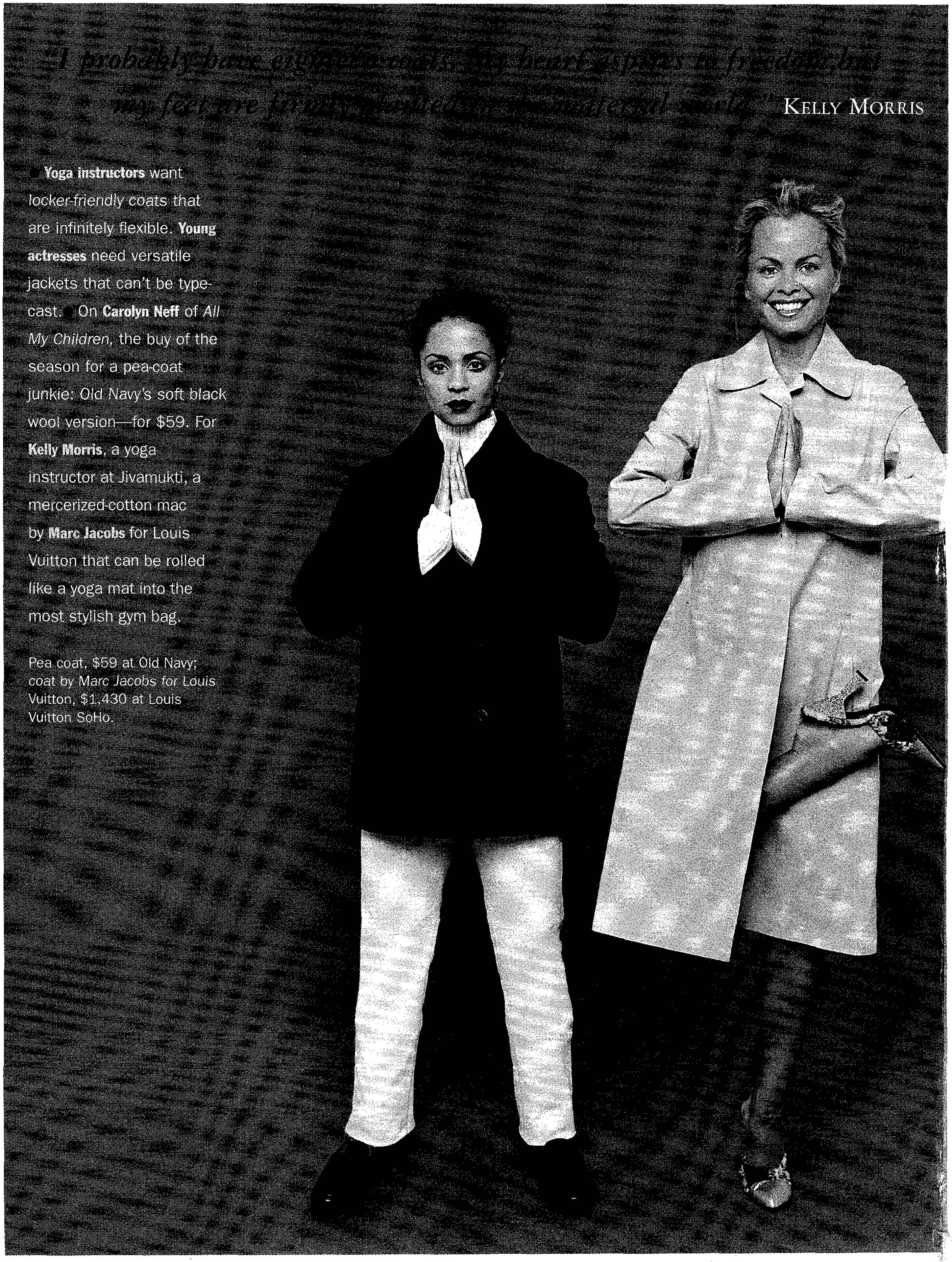
● Boldly **stylish fur fans** demand maximum payback from their big investments. ● For jewelry designer **Janis Savitt** of M+J Savitt, who owns three hand-me-down furs, a **graphic** rabbit coat from Valentino is a dream come true: the ultimate canvas on which to show off her massive megacarat-pavé creations.

Printed rabbit-fur coat, $3,300 at Valentino.

> *"I wear mostly black—with diamonds—so it's good to throw on something that says POW!"*
>
> JANIS SAVITT

● **Indie-film moguls** such as the producers behind Good Machine films must have **rugged** outerwear that can, when necessary, withstand subzero temperatures—climatic, critical, and commercial. On the first day of shooting *Ride With the Devil,* Ang Lee's forthcoming Civil War epic starring Jewel, it was fifteen degrees below zero. And when Todd Solondz's *Happiness* premieres at the New York Film Festival, the forecast is for a blizzard of controversy. ● **Ted Hope** wears a down jacket from the Gap—inexpensive and **surprisingly sleek**. Detail-oriented **James Schamus** takes to Belfe & Belfe's hooded, multi-pocketed parka like a duck to water. **David Linde**, "the finance guy," wears waterproof Armani over his power suit.

Down parka, $98 at the Gap; khaki parka by Belfe & Belfe, $595 at Barneys New York; mocha parka, $595 at Emporio Armani.



"I probably have eighteen coats. My heart aspires to freedom, but my feet are firmly planted in the material world." KELLY MORRIS

● **Yoga instructors** want *locker-friendly coats that are infinitely flexible.* **Young actresses** need versatile jackets that can't be typecast. ● On **Carolyn Neff** of *All My Children*, the buy of the season for a pea-coat junkie: Old Navy's soft black wool version—for $59. For **Kelly Morris**, a yoga instructor at Jivamukti, a mercerized-cotton mac by **Marc Jacobs** for Louis Vuitton that can be rolled like a yoga mat into the most stylish gym bag.

Pea coat, $59 at Old Navy; *coat by* Marc Jacobs for Louis Vuitton, $1,430 at Louis Vuitton SoHo.

Cosmetics entrepreneurs [illegible]

Kimara Ahnert, [illegible]

Chanel' [illegible] is the [illegible] to rev up [illegible] Prosperity Red [illegible] fashionably prepared

season-smart [illegible]

perennial.

Shirt by Chanel, [illegible] 800-550-0005 [illegible]

CREDITS

On Christopher Mount: Suit, $1,995, shirt, $195, and tie, $125, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label at Polo Ralph Lauren Madison Avenue. Shoes by Ralph Lauren Footwear, $425 at Polo Ralph Lauren Madison Avenue. Gloves by Coach, $175 at Coach and Macy's Herald Square.

On Tiffany Dubin: Dress by Michael Kors, $1,195 at Bergdorf Goodman. Scarf by Georgina von Etzdorf, $120 at Bergdorf Goodman. The Nudes hosiery by Donna Karan, $15 at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and Macy's. Jungle Red nail polish by NARS, $15 at Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue. Small Tank Française watch in 18K gold, $11,400 at Cartier. Shoes by Manolo Blahnik, $465 at Manolo Blahnik and Bergdorf Goodman.

On Kaori: Skirt by Christa Davis, $315 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Cardigan by Anna Sui, $475 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat by Mischa Lampert, $135 at Barneys New York. Her own boots.

On Dana Wheeler-Nicholson: Top, $220, skirt, $210, and shoes, $290, at Miu Miu, SoHo. Gloves by Costume National, $250 at Costume National and Barneys New York.

On Jules: Sweater by Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren, $135 at Polo Sport Store. Khakis, $38 at the Gap. Boots by Prada Sportswear, $390 at Prada Fifth Avenue. His own hat.

On Janis Savitt: Sweater by Versace, $495 at Versace, Bergdorf Goodman, and select Nordstroms. Skirt by Dolce & Gabbana, $390 at Barneys New York. Necklace, $9,000 and ring, $14,000, by Janis Savitt for Bergdorf Goodman at Bergdorf Goodman.

On Ted Hope: Sweater by Barneys New York Private Label, $198 at Barneys New York. Trousers, $425 at Giorgio Armani.

On James Schamus: Trousers by Barneys New York Private Label, $138 at Barneys New York. Shirt, $38 at the Gap.

On David Linde: Shirt, $175 at Emporio Armani. Pants, $455 at Hermès.

On Carolyn: Sweater by Helmut Lang, $525 at Barneys New York. Pants by K-189 by Daryl K, $270 at Daryl K, Big Drop, and Bloomingdale's. Shoes, $295 at J.P. Tod's.

On Kelly: Shoes, $250 at Miu Miu, SoHo.

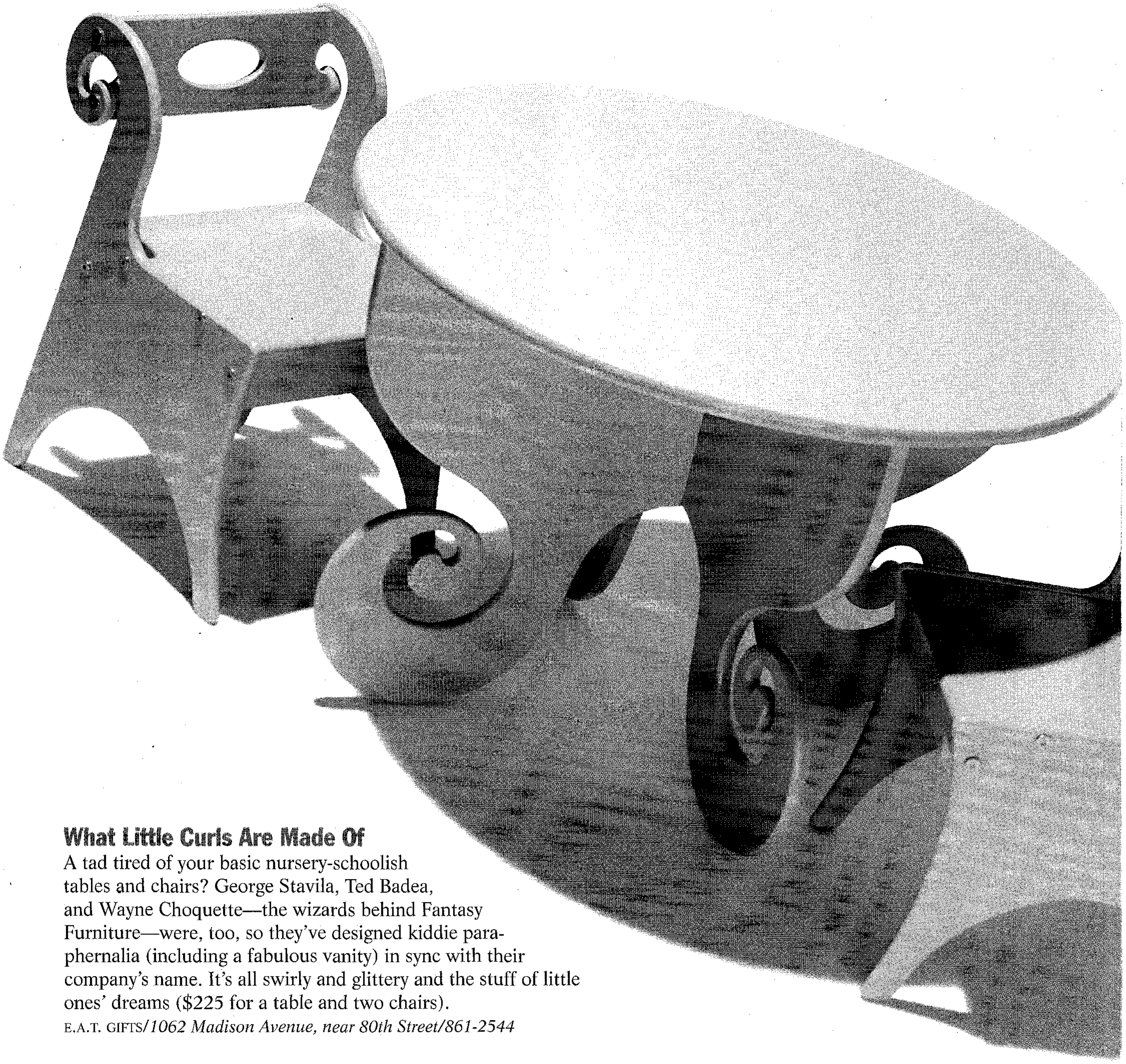
On Kimara Ahnert: Shirt by Chanel, $835 at select Chanel boutiques, Bloomingdale's, and select Saks Fifth Avenues. Small Tank Française watch in 18K gold, $11,400 at Cartier.

Womenswear stylist
BETH SHEPHERD
Menswear stylist
VINCENT BOUCHER
Hair by Steven Ward at Garren New York at Henri Bendel. Makeup by Steve Marino for NARS. Fashion assistants: Lynn Levoy and Emanuela Carvahlo.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

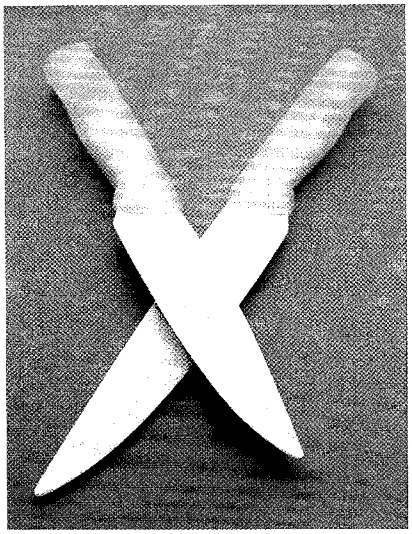


What Little Curls Are Made Of

A tad tired of your basic nursery-schoolish tables and chairs? George Stavila, Ted Badea, and Wayne Choquette—the wizards behind Fantasy Furniture—were, too, so they've designed kiddie paraphernalia (including a fabulous vanity) in sync with their company's name. It's all swirly and glittery and the stuff of little ones' dreams ($225 for a table and two chairs).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/861-2544*

Photographs: clockwise from left, Steve Wisbauer(3); Kenneth Chen.



Give Yourself an Edge

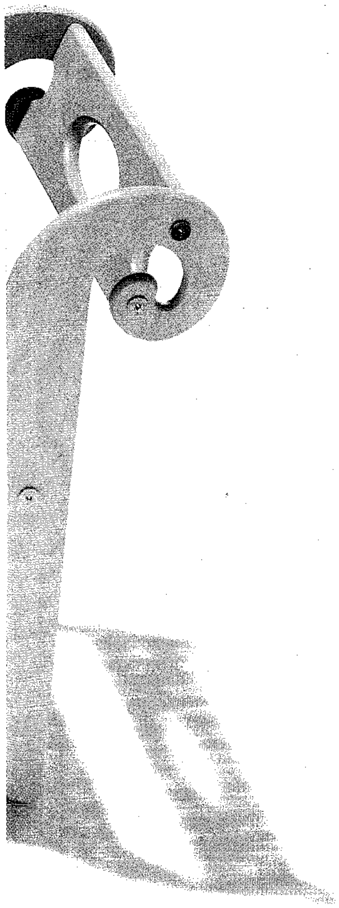
Who knew that a ceramic knife could be harder than steel and never, never need sharpening? The technology for these wonder knives was developed during space research, and not only are they permanently sharp, they don't break or chip, and they're stainless, nonporous (for hygiene's sake), and dishwasher-safe. CeraStar, a German company, manufactures them; product designer Eberhard Hagmann is responsible for their ultracool looks (from $85 for a paring knife to $125 for a six-inch utility knife).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*

Spontaneous Generation

You grab for a flashlight only to find that the batteries are dead. The folks at BayGen Power Group know all about that scenario, but *they've* created a solution: the Freeplay Self-Powered Lantern. Wind the handle for 30 seconds, and you get three to six minutes of light; keep winding, and the extended shine-time gets stored in the lantern's rechargeable battery, resulting in two hours of continuous light. Their ABS-plastic Freeplay also doubles as a small generator that can power other electrical devices ($69.95).

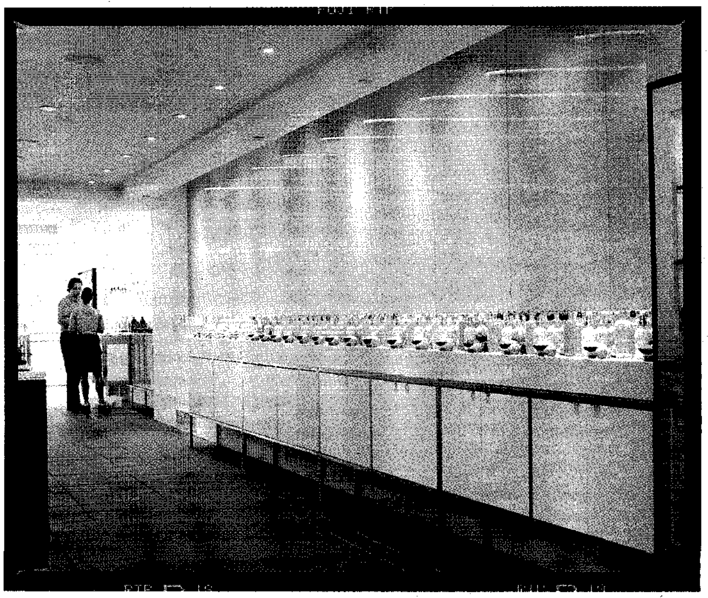
BROOKSTONE/*South Street Seaport/18 Fulton Street/344-8108, and Rockefeller Center/16 West 50th Street/262-3237*



Soap Opera

SoHo may be awash—as it were—in new bath, beauty, and fragrance shops, but they're a rarity on Madison Avenue. That is, before Fresh—Lev Glazman and Alina Roytberg's Boston-based bath-products company—landed there. Architect David Hacin designed the textured-glass-and-brushed-aluminum space in a style he calls "abundant minimalism" (rich details used in a streamlined way), and it reflects the simple yet elegant design of the products: Bars of soap come packaged as splendid little gifts wrapped and tied with delicate wires and tiny stones. Though many of the Fresh products have been available at such New York stores as Barneys, the Russian-born couple have saved surprises for their new emporium, the introduction of their new "Life" fragrances and a makeup line. The scents are breezy but richly complex mixes with names like en'hance, en'gage, en'tice. Glazman and Roytberg bring a no-nonsense sensibility to makeup: three color ranges, nine lipstick shades and one lip pencil within each range. (From $6 for a bar of soap to $18 for a soap dish to $115 for an Edith Mezard perfume.)

FRESH/*1061 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/396-0344*



SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Material Goods

Men (and women) of the cloth: *Delicate silks at Kalima, sturdy wool kilims at Hayko's, and almost* **everything in between** *at Rothschild & Smythe.*

YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES WHEN YOU go to Hayko's: You can either lug your beloved but tattered antique rug or kilim there and have it attentively restored, or you can buy a new one from the large collection. Sale items (accumulated over five years' collecting) include a nineteenth-century Chinese rug, was $2,800, now $1,800; 22-by-22-inch kilim pillow, was $70, now $35; large kilim, was $1,750, now $1,200. *Hayko Restoration and Conservation Antique Rugs and Tapestry, 857 Lexington Ave., at 65th St., second floor (717-5400); Mon.–Wed. and Fri. 10–6, Thurs. till 8, Sat. and Sun. till 5; 9/28–10/12.*

Dress-Up Days

JUST IN TIME FOR THE SOCIAL whirl of fall and winter (any excuse to deck yourself out), the eveningwear designers Carla Westcott and Heidi Weisel are teaming up for a joint sample sale. In addition to offering Westcott's matte-jersey and Weisel's cashmere evening dresses, they'll also have cocktail numbers and a limited selection of separates and swimwear. Dresses retail from $1,300 to $3,000; here, they'll be as low as $100 to $300. *Westcott Design Group, 530 Seventh Ave., near 39th St., twentieth floor (768-9794); checks accepted; Fri.–Sat. 10–7; 10/2–10/3.*

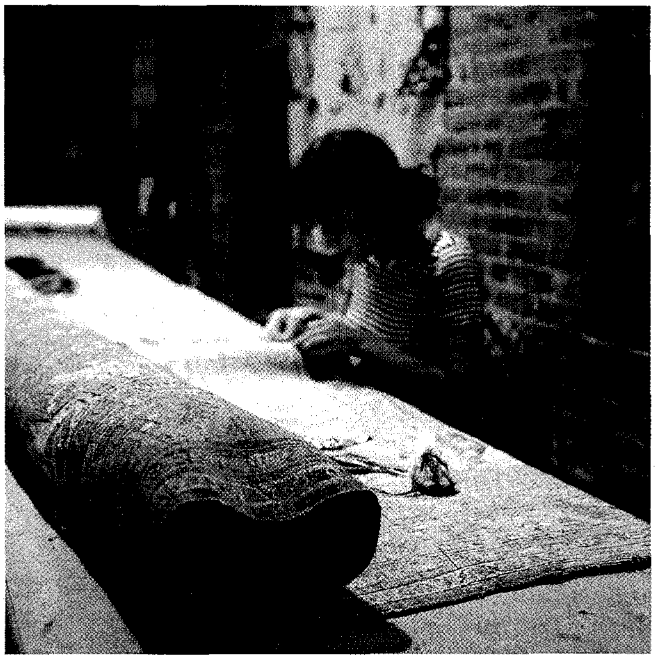
Silk Cut

JUST BACK FROM PARIS, WHERE SHE WORKED on her next collection, Kalima is now ready to move the stock and samples from her last one. Included in her sale: embossed-silk bridal gown with illusion sleeves, was $1,800, now $875; white silk column gown in chiffon over crêpe, was $1,600, now $1,000; black silk-chiffon cocktail dress, was $800, now $295. *Kalima World Collection, 373 Broadway, near White St., Suite D-4, fourth floor (274-8690); cash only; noon–7:30, by appointment only; 9/28–10/3.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Fare Deal

TO CELEBRATE ITS NEW TAKEOUT LUNCH menu—which includes dishes like lobster salad, salade niçoise, and tuna tartare—the bistro Le Taxi is offering a free crème brûlée or chocolate mousse (a $7.50 or $8.50 value) with every takeout lunch over $30. *Le Taxi, 37 E. 60th St. (832-5500); A.E., M.C., V.; daily noon–3; 10/1–10/15.*



Carpet bombed? One of Hayko's antique-rug restorers at work.

Bolts Down

ROTHSCHILD & SMYTHE—AN INTERNATIONAL home-décor-fabric importer—is setting up its rolls at Parsons. Chenilles, tapestries, velvets, and jacquards by top designers like Brunschwig & Fils, Cowtan & Tout, Donghia, and Clarence House will start at prices as low as $7.50 a yard and will run up to $70 (retail $50–$250 a yard). *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St. (362-7550); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri. 9–7, Sat. 10–6, Sun. till 5; 10/2–10/4.*

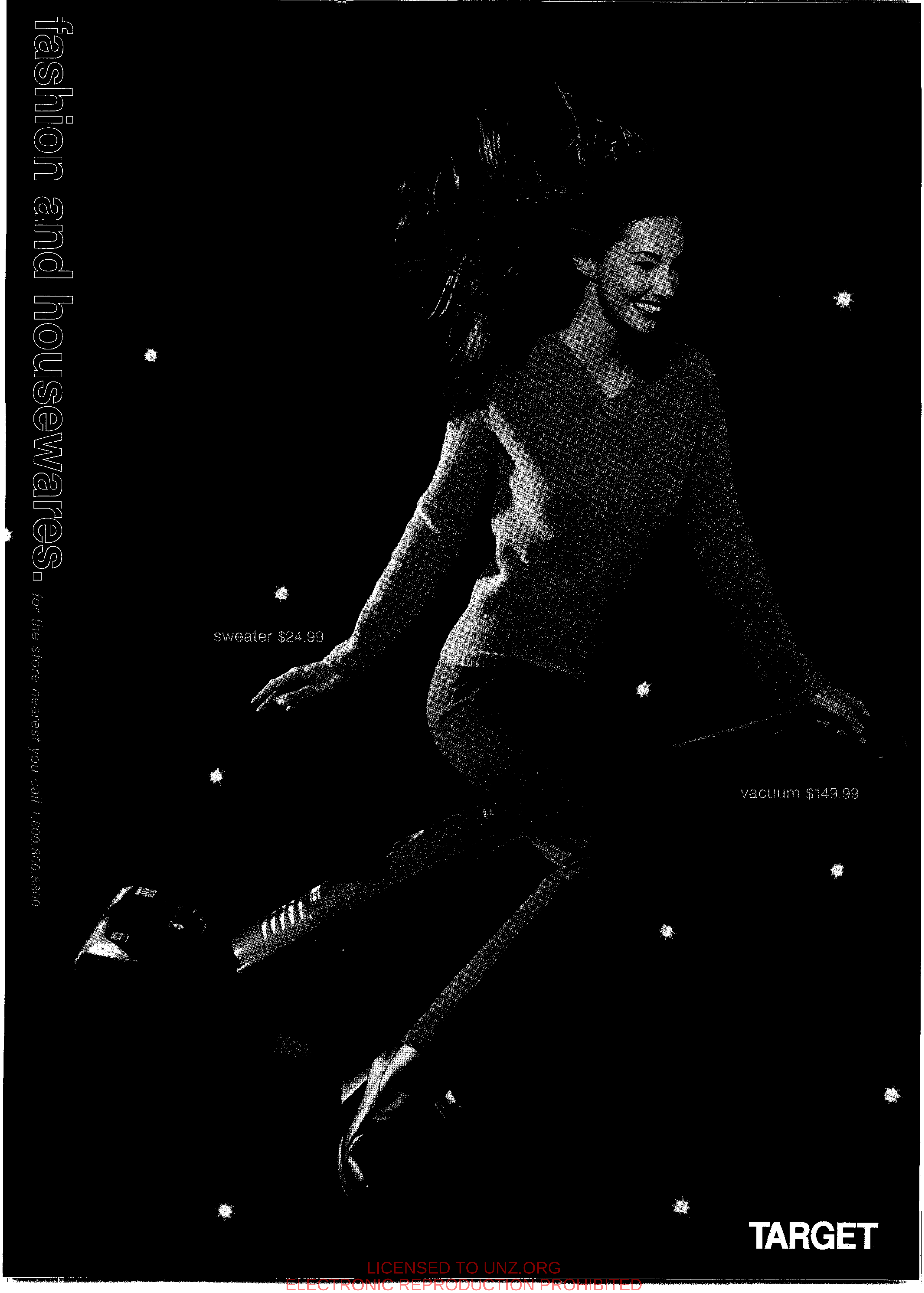
All in the Labels

LA BOUTIQUE RESALE RECENTLY LEFT ITS OLD address in order to expand its stock of powerhouse designers like Chanel, Gianni Versace, Giorgio Armani, Prada, and Dolce & Gabbana. On a recent visit we spotted a Judith Leiber crocodile black bag, retail $10,000, here $1,200; Chanel 1997 collection sky-blue tweed suit in size 12, retail $3,800, here $1,200; Giorgio Armani couture black wool pantsuit in size 8, retail $2,000, here $300; Moschino couture wool jacket in size 8, retail $1,500, here $200. For the month of October, selected items will be discounted 20 to 50 percent. *La Boutique Resale for Ladies, 1045 Madison Ave., near 80th St. (517-8099); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–7, Sun. noon–6; 10/1–10/31.*

Home Sweet Home

A FURTHER SIGN OF THE GENtrification of Cobble Hill from a sleepy Italian section of Brooklyn to a burgeoning new neighborhood for Manhattan émigrés is the recent arrival of Home Spa, a salon that uses only holistic and all-natural treatments. To celebrate its grand opening, the spa is offering 10 percent off its special packages (already 15 percent less than if you purchased the treatments separately). For example: aromatherapy facial and massage, was $125, now $112.50; shiatsu massage and reflexology, was $135, now $121.50; "kiddie" massage, facial, and reflexology, was $65, now $58.50. *Home Spa, 300 Court St., Brooklyn (718-596-8668); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 8 A.M.–9 P.M. by appointment only; 9/28–10/2.* ■

Photograph by Amy Freeth.


fashion and housewares.
for the store nearest you call 1.800.800.8800
sweater $24.99
vacuum $149.99
TARGET

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Ronin the Barbarian

He and his pals chase cars, send kiwis and rutabagas flying, wallow in blood, and generally wreak havoc. What Ronin & Co. don't do is make a whole lot of sense.

SOME OF THE LESSER *NOIR* MOVIES OF THE FORties, tired examples of a once-flourishing genre, seemed to have little more on their minds than the angle of Dick Powell's hat or the tilt of a torch singer's shoulders in some disreputable after-hours club—style, perceived through a veil of shadows and cigarette smoke. In the same way, John Frankenheimer's comeback film, **Ronin,** is devoted to the panache of tough-looking men in black who chase one another in fast cars and then retire to cafés, where they sit around grimly smoking. That's really all the movie is about: action flourishes and stoical gestures. There is a plot of sorts: post–Cold War intelligence operatives from different countries join together to steal an aluminum case from other cast-off operatives—but the plot is remarkably obscure. In fact, it is indecipherable, and intentionally so, I am sure. The point is that there's no point to the men's activities, that they do what they do because they are professionals who enjoy one another's habits, and therefore what really matters is a gun held at the right angle and a car rammed through narrow streets, endangering every baguette from Paris to Marseilles, while the driver sits calmly at the wheel, in stern repose. The movie is set in France, and everyone smokes, which may be an anachronism but somehow seems a necessary element in the movie's atmosphere of bitter existential coolness. Any display of normal human emotion in this context is a sign of weakness: The one man among the operatives who gets excited and throws up after escaping an ambush is quickly expelled as unworthy of anyone's company.

Many of us enjoy this sort of thing—the action-film hardness, the stiff, snobbish protocols of professionalism, and *Ronin* is fun for a while. An opening title tells us that the Ronin were unemployed samurai, wandering the land in shame after their master has been killed. As the team is assembled, we're willing to be entertained. We've seen enough of these movies to know that the tough international cast is required by the tough realities of international box-office. From America, there's Robert De Niro, streamlined in crewcut and black leather; from France, Jean Reno, with the great protruding nose and shark's teeth. Stellan Skarsgård, rather mild-looking in glasses and suit, represents the Eastern-bloc countries, and there's a willful Irish girl, Natascha McElhone, of the long, beautiful, and melancholy face. She hires the others, paying them well but not all that well. They have no idea whom they represent or what they are fighting for. Mystification is all.

The action begins: Ambushes and chases, and many shootouts, some of them staged, as in an Italian B-movie from 1964, at point-blank range, with anonymous gunmen falling over in pools of blood. In the chases, the men bash dozens of cars, cause trucks to tumble, and remorselessly knock over tables of fruits and vegetables (ah, the old fruits-and-vegetables scene). The police, of course, never spoil the fun, an omission that is routine in these movies, but I gave up on *Ronin* when Frankenheimer moved the chase into a tunnel in Paris bearing a striking resemblance to the one in which Princess Di's limo crashed. Is this exploitation or simple insensitivity? Frankenheimer has had a peculiar, perhaps incoherent, career. He began, in the fifties, with earnest TV drama, then got into movies and made the scathing, masterly political satire *The Manchurian Candidate* and the exciting *Seven Days in May,* and then, after a European interlude, such thrillers as *French Connection II* and *Black Sunday.* After some years of obscurity, he moved back into television, and recently had a TNT triumph with *George Wallace.* He can be congratulated, I supposed, for not using computer-generated special effects in *Ronin,* but his professionalism has a weary, cynical, and retro feel to it.

Like a French action star from 1954, Robert De Niro gives an all but silent, wryly fatalistic performance. De

International Rat Pack: Jean Reno and Robert De Niro on a mission in *Ronin.*

Photograph by Patrick Camboulive/Metro Goldwyn Mayer.

Niro takes a bullet in the side and then, looking in a mirror, directs Reno in the surgical removal of the bullet before politely passing out. This is a pretty good joke on stoical cool, and there are a few others, but the movie's haughty toughness makes no particular sense. The classic Ronin tales are about honor, and bonds cemented by shame, yet the men in *Ronin* routinely betray one another and work for cash. All we can tell is that Robert De Niro is the star, so he's a good guy, and Jean Reno is loyal to him and him alone, so he must be a good guy, too. The rest is existential absurdity: The men perform violence because they don't know what else to do with themselves. Unfortunately, directors like Frankenheimer go on turning out action films because they, too, don't know what else to do with themselves. *Ronin* is well-made, but it's an act of connoisseurship for people who have given up on movies as an art form.

In brief: I WOULD PAN THE NEW MERCHANT-Ivory production, **A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries,** if only there were something on the screen to pan, but the movie, like Jell-O on a child's spoon, keeps slipping out of view. The daughter in question, Channe (Leelee Sobieski), grows up in Paris in the sixties, the offspring of a James Jones–like expatriate writer (the movie is based on a novel by Jones's daughter, Kaylie). Channe endures no more than the routine trials of a teenager's life and is indeed very well loved by her handsome, sexy, all-wise dad (Kris Kristofferson), her smothering, slightly competitive bohemian mom (Barbara Hershey), her resentful adopted brother (Jesse Bradford), her hothouse-flower gay teen friend (Anthony Roth Costanzo), and even the family maid. They all love Channe, as indeed they should, but where's the movie? This is a wan, shapeless, and amazingly conventional piece of work . . . In **Rush Hour**, two kinds of comic virtuosos link up: The eye-popping African-American clown Chris Tucker, whose specialty is motormouthed, high-pitched insult and indignation, and Hong Kong's own Jackie Chan, the stolidly handsome star of dozens of nonsensical martial-arts movies, a man who achieves with his spinning body what Tucker does with words. The movie is no more than a well-produced confection designed for quick payoff in the big cities, but it's pretty consistently funny. Chan is a cop from Hong Kong, Tucker a popinjay on the LAPD. Each man has his own tricky, stylized movement, and each teaches the other how to move *his* way. The best bit: Chan fighting off assailants while catching a huge, priceless Ming vase that keeps tipping over. ■

David Denby's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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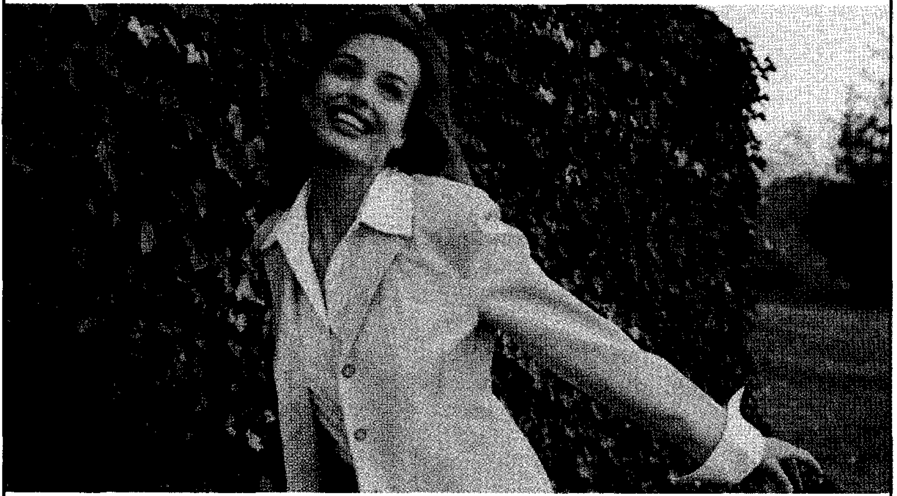

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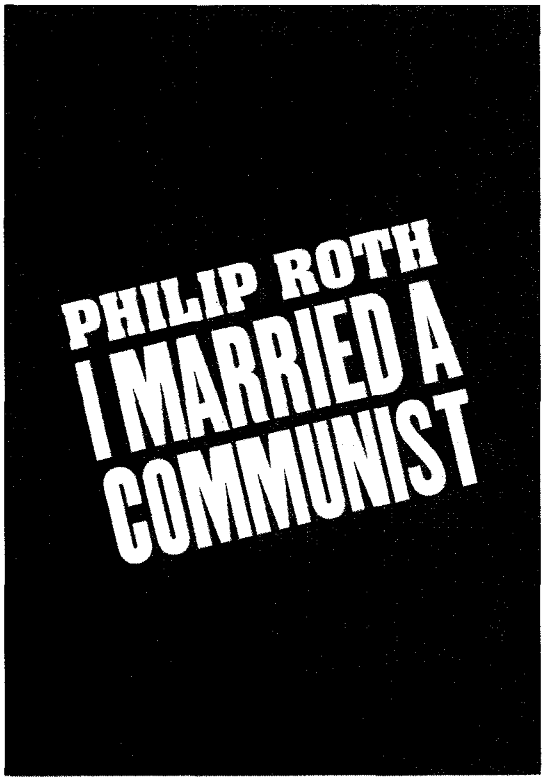
Well Red

Philip Roth revisits the Red-scare fifties and finds the same old stories of passion and disillusionment—but told in rhetoric that's a weird American poetry.

I Married a Communist
BY PHILIP ROTH
Houghton Mifflin; 323 pages; $26

PHILIP ROTH HAS HIT SOME KIND OF HOME stretch in the past few years, tearing through prizes, citations, and distinctions as if they were so many finish-line paper ribbons. From 1993's *Operation Shylock* through to last year's *American Pastoral,* the jabbermouth introvert has grown reflective, unfurling himself into something larger than literature's most eloquent masturbator. He's done what many artists aspire to but never quite pull off: gazed through his navel and seen the other side. What's there is a roaring, muralistic street scene peopled by fathead dreamers, mournful patriarchs, and shrill ideologues—the whole American carnival. Having twinned himself into Nathan Zuckerman, alter-ego narrator, Roth has gone on to triple and quadruple himself into a cacophonous one-man band. From myopic to epic, stethoscope to telescope. A self turned gloriously inside out.



I Married a Communist extends Roth's streak while narrowing its scope. The novel's less a chorus than a debate, a pageant of argument and dialectic. Murray and Ira Ringold are brothers from Newark, Roth's, and Zuckerman's, old stomping ground.

Murray, who tells the story over six nights at Zuckerman's rural New England hideaway, was the writer's high-school English teacher, his goad and guru. Murray is lusty, wise, and practical, a broad-shouldered role model of macho scholarship. He knows his Shakespeare but has street smarts, too. Ira, his younger brother, is more spectacular. Radicalized when he was a soldier in World War II, he's a raging, dogmatic socialist, a self-taught man of the people. He's also something of a fool. Ira's weakness for fine things and lofty people lands him in a disastrous marriage with actress Eva Frame, a self-suppressed Jew with an upper-crusty manner who's been swallowed whole by elocution lessons. Her Waspy polish may be only skin-deep, but whatever may once have been under it has vaporized.

Even snakier is Eva's daughter, Sylphid, a nightmare of superficial acculturation who ranks with Roth's most insidious fictional witches. Fathered by an aristocratic closeted gay actor, raised in Hollywood on bright lights and birthday cake, Sylphid is her mother's self-hatred incarnate, her psychological Siamese twin. Ira's mistake is to come between these women, with the result that he gets fatally squeezed. Estrogen is Kryptonite for Roth, and even the strongest men wither on exposure to it. Poor Ira, nicknamed Iron Rinn, is melted by a double dose.

The familiar frame for Ira's domestic tragedy is that great postwar morality play: the Red Scare of the early fifties. Murray, a union organizer, lays out the orthodox version for his old pupil: numskull reactionaries versus fiery progressives, Ira being the fieriest of all. We get to know him through his secondhand rants: "You look with your big eyes into the capitalist shop window, you want and you want, you grab and you grab, you take and you take . . . and there is the end of your convictions and the beginning of your fear."

Energetic, these outbursts, but not so new. At times, they seem like an exercise in nostalgia. Instead of remembering neighborhood streets this time, Roth indulges a fondness for vintage rhetoric. He savors the speech, the diction of revolution.

What raises Roth's novel above mere rehash is its ear. American Marxism, in retrospect, turned out to be mostly talk. A verbal insurrection. And it's the linguistic turmoil, rather than the political, that Roth sets out to capture, and sometimes to satirize, as in this stiltedly breezy monologue from a radio play by the young and radical Zuckerman: "Take this town, take Anywhere, take what happened here last year when a Catholic family right around the corner from me found that zealous Protestantism can be just as cruel as Torquemada was. You remember Torquemada. The hatchet man for Ferdinand and Isabella."

Verbal insurrection: Roth's communist fifties are a great American sideshow.

The book is full of such period send-ups, the awkward poetry of the proletariat in all its hyperbolic earthiness. It's a style that spellbinds Zuckerman and whets his early literary appetite, and that, in the end, is what the book's about: a writer's struggle to find a personal voice during a time of supercharged public oratory. Roth lays out plenty of models to pick and choose from, re-creating pamphlets, plays, and dining-room diatribes from the socialist golden age. The impulse is archival, antiquarian—equivalent to the passion of a musician digging for folk songs in the Library of Congress. Roth doesn't want those old tunes to be forgotten. He rewrites them to make the case for their deep influence.

In the meantime, Roth has his tale to tend to: the betrayal, demise, and destruction of Iron Rinn, and of American communism in general, that legendary cause without a rebel (or at least too few of them). He sticks with the basic fable and the stock cast. We know the ending, the moral, and the circumstances that lead up to them, and the most Roth can do is color in the subplots and tweak the turning points.

Not surprisingly, given his history, Roth highlights the erotic angle. What undermines the struggle of the working class is, in the end, the battle of the sexes. When Ira bites into Eve's high-society apple, it's good-bye, Lenin; hello, fine linens. The gates of utopia swing shut, and though he turns back and pounds his fists on them, the hinges don't budge. It's a spiritual lock-out.

I Married a Communist's best parts are its oratorical flights; its story hardly leaves the ground. In Johnny O'Day, a flinty steelworker and diehard pamphleteer, Roth gets the sound of self-educated outrage, of the brawler as social gadfly, exactly right. You hear the hammers swinging in O'Day's brain: "The rat press, the labor fakers, the phony city administrations of Gary and East Chicago regard me as dangerous? Good . . . I've got nobody dependent on me but me. And I don't depend on friends or women or jobs or any other conventional prop to existence."

Then there's Murray's take on Nixon's funeral, an improvisation from Zuckerman's old tutor that caps off his lesson in tough-guy social comment: "Nothing like the elevated remarks of Billy Graham, a flag-draped casket, and a team of interracial pallbearing servicemen . . . to induce catalepsy in the multitudes." Such punchiness is what Roth is commemorating—the hardheaded chin music of the grand old comrades. ■

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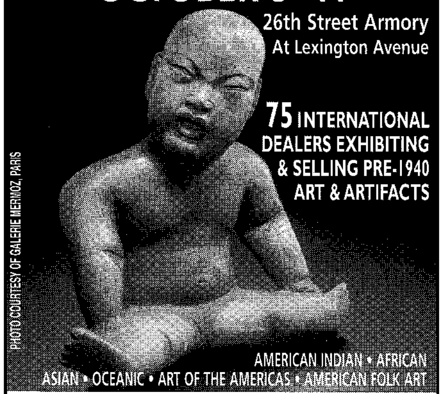
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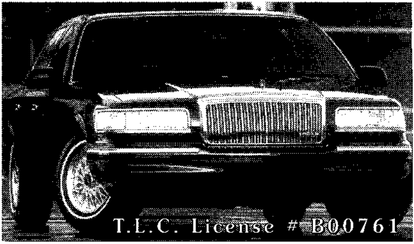

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

A Fare to Remember

Though a new 'Streetcar' pulls in every ten minutes, Michael Wilson's virtuoso production at the Hartford Stage Company is the one worth chasing after.

A GREAT PLAY IS IMMUTABLE, YET KEEPS CHANGING. Actually, what changes is the times, and we in them. Each time we see a classic, we perceive it differently. Catching the initial, 1947 **A Streetcar Named Desire** in Boston during its pre-Broadway tryout, I wrote such an ecstatic review that the *Harvard Advocate* refused to print it and dropped me as its drama critic.

At the time, I thought Blanche was the angelic heroine, Stanley a colorful beast, and everyone else touchingly mundane. Later, I met Tennessee Williams, who tried to persuade me that Blanche wasn't so wonderful, and that of all the actresses only Gee Gee James, in a tiny part, was truly interesting. And that we must sympathize more with Stanley, who is desperately defending his territory against a dangerous invader.

Sure enough, when eventually Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn took over from Jessica Tandy and Marlon Brando, *Streetcar* became a rather different play. And so ever since, through a variety of productions. But, of course, as one grows older, one feels more compassion for the simple, sensual Stella, and the nice mother's boy Mitch, who turns mean when his illusions are shattered. One recognizes the problematic contradictions in both Blanche and Stanley, and accepts them both.

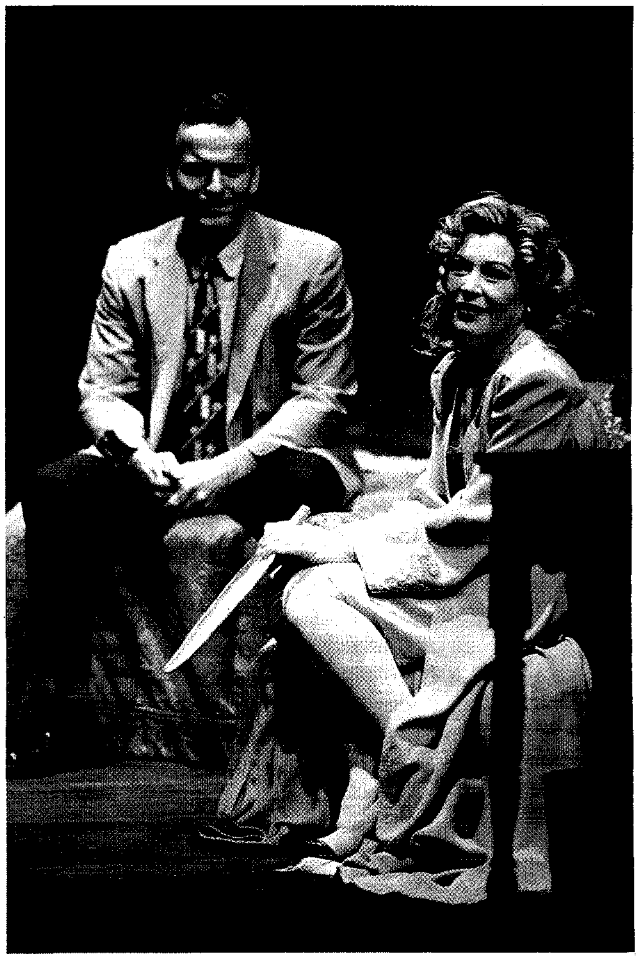
And still other things change. What does it mean, we now wonder, that the young homosexual that Blanche married, and who killed himself, is spoken of as a "degenerate"? Was Williams merely portraying the values of 1947, or was this an expression of self-disgust and a justification of Stanley's brutality? Does an artistic temperament lead to promiscuity in a woman and effeminacy in a man? Who is right: the elitist or the common man, the exquisite loser or the crass survivor?

We now have a new young artistic director at the Hartford Stage Company, Michael Wilson, who begins with a *Streetcar* he previously staged at Houston's Alley Theatre, where he was second in command. (He has brought some of his actors and designers with him.) Once again the play looked quite different to me, as if turned into a Grand Guignol, what with the crowd of exotic extras, the strange lights going on and off during Blanche's intense moments, the fiendish roar of trains at climactic points, the ghostly piano blues, and so on.

But consulting the text shows that most of that is in the script. Wilson does obtrude, though, with a half-hour introductory jazz concert that is supererogatory, even if Cheryl Alexander is a very winning performer. Some of that time could have been better spent on keeping in more stuff that has been cut. Especially shortchanged is Mitch, who, in Robert Clohessey's otherwise effective performance, isn't even physically large enough. Conversely, Alyssa Bresnahan, though a compelling Stella, shows no trace of an aristocratic background, and all but towers over Blanche, which is visually unsettling.

Wilson has staged most of the scenes strikingly, but the blocking misfires in places, notably the bit with the young collector, the one where Mitch drags Blanche under a harshly revealing bare lightbulb, and the one where the famous line "Sometimes—there's God—so quickly!" is delivered by Blanche sitting on her bed with Mitch squatting nearby. Oddly enough, her other great line, her last, also falls somewhat flat. But the rest registers powerfully, thanks also to the two leads.

James Colby is the best Stanley in years because he allows the character his ordinariness. Not trying to demonize him or—as some have done—poeticize him, he gives us a common but not unduly vulgar man, with brightness and obtuseness intermingled. Similarly, Annalee Jefferies finds a way of making Blanche neither too ladylike and martyred nor too hysterical and demented, but something much better: in equal measure



Stellar! Stellar! Robert Clohessey and Annalee Jefferies in *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

Photograph by Jennifer W. Lester.

moving and irritating. For sheer earthy believableness you cannot beat these actors, and the poetry is left, correctly, for Williams's lines to supply.

The upstairs couple is played by black actors, which works handily, with Lisa Leguillou an especially solid Eunice. Jeff Cowie's set, Tom Broecker's costumes, Michael Lincoln's lighting, and John Gromada's music and sound all contribute handsomely, and history itself lends a helping hand. When Stanley is wising up Stella about how sexually notorious "Dame Blanche" is in her home town, he says, "She's as famous in Laurel as if she was the president of the United States." The audience howls.

Incidentally, isn't it interesting that three of the most celebrated American plays—by Williams, Miller, and O'Neill—all have salesmen for protagonists?

RESEEING **Art** WITH A NEW BRITISH CAST WAS also eye-opening. On first glance, Yasmina Reza's neat play scored with its mocking of modern art. That element is still paramount, but even more absorbing is the dynamic of friendship mixed with the little hostilities and condescensions that binds together three Parisians: the aeronautical engineer Marc; the dermatologist Serge; and Yvan, formerly in textiles, now salesman for a wholesale stationery business in the family of Catherine, whom, with fast-dwindling enthusiasm, he is about to marry.

Aside from this inauspicious wedding, which both friends urge Yvan to call off, there is the expensive painting by a famous artist that Serge has bought for a mighty sum. It is all white, though some diagonal lines are discernible, and Serge claims to perceive all sorts of hidden colors. For Marc, outraged at his friend, the painting is a piece of white shit. Yvan, a waffler, can be swayed either way. Other issues get dragged in, e.g., Serge's view of Marc's companion Paula as a repellent phony, which leads the two men to fisticuffs, although only Yvan, who tries to separate them, gets hurt.

Finally, *Art* is about accommodation: the strained concessions that have to be made to enable friendship—and life—to go on. Reza's writing is smart and witty, and allows the actors room for their fortes: There is no way for decent performers to look less than terrific. The American cast played more for the lines, the British more for the characters behind them; both ways are just fine. Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig work wonders, as did their predecessors and other casts I have read about. *Art* is a very funny play, with that edge of wistfulness that makes the best comedies reach even further. ▬

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Gordon

continued from page 41

Back in the mid-eighties, when a socialite woman friend contracted AIDS from a blood transfusion and died, Bernbaum was devastated. "He kept saying, 'This is a terrible thing,' " says Robert Caravaggi. Bernbaum was haunted enough to want to do something; in 1986, he launched Fête de Famille, a yearly charity block party that has raised $7 million for AIDS research at the New York-Cornell Hospital. At a point when AIDS was still a disease with a stigma, Bernbaum was a pioneer in lending his name and prestige to the cause.

But the disease that Bernbaum couldn't acknowledge was his own alcoholism. For decades, he drank Bellows rye, but in recent years switched to wine, knocking back at least a full bottle, sometimes staggering around the restaurant and falling asleep in the back. "I don't think he drank out of desperation," says Bill Blass. "He drank because it was there, and he'd start at noon." People tried to talk to him about it, but he didn't want to listen. Even the patrician C. Z. Guest took Bernbaum aside to say, 'I'm only going to tell you this once, but this has got to stop.' " He eventually did cut back enough so that he was no longer obviously drunk in public, but he couldn't quit.

In his will, Bernbaum left virtually all of his more than $4 million estate to New York-Cornell Hospital for AIDS research and patient care, leaving undisclosed bequests to his staff but nothing to his family. ("I'm going to contest the will," declares Phyllis Gabaeff.) He specified that the restaurant be shut immediately and permanently. Bernbaum insisted that there be no funeral or memorial service. He didn't want friends talking about him once he was gone.

But they are talking, incessantly, of course, as they try to understand this unusual man who was such a fixture in their lives. "I miss him terribly," wails Nan Kempner. She's got a lot of company. "No matter how important or rich you are," says Richard Golub, "there's a lonely button everyone has to press each day. This crowd could relieve that desperation at Mortimer's. Glenn Bernbaum knew how to make people feel that it was all right. That they belonged."

It was the last place in town where you might spot Nancy Reagan nibbling on a $13.50 chicken salad, and the man who kept an eye on things is gone, the ladies and gentlemen of his club locked out on Lexington Avenue. Attoe and Caravaggi are in talks with the estate's executor, Chase Manhattan Bank, trying to raise financing to re-open the restaurant in its current space. But it won't be Mortimer's. It won't be the same. Says Mario Buatta, "We're like little birds in the nest, chirping and hungry. And our mother hasn't come back to feed us." ▬

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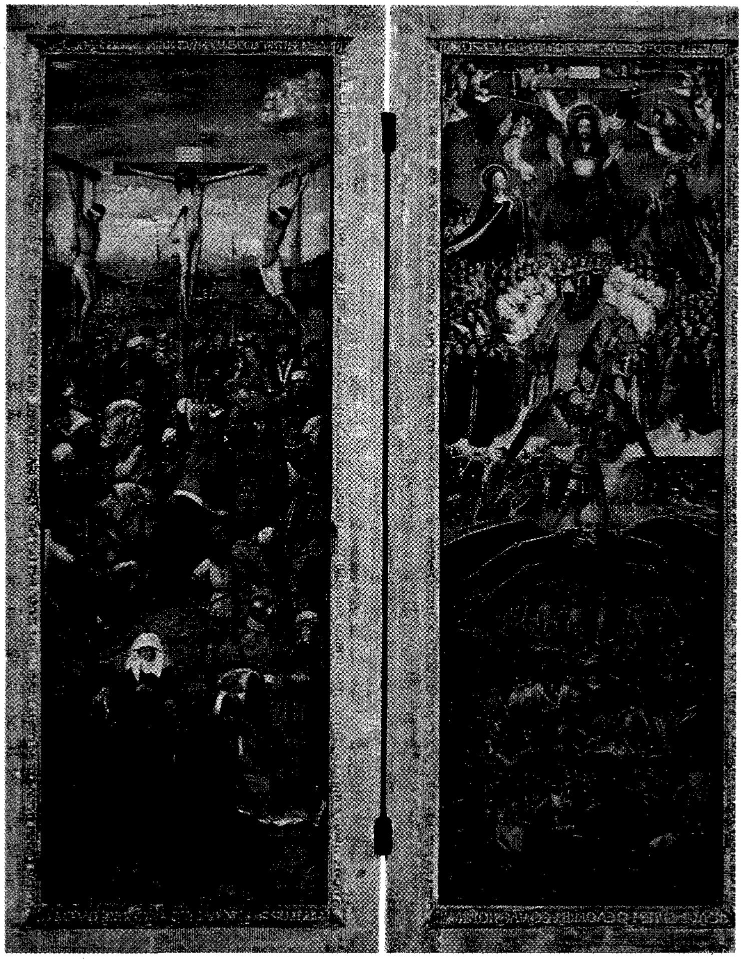
ART **MARK STEVENS**

God Is in the Detail

At the Met, a show of Low Countries paintings from Van Eyck to Bruegel captures a defining moment—when artists fell in love with the worldly.



***The Crucifixion* and *The Last Judgment*, by Jan van Eyck (about 1430).**

A CERTAIN KIND OF MUSEUM EXHIBITION resembles a Christmas pudding or fruitcake. It half-bakes together various treats, making a point of the rich little bits. It is worthy, responsible, and exceedingly fine in prospect, but you can never be quite sure what you are eating, and it is finally more ceremonial than nutritious. I thought **"From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"**—comprising 140 works drawn almost entirely from the Met's own collections—would be an admirable example of this kind of museum pudding. Instead, the show is both intellectually stimulating and unexpectedly poignant, for it clarifies one of the essential dramas of the Western mind.

Organized by Keith Christiansen and Maryan Ainsworth, the exhibit covers the period from 1420 to 1560, when Netherlandish artists opened the church door to the world outside. The cosmopolitan artists from the region—the wealthiest in Europe—often traveled abroad; Jan van Eyck (died 1441) and Rogier van der Weyden (1399/1400–1464) were probably the most celebrated painters on the Continent. Of course, the Met's holdings, while extraordinary, do not include many of the signature works of the tradition. There is only one Van Eyck, one Rogier, and no Hieronymus Bosch. But it hardly matters. Van Eyck elevated every artist around him. What's more, the exhibit includes nine or ten Hans Memlings, a mini-retrospective of sixteen works by Gerard David (1455–1523)—a brilliant painter who should be better known—and *The Harvesters* by Pieter Bruegel (died 1569).

You might suppose that the early masters of modern Netherlandish painting, who emerged during the waning of the Middle Ages, would be torn between medieval and Renaissance ideas. Yet the dominant early figures transcended such dilemmas, enriching their art with seeming paradoxes. In particular, they harmonized the sacred and the secular. On one panel of a magnificent diptych at the Met, Van Eyck depicted the Crucifixion in a naturalistic and worldly space; on the second, he placed the Last Judgment in a symbolic space. (An assistant helped with the description of Heaven, which the best artists often find a chore.) Whether or not the work was originally a diptych, there seems to be no necessary conflict between the images: The one enhances the other. Van Eyck is fluent in every religious and human feeling, from the most delicate reticence to the harshest judgment. In *The Last Judgment,* connoisseurs of hellish imagery will particularly relish the maggot-squirm of bodies.

The early aspiration of Netherlandish painting is encompassing. It struggles to bring into metaphysical balance the focused detail and the distant panorama, the individual and the crowd, the country and the city. The momentary and the eternal seem to speak in the same voice. The rational and the mystical arrive at the same answer. There is always something strict, and something sensual. This great range not only creates the illusion of a complete world but forms a near-paradise in which everything has its proper place. Even a secular portrait by a painter like Hans Memling (died 1494) has a quasi-religious, meditative glow. The strong tradition of devotional piety in the region, together with its great commercial wealth, lends a kind of soft, bejeweled joy to the secular.

The later rooms of the Met exhibition offer a fascinating illustration of how a great tradition can change, decay, and come alive again. Ideas from abroad—notably the playful distortions of Italian Mannerism—eventually

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fletcher Fund.

crowd into the tradition established by Van Eyck, upsetting its careful measure. But nothing offers a richer challenge to his worldview than the sheer intoxication of observing the world, warts and all. (The secular genie could not be kept for long in a medieval bottle.) The curators end the show eloquently, with Bruegel's *Harvesters,* an eruption against any idealization of the world. Here, a church is partly obscured by an ungainly tree, and the brilliantly observed peasants are presented as they are, not as they should be. You can almost hear the gasping snores from the open-mouthed man who is sacked out against the tree, taking a nap after lunch.

The Netherlandish tradition finds an echo in contemporary culture, in part because nineteenth- and twentieth-century art is built upon similar paradoxes. The modern art of the Netherlands, for example, includes both the platonic dream of Mondrian and the visceral avowal of Van Gogh. But the distance in the echo is more telling. The patient mysteries of craft are essential to the fifteenth century; there is no such patience today. A space that can frame both the tiny and the boundless—in which a panorama can become smaller than a necklace—matters greatly to Netherlandish artists; it also matters to us, but our atoms and galaxies resist art's framing. Then as now, astonishment before the spectacle of the world seems appropriate, but we must make do without the leavening power of the miraculous.

"Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art," which was organized by Alice Cooney Frelinghuysen, is also an exhibition drawn mainly from the museum's own collection. As a result, it reflects the eccentric history of collecting and gift-making. Is that a problem? In this case, it is a strength—because it edges us away from conventional ways of thinking. Tiffany (1848–1933) is much too closely identified with his ponderous lamps. The Met owns very few of them. And so the curators can devote their energy to enriching our understanding of his stained-glass windows and to studying less familiar aspects of his work. What jewelry Tiffany designed is lovely, for example, though not for the reasons one might expect. Instead of working with flashy, expensive rocks, he preferred to use semiprecious stones—and his wits. In one hair ornament, he depicted two dragonflies that have alighted among dandelion balls. Above all, the curators can emphasize his vases. Made of blown glass, they seem to be fashioned of light. Their glass never appears too hard; their shapes never tyrannize the space. Many have a mysterious inner glow. Glass has rarely seemed so alive. ▬

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The Shadows Know

'Touching Evil,' new from PBS's 'Mystery!' series, assembles a high-tech team of British supercops to investigate uncommon, strangely mesmerizing horrors.

PATIENTS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL ARE PUT TO sleep, permanently, after a mysterious tattooing. Horses on three different continents are mutilated according to instructions on a Gothic Website. Children are kidnapped and murdered, after which there will be daffodils. So dark, and somehow complicit in the horrors it evokes, is the new six-hour *Mystery!* mini-series, **Touching Evil** (Thursday, October 1, 9 to 11 P.M.; October 8 through November 5, 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) that it's almost hallucinatory, part *Profiler* and part *Millennium,* as if *Prime Suspect* had gone *Cracker.* Or, to be loftier, like a very bad drug trip into epileptic Dostoevsky, both *Crime and Punishment* and *The Possessed.*

Paul Abbott, who wrote several *Cracker*s as well as the screenplay for *Reckless,* gives us a rapid-response commando unit of English supercoppers—the Organized and Serial Crime (OSC) Unit—so elite in its modernist bunker, so roughshod in its high-tech zeal, and so resented by the local constabulary whose jurisdictions it invades, that it amounts to a vanguard in some sort of cultural revolution. Robson Green is the new boy on this team, with a wound and a bow like Philoctetes'. Nicola Walker is his partner; her ambivalence about him is as much erotic as it is moral. They are commanded by Michael Feast and assisted by Adam Kotz and Shaun Dingwall. And they besiege themselves—tormented by patterns, death-dealing rituals whose meaning they can only penetrate by what seems more like exorcism than detection, after which they feel almost as guilty as the lunatics they so frantically pursue and mimic.

Lustmord was the word for it in Weimar Germany, which is where sexual murder got its high-culture pedigree from paintings by Otto Dix and novels by Alfred Döblin and films by Fritz Lang. In his book *Serial Killers: Death and Life in America's Wound Culture,* Mark Seltzer speaks of a public sphere that has been "pathologized"—a juncture of eroticized violence and modern technology, of the pornography of mass-mediated desire and the permeability of bodies and landscapes. This is the fluid terrain of *Touching Evil,* where the small children abducted by the pharmaceutical scientist can't be found, where the advocate of euthanasia turns out to have been framed, and where the Webmaster of the "Amathus" mutilation games will prove to be in unrequited love with a murderous prostitute. I don't really want to tell you any more, except to say that these linked episodes are television at its most exceptional and pathology at its gaudiest.

Doing battle with mysterious forces: Nicola Walker and Robson Green in *Touching Evil.*

Photograph from United Film and TV.

ALTHOUGH MOST OF THE SARAJEVO WE SEE IN **Shot Through the Heart** (Sunday, October 4; 8 to 10 P.M.; HBO) is really Budapest, this melancholy TV movie seems every bit as real as the news footage from luckless Bosnia. And the story is real, too—of best friends Vlado (Linus Roache), a Croat married to a Muslim, and Slavko (Vincent Perez), a Serb with whom Vlado hoped to team in sharpshooting competition at the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona, who find themselves on opposite sides in the ethnic cleansing of an erstwhile Yugoslavia. One even wishes that the football stadium converted into mass graveyard, after the cemeteries were oversubscribed, had not been real. Yes, of course, the women and children (Lia Williams, Soo Garay, Viktória Bajza) refuse to quit the besieged city while there's still time, and Slavko takes up arms for the cause of a greater Serbia, and Vlado trains irregulars on how to handle a rifle, and the only thing worse than an anonymous sniper who guns down civilians trying to scamper to a market or a hearth is a sniper you know to be your chosen brother, whom you must now hunt and kill as if he were a feral animal.

"This is Sarajevo, not Somalia. We are Europeans here," says a wishful thinker early on in *Shot*

(continued on page 62)

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Lord Have Mercer

It's a miracle: Though Mercer Kitchen is his fourth new restaurant in seven years, master chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten still hasn't repeated himself once.

Eat-in kitchen: Mercer Hotel's basement, remodeled, is now the Mercer Kitchen.

HOW SMART IS JEAN-GEORGES VONGERICHTEN? His four deliberately dissimilar and highly stylized yet equally definitive restaurants nail their respective categories with such square-one precision and irresistible appeal that they reduce most of his contemporaries to Jean-Georges-come-latelies. By repeatedly challenging his skills and never exhausting his curiosity, Vongerichten has influenced the way other professionals cook—and, consequently, the way we dine—more dramatically than any other chef working in America this decade.

His first solo venture, JoJo, which opened in 1991, startled with its revelatory dishes built upon herbal essences, vegetable reductions, and the exaltation of common ingredients. Who knew, for example, that as unlikely a pairing as shrimp braised in carrot juice could produce something so invigoratingly succulent?

His next showcase, Vong, displayed none of JoJo's tearoom-style raised-pinkieness. Instead, its High Mah-jongg décor could make a doozy of a setting for *The King and I.* But Deborah Kerr would have to come out of retirement whistling a happy tune to divert patrons' attention from Vongerichten's stunning riffs on Thai cuisine, like tamarind-dipped crab rolls and veal chops with kumquat chutney.

Dropping all theatricality, Jean Georges, his penultimate restaurant, is best enjoyed as an extraordinary evening of total submission. You shouldn't come here merely to revel in birthdays and anniversaries but to focus on and swoon over dishes like sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice.

As wildly successfully as these three have become, **Mercer Kitchen** is like none of the above. Vongerichten has reexamined his palette yet again, this time paring it down to an almost eerie level of simplicity. But, together with chef de cuisine Richard Farnabe, he has come up with a menu that is so buoyantly uncomplicated, so effortlessly welcome and easily affordable, you may be sorry you never did spring for that loft on Spring.

The setting for this shrewd redirection is also devilishly clever. Though it's subterranean as the Batcave, there's no sense of confinement or darkness. By enhancing, rather than camouflaging, the basement's structural elements with diffuse lighting, sleek though hardly industrial furniture, austere but tactile Japanese appointments, ambiguously hued banquettes (closer inspection proves them pale lilac), and a few well-placed palms, architect Christian Liagre has turned the Mercer Hotel's brick-and-cast-iron foundation into a quartet of distinct yet harmonious sectors. Positioned on a wide-thrust stage as if it were performance art, the truly open kitchen will delight gourmands and snoops alike. It is best viewed from a series of raised "family tables" whose low-hanging lighting creates an intimacy never present at other places' group-dining tables. The bar area is friendly and very sexy—sultriness without the smoke. The main dining area, broken up by supporting brick arches, is slightly isolated but winds up being the most romantic corner of the restaurant. Candles set in slatted boxes, and refracted streetlight from the partially translucent sidewalk/ceiling overhead, create the mischievous allure of a speakeasy. No wonder half-smiles and sidelong glances become commonplace as the evening wears on.

But just because Vongerichten has allowed his food to share the follow spot with seduction doesn't mean it will ever be overlooked. However minimal the preparation, this is less an example of back-to-basics cooking than it is a lesson in how a few ingredients, perfectly balanced, can create flavors that are lucid and compelling. A cold tomato soup sparkles with spicy blasts of chili pepper and crabmeat. Tuna tartare, served in hollowed-out lemons, is vitalized with an unexpected foursome of currants, pine nuts, fava beans, and sun-dried tomatoes. A crystalline sheen of lime juice, mint, and coriander brightens a slash of black-sea-bass carpaccio. Something as elementary as baked yellow and red peppers becomes

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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a delicious tug of sweet and sour when cooked with tomatoes and anchovies. Four different kinds of tender roasted beets, gleaming like semiprecious birthstones, are set amid a shower of fragrant goat cheese. Elegantly wood-grilled shrimp are offset by a rough garlic confit and pistou. Wonderfully ripe figs and prosciutto sliced thin as silk stockings dovetail gracefully with the help of a dense balsamic vinaigrette.

It took four visits, but the kitchen finally got the pizza crust right, almost as thin as matzo and a solid plank on which to place raw tuna and wasabi, gruff pancetta with radicchio, or the margherita trio. The only clunker on the entire menu is a lawn-muncher's combination of baby greens, leeks, tofu, and fava beans. The best thing from the pizza oven? A superb, velvety Alsatian tart of fromage blanc, onion, and bacon.

The entrées are a little more like what one expects from the master, which means the brash and spicy rotisseried lobster, the free-range chicken with olive-and-vanilla sauce, and the tagined squab are tremendous. There is a serene clarity to skate in lobster vinaigrette with artichokes, a subtle earthiness to green risotto with shrimp, an unanticipated airiness to stewed rabbit with olive and radicchio, a delectable, bone-tearing heartiness to short ribs and hanger steak, and an exotic sophistication to lamb steak with tomato-orange marmalade. Of course, the pommes frites are so good, you keep unintentionally using them to make a point.

Desserts are refreshing, breezy, utterly elegant, and unfailingly pounceable. There's his signature Valrhona-chocolate cake. An icily captivating blueberry terrine with a vanilla center. A luscious bruschetta of tart peaches and plums. A sensuous mix of balsamic-marinated strawberries with mascarpone. Plum tart with soothing toasted-almond milk. The ginger soup with citrus dates and mango sorbet is also deliriously good. And to really give roasted figs with honey and port their due, the two of you should rent out the place for one night and light only the candles.

If Mercer Kitchen had been his debut, the press would be profiling Jean-Georges Vongerichten ad nauseam. Instead, he's becoming like Meryl Streep and sunrises—his ability to astonish is taken as a given. So what's he gonna do for an encore? It's out to Las Vegas to try his hand at opening a steak place. If Vongerichten brings this one back to town, Smith & Wollensky had better stock up on the Mylanta.

Mercer Kitchen, 99 Prince Street (966-5454). Dinner only, Monday through Saturday, 6 to midnight. Appetizers $9–$15, entrées $17–$30. All major credit cards. ▬

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Leonard *continued from page 60*

Through the Heart. So much for white chauvinism, and dancing round a lamb roasted on a spit. No more than Amsterdam, with its playing-card façades, could have imagined a Nazi occupation, can multicultural Sarajevo imagine rape and fratricide. We know where this movie's going, as directed by David Attwood from a script by Guy Hibbert, and we don't want to go there. Isn't it odd how especially cowardly a sniper seems, like a literary intellectual?

THE POLITICS OF **Legalese** (SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) are so retrograde that I am ashamed of myself for having enjoyed it anyway. Gina Gershon murders her brother-in-law, with whom she's been having a torrid affair, then claims not only self-defense against rape but also virtuous revenge on behalf of a sister she says was battered. Media-savvy trial attorney James Garner, knowing her to be guilty as well as sinful, undertakes her exoneration by ventriloquism. His proxy is a callow, semi-idealistic, and rather-too-ambitious young lawyer played by Edward Kerr, who is simultaneously manipulated by Garner (in his *Barbarians at the Gate* mode), valorized by feminists (strident, of course) and the hearing-impaired (he has pretended at Garner's suggestion to be partially deaf), hounded by Kathleen Turner (a tabloid TV scandal-monger), and bedded by Garner's lissome associate Mary-Louise Parker (on top of Garner's own desk, which turns out to be bugged). On learning that the worst to happen to Gershon will be her own daytime TV talk show, *Take Back the Night,* you may want to reread Susan Faludi's *Backlash.* Nevertheless, there's Mary-Louise, whose performance here can only be called sublime.

IF I TELL YOU THAT CIVILIZATION AS WE know it in 2025 A.D., at least in Los Angeles and maybe New Orleans, can only be saved from the terrorists of the Hawaiian Liberation Organization by Dean Cain and Wesley Snipes on hoverboards and Rollerblades, flinging themselves around a sort of centrifuge in a street-rules killer game of kick-box and puck-dunk, after TV news correspondent Vanessa L. Williams has been abducted by the frothing baddies, and team coach Bill Smitrovich murdered by a cybernetic spider, you will perhaps know more than you really want to about **Futuresport** (Thursday, October 1; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), a gang movie in future drag—or *Blade Runner* meets Mad Max with tendencies to reggae and to Rastafarianism. Snipes, who's also one of the executive producers, obviously enjoyed and indulged himself. I'm easy, too. ▬

John Leonard's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entert me and the Arts in New Yo

Koto Convention

The annual Japanese folk festival at Carnegie Hall draws on regional celebrations this year (page 94)

art 78 bars 90 concerts 91 dance 91 kids 95 the mix 92 movies 64 nightlife 88 online 94 radio 92 restaurants 82 sports 94 television 92 theater 73 the written word 92

movies

G. W. Pabst at MOMA...Stanley Tucci

Opening

In Search of Heaven's Gate

In *What Dreams May Come,* Robin Williams wanders the afterlife in search of his wife (Annabella Sciorra, who lingers somewhere between heaven and hell) with the aid of angel Cuba Gooding Jr. Opens October 2.

Photograph by Frank Masi.

New Films

Air Bud: Golden Receiver—The continuing story of a boy and his very athletic canine. Starring Kevin Zegers, Cynthia Stevenson, Tim Conway, and Gregory Harrison. Directed by Richard Martin. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Crown Gotham; Main Street Cinemas.*

Antz—A plucky ant who dreams of individuality unwittingly becomes the leader of a colony revolution. Animated, with the voices of Woody Allen, Sharon Stone, Sylvester Stallone, Gene Hackman, and Christopher Walken. (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) *Opens 10/2.*

★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *Embassy 2–3.*

Blade—Wesley Snipes is an immortal warrior who must fight a nation of vampires to save the world. Also starring Stephen Dorff, Traci Lords, and Kris Kristofferson. Directed by Stephen Norrington. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Brandon Teena Story—The documentary of the Nebraskan girl who posed as a man and who was ultimately raped and murdered—along with two others—by two homophobic locals. By Susan Muska and Greta Olafsdottir. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Buffalo '66—Watching this film is a little bit like landing in the hands of a ratty hustler who lives in a bus station ("Hey, can I talk to you for a second? Just for a second . . ."). Which is not to say that Vincent Gallo doesn't have talent and a scraggly kind of wit. *Buffalo '66* has an authentic rotgut flavor, but here's the question for the future: Will Gallo learn to criticize his own ideas or continue to pride himself on screwing up? (Denby; 7/20/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East.*

Clay Pigeons—A gas-station attendant gets caught up in a number of murders through no fault of his own. Starring Joaquin Phoenix, Vince Vaughn, Georgina Cates, and Janeane Garofalo. Written and directed by David Dobkin. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; State; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Dance With Me—Vanessa L. Williams is a hardened salsa-dance instructor (and former champion) whose new student teaches her how to love and live again. With Chayanne and Kris Kristofferson (as the dance-studio owner). Directed by Randa Haines. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG) *Criterion Center; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Crossbay II.*

Dirty Laundry—A comedy in which a dry-cleaning magnate and his wife try to one-up each other in extramarital activity. Starring Jay Thomas and Tess Harper. Directed by Robert Sherwin and Michael Normand. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Gemini; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Eel—After serving time for murdering his wife in a crime of passion, a parolee hesitantly starts a new life as a small-town barber and learns to open up to another woman. Starring Koji Yakusho and Misa Shimizu. Written and directed by Shohei Imamura. Winner of the 1997 Palme d'Or. In Japanese with subtitles. *Opens 8/21 at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas.* (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ever After—Drew Barrymore stars as the plucky cinder girl in this girl-power version of the classic fairy tale *Cinderella.* Also starring Anjelica Huston. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

54—The story of the fabled disco Studio 54. Starring Mike Myers, Neve Campbell, Selma Hayek, and Ryan Phillippe. Directed by Mark Christopher. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Embassy 1; Crown; Gotham Cinema.*

Firelight—A young woman agrees to bear a child for a handsome stranger and, seven years later, installs herself as the child's governess. Starring Sophie Marceau, Stephen Dillane, and Kevin Anderson. Written and directed by William Nicholson. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Governess—Minnie Driver is a Jewish woman who poses as a Christian to get a governess job. With Tom Wilkinson, Harriet Walter, Florence Hoath, Bruce Myers, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Written and directed by Sandra Goldbacher. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Paris Theatre; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

How Stella Got Her Groove Back—Angela Bassett is a successful stockbroker and single mother whose life turns upside down when she visits Jamaica and falls for a handsome 20-year-old man. Also starring Whoopi Goldberg, Taye Diggs, and Regina King. Based on the novel by Terry McMillan. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Bay Plaza; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Impostors—Two Depression-era actors in search of the perfect roles offend a leading stage actor and end up hiding on a ship of fools. Starring Stanley Tucci, Oliver Platt, Steve Buscemi, Billy Connolly, Hope Davis, Isabella Rossellini, Campbell Scott, Tony Shalhoub, and Lili Taylor. Written and directed by Tucci. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Opens 10/2.*

Knock Off—Jean-Claude van Damme is a sales rep in post-handover Hong Kong who uncovers a Russian Mafia conspiracy to sell bombs on the black market. With Paul Sorvino, Lela Rochon, and Rob Schneider. Directed by Tsui Hark. (About 2 hrs.; R) *State; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Last Big Thing—An original and funny story of one man's quest to confront prepackaged celebrity culture by conducting bogus interviews with up-and-coming stars and verbally eviscerating them. Starring Dan Zukovic, Susan Heimbinder, Mark Ruffalo, and Pamela Dickerson. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Like It Is—A young northerner moves to London's Soho and falls in love with an ambitious record executive. Roger Daltrey, Ian Rose, and Steve Bell. Directed by Paul Oremland. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Lolita—Adrian Lyne's long-awaited film starring Jeremy Irons, Melanie Griffith, Dominique Swain, and Frank Langella. Based on the book by Vladimir Nabokov. (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Cinemart.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Gemini; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Mask of Zorro—Anthony Hopkins and Antonio Banderas work with professional skill in a ludicrous vehicle—a retro-style comedy-adventure with lots of explosions and fires and gold-toothed Mexicans. The best thing in the movie is the swordplay. There's lots of it, in different places and styles, and even Catherine Zeta-Jones—a young and beautiful actress of the heaving-bosom school—gets into the act. (Denby; 8/3/98) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Gemini.*

★**A Merry War**—Richard E. Grant plays Gordon Comstock, a thirtyish failed poet who rails against the moneyed classes and ascribes all his failings to poverty. Gordon, the hero of this Robert Bierman adaptation of the early (1936) George Orwell novel *Keep the Aspidistra Flying,* could easily have become a bore. The period is Depression-era London, and Gordon, of course, has a point: It is easier to become a man of letters if you have money. But it is also easier if you have talent, and Gordon has neither. Gordon is unspeakably lucky to have

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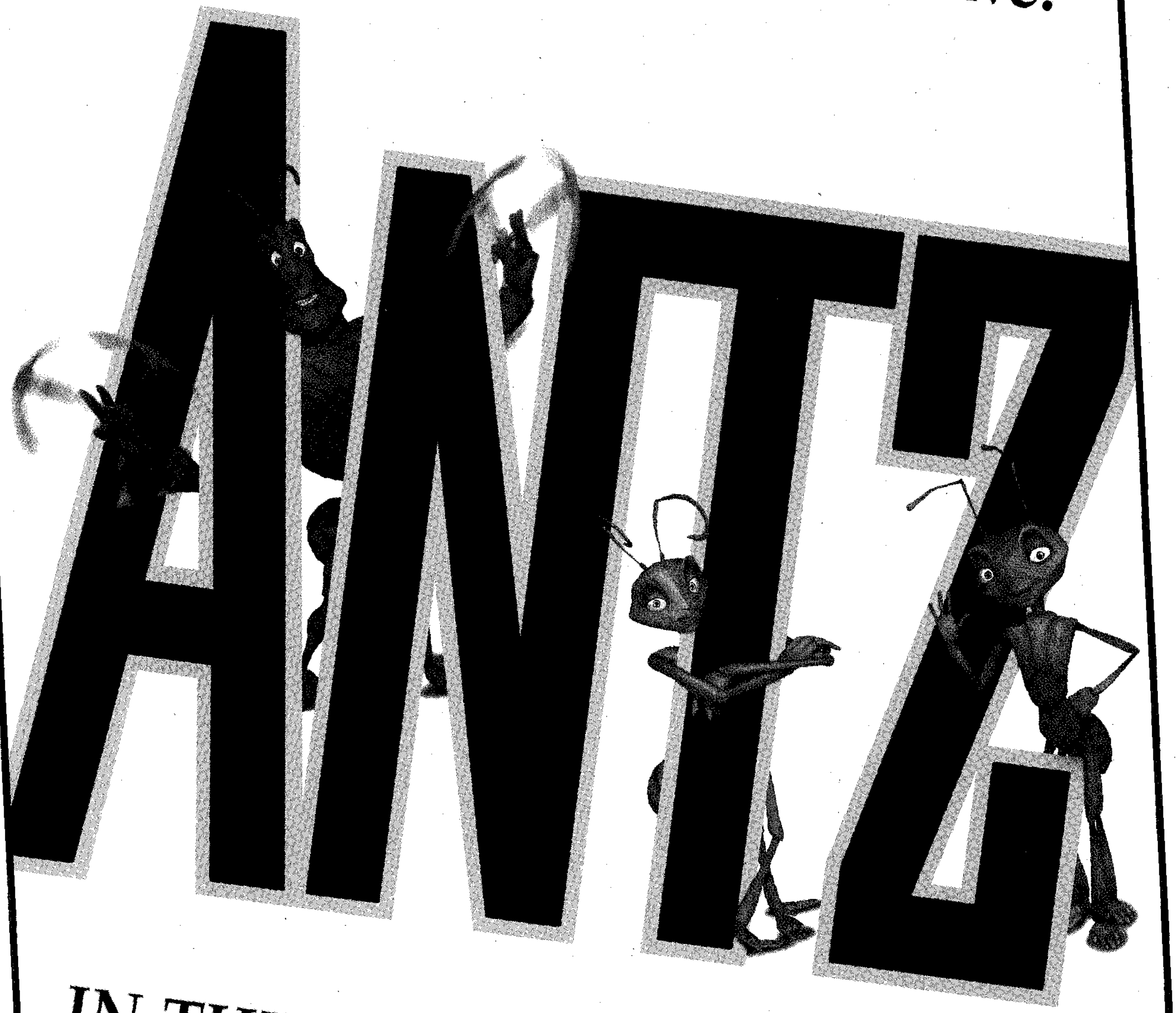

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a girlfriend (Helena Bonham Carter) who, despite everything, loves him deeply. The movie's modest affirmation at the end, when a homely aspidistra plant becomes a symbol of life and continuity is surprisingly touching. A very small movie, but it gets everything right. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Monument Ave.—An ongoing rivalry among Irish hoodlums in Boston's Charlestown neighborhood threatens the code of silence that has held everything in place for years. Starring Denis Leary, Billy Crudup, Noah Emmerich, Ian Hart, Famke Janssen, Colm Meaney, Martin Sheen, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. Directed by Ted Demme. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Negotiator—Samuel L. Jackson is a Chicago police negotiator who takes prisoners when he's being framed for murder. Also starring Kevin Spacey. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Criterion Center; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Next Stop, Wonderland—Hope Davis is a nurse who thinks she's finished with love until she meets an aspiring marine biologist from across town. With Alan Gelfant. Directed by Brad Anderson. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Opening
Divorce, Franco-Style

Finally, 1994's 'La Séparation'—the film adaptation of the best-selling novel that detailed the death of a French yuppie marriage—makes its Stateside debut. Those who read the book know that it's the wife (Isabelle Huppert), not the husband (Daniel Auteuil), who's the cheat. He's the one who tries to keep everything together—and fails. Opens October 2 at the Quad.

One True Thing—Ellen (Renée Zellweger) is a *New York* Magazine reporter who goes home for a visit and is greeted by her mother (Meryl Streep) in ribboned pigtails. Mom is a homemaker, and Ellen has always rejected her way of life, admiring instead her father (William Hurt), an allegedly great college teacher. When the father insists that Ellen bag her career and look after her mother, who is seriously ill with cancer, Ellen comes to realize that she has misjudged them both. I have admired the work of director Carl Franklin in the past, but this movie is like an O'Neill family drama without the juice. The material is too pat, too obvious, too firmly reined in by intelligent but enfeebling cliché. (Denby; 9/28/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head." Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, and immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei). The two then head for California. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a woman named Lucia (Lisa Kudrow). Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 59th Street East.*

The Parent Trap—The remake of the 1961 Disney classic. Starring Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson, and Lindsay Lohan. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Concourse Plaza; Centre Sunnyside.*

Pecker—A Baltimore boy who takes snapshots with a thrift-store camera suddenly becomes the celebrity of New York's art world. Starring Edward Furlong, Christina Ricci, Martha Plimpton, Brendan Sexton III, Lili Taylor, and Mary Kay Place. Written and directed by John Waters. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency; Cinemart.*

Permanent Midnight—A successful television writer loses everything to heroin. With Ben Stiller, Elizabeth Hurley, Janeane Garofalo, and Maria Bello. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill.*

Return to Paradise—Anne Heche injects some life into this rather square moral melodrama. In a lushly photographed prelude, three American college grads, Sheriff (Vince Vaughn), Tony (David Conrad), and Lewis (Joaquin Phoenix), vacationing in Malaysia, live on a beautiful beach near Penang and smoke a lot of hash. Two of the young men go home, leaving behind Lewis. The movie then skips ahead to New York, two years later, where Heche shows up as Beth, a lawyer working for Lewis. It seems that he was busted for possession of drugs just after Sheriff and Tony left, and will hang in eight days unless they go back to Penang, admit their responsibility, and agree to serve three years in prison each. The trouble with the story is that it's too obvious morally, and too linear as a piece of dramatic construction. The only thing that saves the movie from boredom is the moment-by-moment sexual tension between Heche and Vaughn. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Ronin—A group of spies-for-hire speed through France to retrieve a mysterious briefcase. Starring Robert De Niro, Jean Reno, Natascha McElhone, Stellan Skarsgard, and Jonathan Pryce. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Rounders**—Mike McDermott (Matt Damon) and Worm (Edward Norton) are working-class boys who have been conning poker players since about eighth grade. At the beginning, Mike, a law student without parental support, gathers his cash and makes his way to a gambling club run by a Russian Mafia thug known as Teddy KGB (John Malkovich). Mike loses his entire stash, $25,000, in a single hand of poker. Nine months later, he is reunited with Wormand in the next few weeks, they win and lose games all over bridge-and-tunnel land. The center of the movie is the rapturous dialogues between the two men and Mike's growing disgust with Worm, who turns him back into a rounder—a gambler—but who isn't disciplined enough to be a winner. Mike receives his most severe rebuke not from Jo but from a supercautious gambler who plays to feed his children (John Turturro). Turturro's opposite in every way is John Malkovich, who turns the vile KGB into the thickest, richest slice of glazed ham in recent years. *Rounders* is completely enjoyable, and, at its climactic moments, thrilling. (Denby; 9/21/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; State; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

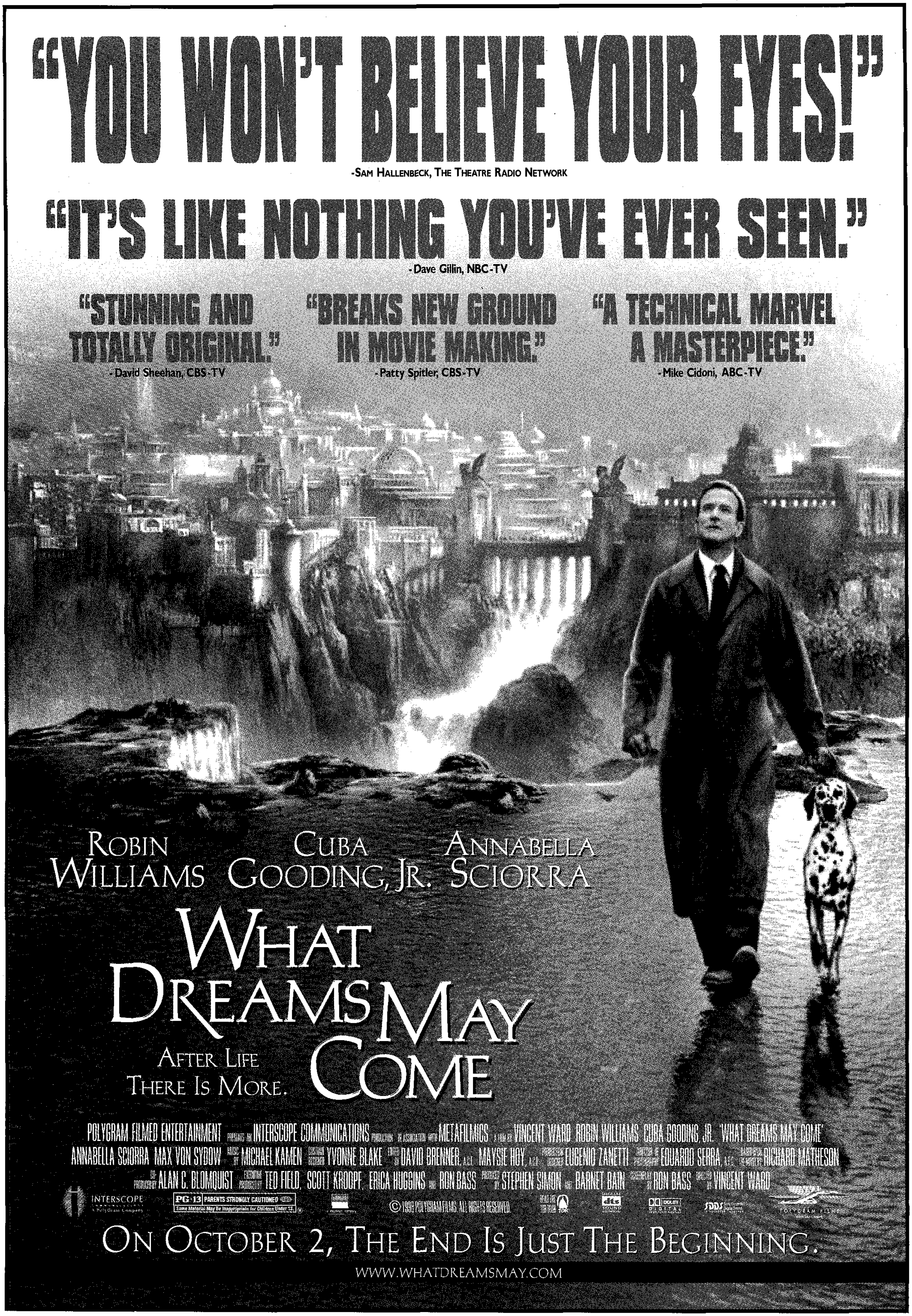
Rush Hour—Jackie Chan is a Hong Kong police detective who teams up with an LAPD officer (Chris Tucker) to solve a kidnapping. With Elizabeth Pena, Tzi Ma, Tom Wilkinson, and Mark Rolston. Directed by Brett Ratner. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Saving Private Ryan**—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water. Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Steven Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; State; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Cinema City; Cinemart; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Shadrach—A man looks back to his boyhood in 1935 Virginia and the 99-year-old ex-slave who taught him about matters of life and death. Starring Harvey Keitel, Andie MacDowell, John Franklin Sawyer, and Scott Terra. Based on the short story by William Styron. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Simon Birch—A very small boy teaches everyone in town some very big lessons. Starring Ian Michael Smith, Jan Hooks, David Strathairn, Joseph Mazzello, and Ashley Judd. "Suggested" by John

Photograph courtesy of Phaedra Cinema.



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Irving's *A Prayer for Owen Meany*. Written and directed by Mark Steven Johnson. (About 2 hrs.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Skin and Bone—Three young Hollywood men delude themselves that their hustling is really a series of acting performances. Starring b. Wyatt, Alan Boyce, and Garret Scullin. Written and directed by Everett Lewis. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Slums of Beverly Hills—A young girl grows up poor in a family of men in Beverly Hills. Starring Natasha Lyonne, Alan Arkin, Marisa Tomei, Carl Reiner, Kevin Corrigan, Rita Moreno, and Jessica Walter. Written and directed by Tamara Jenkins. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Eastside Playhouse; 62nd and Broadway; Cobble Hill.*

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Snake Eyes—Rick Santoro (Nicolas Cage) is a crooked cop in Atlantic City on fight night. At ringside he greets an old friend, Commander Kevin Dunne (Gary Sinise), a Navy officer assigned to protect the secretary of Defense, who is also attending the fight. The bout begins, Dunne gets up to check someone out, the heavyweight champ is knocked down, and the secretary, no longer protected, takes a bullet in the throat. All of this is conveyed in a single, enormously long-lasting shot. There's nothing languorous about it: director Brian De Palma captures the ambience of a big, violent, semi-coherent event. But this opening sets up a peculiar problem. When the shot runs out, the movie also seems to run out. I can't think of another movie that starts so brilliantly and ends so miserably as this one. (Denby; 8/17/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Embassy 1; Crossbay II.*

A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries—The story of an expatriate writer and his warm, slightly eccentric family, as seen through the eyes of his daughter. Starring Kris Kristofferson, Barbara Hershey, Leelee Sobieski, Dominique Blanc, and Anthony Roth Costanzo. Based on the novel by Kaylie Jones. (2 hrs.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Somewhere in the City—Six residents of a New York tenement search for love and meaning. With Sandra Bernhard, Bai Ling, and Ed Koch. Directed by Ramin Niami. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Strangeland—A schizophrenic madman named Captain Howdy lures victims through the Internet and forces them to submit to tribal rituals against their will. Written by Dee Snider (of Twisted Sister fame). Staring Kevin Gage and Elizabeth Peña. Directed by John Pieplow. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Opens 10/2.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. If you don't laugh at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Thief—A war widow and her little boy begin a relationship with a strange man, with profound consequences. Starring Vladimir Mashkov, Ekaterina Rednikova, and Misha Philipchuk. Directed by Pavel Chukhrai. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Touch of Evil**—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. He overloads the medium: He shoots large round faces, three or more in a frame, from underneath the chins; he sends degraded, comical figures scurrying across the shadowed De Chirico landscapes of an arcaded Mexican border town; he builds conversations that contain allusions within allusions, each character sniffing like a hound at the scent of meaning. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Unmade Beds**—This is a maliciously funny satire of the New York singles scene—a joke about self-delusion and unhappiness—and it hurts. The talented British writer-director Nicholas Barker has created one of the more original movies of the year. He chose four single men and women and filmed them during the summer, fall, and winter of 1996–97. First, the subjects told him about their dating experiences in that period; Barker then mixed their actual words with inventions of his own, and they act themselves (with great skill). The funniest is Brenda Monte, a former lap dancer who needs money to keep up her mortgage payments. Mikey Russo is the tough-guy loner who lives in fear of being associated with a mutt. Aimee Copp, a young Valkyrie at 225 pounds, is desperately eager to get married, and she makes jokes out of her own misadventures. And Michael DeStefano, who is 40 and unmarried, is caught between resentment of the women who have rejected him and self-contempt. They are all caught in similar ways; it is, Barker implies, the common spiritual condition of hetero single life. But Barker allows these four the dignity of their unhappiness and in the end we build a kind of admiration for them. (Denby; 8/24/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Urban Legend—A college campus is terrorized by a series of urban-legend-inspired killings. Starring Jared Leto, Alicia Witt, and Rebecca Gayheart. Directed by Jamie Blanks. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Gemini; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Why Do Fools Fall in Love?—Larenz Tate stars as Frankie Lymon, the singing star who died young and left three widows (Lela Rochon, Halle Barry, and Vivica Fox) to fight over his estate. Directed by Gregory Nava. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Criterion Center; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Crossbay II.*

Without Limits—Robert Towne's film about long-dis-

Retrospective

International Man of Mystery

Director G. W. Pabst created a name for himself in the twenties with famously daring silents (most notably, his two masterpieces starring Louise Brooks, including *Diary of a Lost Girl*, below), and then he made a dubious career move: For reasons that were never made clear, the internationalist—who had directed in Germany, France, Austria, Italy, and the U.S.—chose Nazi Germany over artistic freedom, and spent the war years directing Goebbels-approved historical biographies. More than twenty of Pabst's films, including his wartime and postwar efforts (like 1947's *The Trial*, a denunciation of anti-Semitism) will be screened at MOMA beginning October 5. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

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NO PASSES HONORED DURING THIS ENGAGEMENT tance runner Steve Prefontaine (played by Billy Crudup) is beautifully made and features a marvelous performance by Donald Sutherland as the track coach Bill Bowerman, but the movie is no more than moderately interesting. At the heart of the movie is a series of races and furious disputes between Bowerman and “Pre”—the coach’s practical wisdom against the athlete’s arrogance, experience against genius, human sympathy against inhuman tolerance of pain. It’s not a conflict that means a great deal to me, but the respect for human mystery and intransigence displayed in it remains ennobling even if it isn’t emotionally satisfying. (Denby; 9/28/98) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Your Friends & Neighbors—This movie is set in Woody Allen territory—educated Manhattan, art galleries, adultery—and its theme is that no one knows how to love, or even how to make love. The male characters, three friends, are a schlep (Aaron Eckhart), a worm (Ben Stiller), and a would-be stud (Jason Patric) who loathes women and is probably gay. The women are only slightly less depressing. There’s a prig (Catherine Keener), a mope (Amy Brenneman), and a sweet lesbian (Nastassja Kinski). These six people manipulate and betray one another in a series of short, desperate scenes that don’t play—the characters stammer through sentence fragments, or engage in preposterous erotic monologues that are never mentioned again. *Your Friends & Neighbors* is both vicious and earnest, an excruciating combination. I don’t ask for pleasantness, but there has to be some way of making us care about the people in a movie, or else we are wasting our time with stumblers and schmucks. Neil LaBute obliterates his characters, his scenes, and, ultimately, himself. (Denby; 8/31/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Talent

Mr. Specificity

Good drama, says Stanley Tucci, is in the details. “Specificity is the key to making a character come to life on film,” says the 38-year-old actor-director. “Or anywhere. People are able to recognize parts of themselves. If a storyline is very general, like we see in a lot of films, it doesn’t *mean* anything.” Like 1996’s *Big Night,* Tucci’s new film, *The Impostors* (opening October 2) is theatrical in a good way: Its well-formed characters loom large against simple plot lines (this time, everyone’s on a ship, not in a restaurant), and their neurotic concerns are introduced through entertaining banter. *The Impostors* is actually a thirties-tinged farce, a slapsticky homage to the Marx Brothers, Charlie Chaplin, and Buster Keaton. Oliver Platt and Tucci (below) play out-of-work actors who, through a comedy of errors, end up crossing the Atlantic with a bunch of colorful misfits. Campbell Scott is a Fascist steward in love with stewardess Lili Taylor; Tony Shalhoub is a mentally unhinged first mate; and Hope Davis is a depressed young thing who falls for Steve Buscemi’s suicidal lounge singer (named, for laughs, Happy Franks). Tucci wrote most of the loopy characters with specific New York actors in mind; in the process, he brought together a circle of local talent with depths he feels we’ve only yet glimpsed. “The thing that’s great about these people,” he says, “is that you could take almost any one of these actors and tell them to play a different role in that film and they could do it. And there aren’t a lot of actors around that could do that.” That’s the difference, perhaps, between actors who act and actors who merely project a personality. And happily, there’s no place for the latter in a Tucci film. PATRICIA FALVO

Photograph by Bill Foley © Fox Searchlight.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Firelight; The Last Big Thing; Lolita; Monument Ave.; Pecker; Permanent Midnight; The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Governess; The Opposite of Sex.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Closed for renovations.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Brandon Teena Story; Touch of Evil.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Eel; Like It Is; phoenix; Skin and Bone; Somewhere in the City.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Unmade Beds.* (See also “Museums, Societies, Etc.”)

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Buffalo ’66; Dirty Laundry; Rounders; Rush Hour; Simon Birch; There’s Something About Mary.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Blade; Clay Pigeons; Ronin; Saving Private Ryan; Urban Legend; Without Limits.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *One True Thing; Your Friends & Neighbors.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Lolita; One True Thing; Rounders; Shadrach; Without Limits; Your Friends & Neighbors.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *One True Thing; Ronin; There’s Something About Mary.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Blade; Clay Pigeons; Pecker; Ronin; Simon Birch; The Slums of Beverly Hills; There’s Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Rush Hour.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Dirty Laundry; Next Stop, Wonderland; Rounders; Rush Hour.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Rush Hour.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Lolita; Next Stop, Wonderland; Simon Birch.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Ronin; Rounders.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Blade; Dance With Me; The Negotiator; Ronin; There’s Something About Mary; Urban Legend; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Slums of Beverly Hills.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Snake Eyes.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Simon Birch.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *A Soldier’s Daughter Never Cries.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *Clay Pigeons; Knock Off; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Rush Hour.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Avengers; Mafia!; Mulan; The Truman Show.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *One True Thing.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Without Limits.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *One True Thing; Urban Legend.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *One True Thing.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Ever After; The Governess; Pecker; Return to Paradise; Smoke Signals; There’s Something About Mary; Your Friends & Neighbors.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Dirty Laundry; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Urban Legend.*

One-Shot Greene Acres

Two of the best Graham Greene adaptations—'Brighton Rock' and 'The Heart of the Matter,' starring Trevor Howard, above—play at Anthology Film Archives, October 2. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Clay Pigeons; Saving Private Ryan.*
Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Your Friends & Neighbors.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Slums of Beverly Hills.*
84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Eel; A Merry War; The Thief; Your Friends & Neighbors.*
Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Blade; Clay Pigeons; Next Stop, Wonderland; One True Thing; Permanent Midnight; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Shadrach; Simon Birch; There's Something About Mary; Without Limits.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Ronin; Rush Hour.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Ronin; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Ronin; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary.*
Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Blade; Rounders.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Pecker.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Blade; Dance With Me; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; One True Thing; Ronin; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Blade; Dance With Me; The Parent Trap; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Blade; Dance With Me; Knock Off; One True Thing; Ronin; Rush Hour; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Blade; One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *One True Thing; Permanent Midnight; Rounders; Rush Hour; The Slums of Beverly Hills.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Dance With Me; Ever After; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Blade; Knock Off; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Blade; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Blade; Dance With Me; Dr. Dolittle; How Stella Got Her Groove Back; Knock Off; The Negotiator; Ronin; Rush Hour; Small Soldiers; Urban Legend; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Ronin; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour; Simon Birch; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend; Without Limits.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Blade; Ronin; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour; Simon Birch; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend; Without Limits.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Blade; One True Thing; Ronin; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Ronin; Rounders; Saving Private Ryan; Simon Birch; There's Something About Mary; Without Limits.*
Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *The Parent Trap; Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Blade; Rush Hour; Saving Private Ryan; Urban Legend.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Lolita; Pecker; Rush Hour; Saving Private Ryan; Urban Legend.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Ronin; Rounders; There's Something About Mary.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Blade; Dance With Me; Ronin; Rounders; Snake Eyes; Urban Legend; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Rush Hour; Saving Private Ryan; Urban Legend.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *One True Thing; Without Limits.*
Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Simon Birch; There's Something About Mary; Without Limits.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Blade; Rush Hour; Urban Legend.*
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Madeline; One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour.*
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*
Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Dance With Me; The Governess; Return to Paradise; The Slums of Beverly Hills.*
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Ronin; Rush Hour.*
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711).
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Simon Birch.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Bud: Golden Receiver; Ever After; One True Thing; The Parent Trap; Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour; Saving Private Ryan; The Slums of Beverly Hills; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour; There's Something About Mary.*
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Blade; Dirty Laundry; One True Thing; Ronin; Rounders; Rush Hour; Saving Private Ryan; Simon Birch; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend; Without Limits; Your Friends & Neighbors.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"John Huston Retrospective" through 10/11. 10/3: *The Misfits* (1961) and *Reflections in a Golden Eye* (1967).

Photograph courtesy of Anthology Film Archives.

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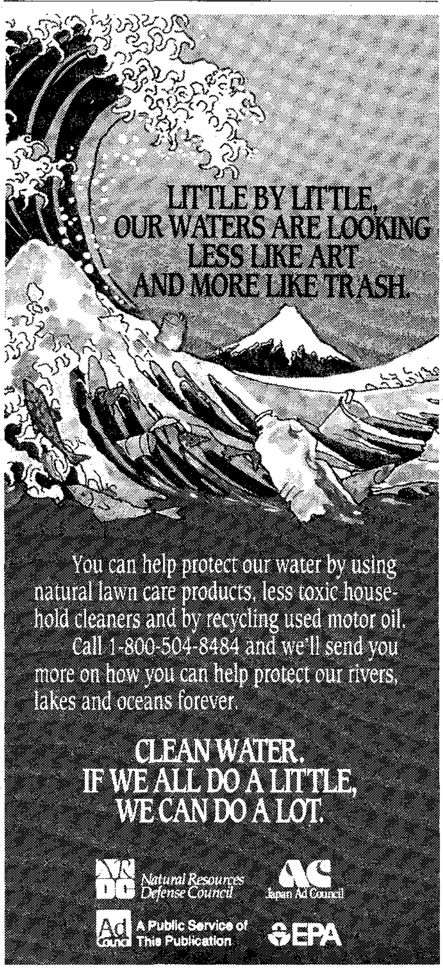

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Kaiser *continued from page 23*

them, gives them information and makes his staff accessible, and works to get other Republicans on board. If HRC fails to endorse him, how will they ever get the support of another Republican again? The next guy will say, 'Jesus Christ, Al D'Amato walked the plank for you guys. And you turned around and spit in his face!' "

But Democratic Congressman Barney Frank vehemently disagrees. The senior gay legislator in Congress thinks an HRC endorsement of D'Amato would be "a very grave error. It's an outdated notion of an almost terrified group. There is this lean-over-backwards effort with Republicans now. If anybody not in our group is ever nice to us, we are just absolutely in thrall to them. But if you have two equally good candidates running, don't waste your money." Frank thinks HRC shouldn't endorse anyone in this race.

He feels HRC may have adopted some of the corporate culture of a commercial-lobbying firm in the capital. "If you're pursuing an economic interest, which is a valid thing to do, then ideology is irrelevant, and you try to sort of get equal leverage with each party," he said. "But when you're talking about fundamental ideological issues where the parties are very different, it's a mistake not to take that into account. The Christian Coalition doesn't make that mistake—they know that they're better off with Republicans."

Naturally, the person most angry about HRC's plan is Democratic nominee Chuck Schumer. Overall, Schumer has a much longer and more consistent record in support of gay rights than D'Amato. But on one crucial issue they voted together: in favor of the Defense of Marriage Act, which proclaimed that neither the Federal government nor any state has to recognize gay marriage if one state decides to legitimize it. And that single vote may have given HRC the cover it needs to support D'Amato.

Schumer says D'Amato has a better scorecard from the Christian Coalition than he does from HRC—"and the Christian Coalition is right now bashing gays and lesbians." The congressman says his record is not "just a voting record—it's a record of passing laws," including legislation to get special funds to housebound people with AIDS. "Everyone knows in the Senate that D'Amato is disingenuous on all of this," says Schumer. "It's all for show." If he really cared about gay rights, "he would have gotten the New York State Senate to pass the anti-discrimination bill," which Senate majority leader Bruno has never allowed onto the floor. "But he didn't. It's all a sham. They're falling for an elaborate act that goes onstage once every six years—just before election time." ■

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

10/4: *Fat City* (1972) and *The Man Who Would Be King* (1975). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"New Filmmakers Series." 10/30: Short features and *Honeymoon* (1997). "Essential Cinema: Carl Th. Dreyer." 10/4: *Dog Star Man* (1961–64). "Richard Schwarz: Thalia Film Festival." 10/1: *Hollywood Out-takes and Rare Footage* (1983) and "Short Looks at the Beatles." 10/2: *Brighton Rock* (1947) and *The Heart of the Matter* (1953). 10/3: *Detour* (1945) and *Bluebeard* (1944). 10/4: *The Chase* (1946) and *The Blue Gardenia* (1953). "Essential Cinema: Jean Cocteau." 10/3: *Le Sang d'un Poète* (1930). "French Avant-garde Cinema of the 1920s: The Unknown Past." 10/2–10/3: Various shorts. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Film Festival—10/2–10/11: Various feature and short films, screenplay readings, seminars, workshops, and parties. Tickets $7–$15. Whitman Auditorium, Brooklyn College (718-951-4141). Call 718-891-4169 for festival info.

A Different Light—10/4: *The Birds* (1963); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"36th New York Film Festival." 9/29: *I Stand Alone* (1998). 9/29: *Dr. Akagi* (1998). 9/30 and 10/4: *The Apple* (1998). 9/30 and 10/1: *My Name Is Joe* (1998). 10/1 and 10/3: *Velvet Goldmine* (1998). 10/2 and 10/4: *A Tale of Autumn* (1998). 10/2–10/3: *The General* (1998). 10/3: *Point Blank* (1998). 10/3–10/4: *Slam* (1998) and *Black Cat, White Cat* (1998). 10/5–10/6: *Flowers of Shanghai* (1998) and *Late August, Early September* (1998). 10/7–10/8: *The Celebration* (1998) and *The Inheritors* (1998). "Youssef Chahine: Egyptian Auteur." 10/1: *Strike* (1924). 10/2–10/3: *Saladin* (1963). 10/4–10/5: *Once Upon a Time the Nile* (1968–70). 10/4–10/5: *The Land* (1969). 10/6–10/7: *The Choice* (1970) and *The Sparrow* (1973). "Special Event." 10/3–10/4: *In the Presence of a Clown* (1998). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

Green Badge Film Event—10/3: *Goodbye Charlie* (1997) and *The Dance* (1997), followed by panel discussions with the filmmakers; 1 P.M.–9 P.M., Cantor Film Center, New York University, 36 E. 8th St. Call 501-4242 for more info.

Museum of Modern Art—"G.W. Pabst." 10/5–10/6: *The Treasure* (1923) and *Secrets of a Soul* (1925). 10/6 and 10/8: *The Joyless Street* (1925). 10/8: *The Love of Jeanne Ney* (1927). 10/9–10/10: *Crisis* (1928). 10/9: *Pandora's Box* (1928) and *Diary of a Lost Girl* (1929). "Gordon Parks." 10/1 and 10/3: *The Learning Tree* (1969). 10/1–10/2: *Shaft* (1971). 10/2 and 10/4: *Solomon Northrup's Odyssey* (1985). 10/2–10/3: *Leadbelly* (1976). "Big as Life: An American History of 8mm Films." 10/1: Films by Acconci, Rhoads, and Ahwesh. "New Documentaries." 10/1: *Soldiers Without Swords—The Black Press* (1997). "Special Screening." 10/4–10/5: *Kuhle Wampe* (1932). "Third World Newsreel at Thirty." 10/2–10/4: Various programs. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

The Screening Room—Fri. and Sat. at midnight: *Modulations* (1997). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 10/3–10/4: *Equinox Flower* (1958). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

Everett Quinton in *Irma Vep*...Dana Ivey

Photograph by Richie Fahey.

Previews

A Little Night Music

***Duet,* Adobe Theatre's diverting, highly inventive spoof of a fifties romance, knocked the bobby socks off the critics last fall—and made audiences never, ever look at frogs the same way again. Previews begin September 28 at the Actors Playhouse.**

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. The kids sing the same Kenny Loggins and Tom Snow songs. And they recite anxious-teen dialogue by the same screenwriter, Dean Pitchford. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Previews begin 10/2 for a 10/22 opening. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Have a Nice Life—Rob Bartlett, a pudgy stand-up comic in his forties, performs his own show about a pudgy stand-up comic facing a midlife crisis. Art? Life? Your call. Jack O'Brien directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 10/1 for a 10/15 opening. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Little Me—Martin Short gets a well-deserved chance at Broadway redemption, this time with a decent Neil Simon libretto puffing his wings. Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. Rob Marshall, the prodigiously gifted co-director of *Cabaret,* directs. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 9/30 for a 10/29 opening. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir,* and the swans are all male. London loved it. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 10/8 opening. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98.) Now starring Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96.) Now starring Ute Lemper, Karen Ziemba, Alan Thicke, and Tom McGowan. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

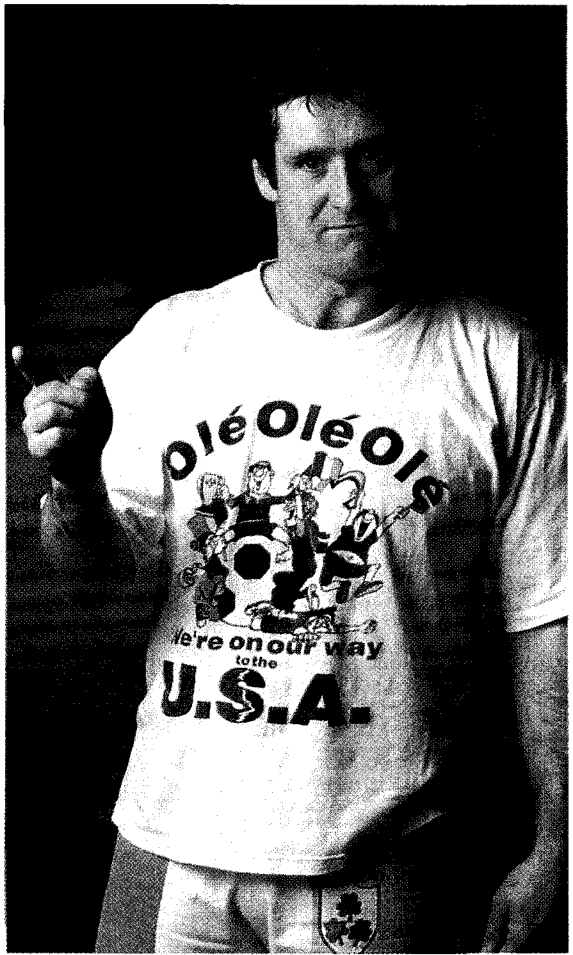
Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*



Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

A Night in November—Dan Gordon returns as Kenneth McCallister, as well as his many friends and relations, in Marie Jones's super-acclaimed one-man show about the strife in Northern Ireland. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/4 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Corpus Christi—Terrence McNally's version of the Greatest Story Ever Told. The play was killed last spring and resurrected; now everyone has an opinion about it, though almost no one has seen it. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. In previews for a 10/13 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Duet!—Adobe Theatre's amusing spoof of a fifties romance—in which dead frogs, talking trees, and Mandarin renditions of "Anything Goes" all come mysteriously into play. The show knocked the bobby socks off the critics last spring. $35. Mon., Tues., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 9/28 for a 10/6 opening. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Impossible Marriage—Holly Hunter, at her best when she's three pegs off-center and a giddy pile of exposed nerves, reassumes her rightful place on the New York stage in this new play by Beth Henley (*Crimes of the Heart*), who draws her characters in

Opening

Soccer Dad

With his green-white-and-orange baseball hat pulled low around his brow and his tricolored shorts pulled high enough to show the whites of his thighs, Kenneth McCallister—welfare clerk, Protestant, and now potential expatriate—has turned the audience to clay, and so too, by extension, has Dan Gordon, the man who's playing him. McCallister is a fellow without country or means at this point: He's just a raw, freewheeling soccer maniac, chanting slogans and drinking with newfound chums, reveling in the fact that he has changed teams, both in the literal and ideological sense. Shows with bigger names and higher profiles are opening this week Off Broadway, but this one, *A Night in November,* will probably linger longer in the system, particularly the very funny second act. Last season, New York theaters were filled with the works of overaccomplished Irish laddies—Martin McDonagh and Conor McPherson particularly—but none was overtly political; in most cases, politics didn't even make it into the subtext. Not this play, by Marie Jones: It has a serious message, at moments spelled in bolder type than necessary, but that's perhaps to be expected from a woman who helped found the theater company DubbelJoint (the first half a hybrid of DUBlin and BELfast, the whole word a nifty dubbel entendre), a troupe dedicated to exploring both sides of the Irish Question. One-man shows also generally feel claustrophobic, but this one has so many characters (and Gordon so many faces), you're likely to forget it's just one bloke up there, all alone, with no more than a three-step bleacher for company. Both he and the script drew raves all over Ireland, where the production roved for more than a year, and the New York critics lapped it up, too, when it came to the Irish Arts Center last winter. The play now runs for twelve weeks at the Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, and Gordon is clearly thrilled. A Protestant from East Belfast, he grew up under circumstances similar to the protagonist's, consorting with very few Catholics and crossing the border for the first time at 17. He recalls a time when he was 9 or 10 and some older schoolkids, Protestants all, pinned him against a wall and demanded he say the alphabet. A mispronounced "h" ("hetch" rather than "aitch") would have meant he was ripe for a bruising. "You can also tell who's Catholic because their eyes are much closer together," he says. A pause. "Though I suppose they say the same thing about us."

JENNIFER SENIOR

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

just that way. The Wilde-influenced comedy concerns two sisters, one on the cusp of a bad marriage and one already in one, and the havoc this awkward situation wreaks. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 10/15 opening. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Inferno—Abandon all hope, ye who enter the theater. Poet Laureate Robert Pinsky has adapted his celebrated translation of Dante's poem for the stage. $35. Schedule varies. Opens 9/28. Through 10/4. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (996-1100).*

Killer Joe—Amanda Plummer and Scott Glenn, pleasures both on stage and screen, star in Tracy Letts's new (and first) play, about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Previews begin 10/1 for a 10/18 opening. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with the young actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/1 opening. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

The Night They Burned Washington—A new historical drama from Mark R. Giesser about an Englishwoman, two bureaucrats, a sailor, and the wife of the French ambassador, all trapped in the U.S. Patent Office on the 1814 evening the British Army advanced unopposed on Washington. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 10/2 for a 10/6 opening. Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Oedipus—Frances McDormand and Billy Crudup star in Dare Club's updated, cheeky, four-hour-plus version of the Sophoclean tragedy. This time, the Theban prince tries like mad to fulfill his destiny; he's constantly plotting his father's death and trysts with dear old Mum. Blue Light Theater Company presents. $37.50–$40. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 10/11 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe Pietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/5 opening. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

'Til the Rapture Comes—Edward Napier's new play about a fractured family in West Virginia. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 10/6 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Uneasy Chair—Evan Smith not only understands the importance of drawing-room comedy—he has written one, thus setting himself apart from the dozens of other young American playwrights plying their trade. Meet Miss Pickles, dowager; her dashing tenant, Josiah Wickett; and their impeccable, mischievous children. Dana Ivey (always a pleasure) and Roger Rees star. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/4 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

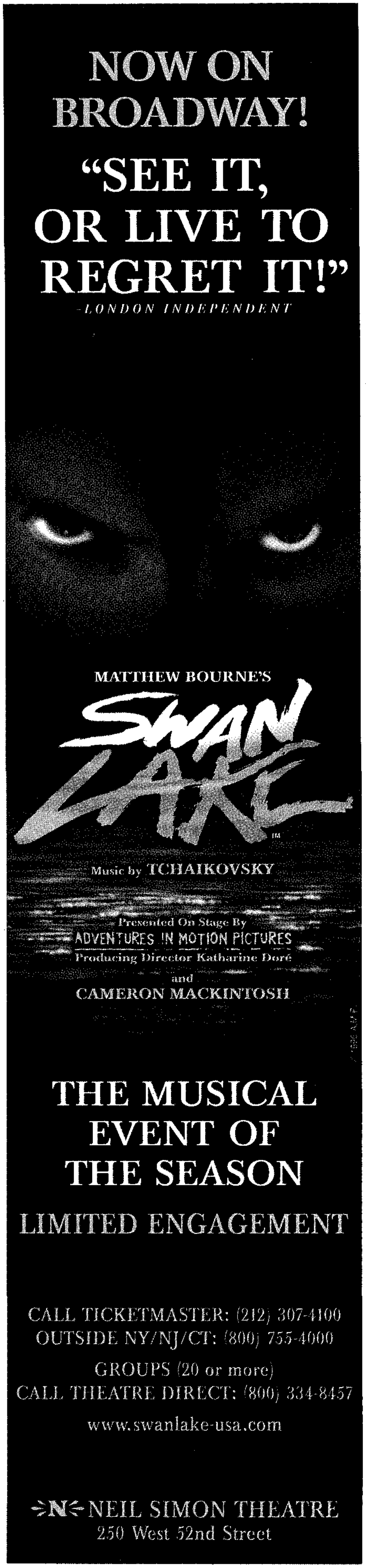
Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—A devilishly cunning prestidigitator, this Alan Ayckbourn! In this, the forty-ninth of his 53 plays, he combines three genres: the draw-

Opening Misalliance

Evan Smith not only understands the importance of the drawing-room comedy—he has written one, thus setting himself apart from most American playwrights. 'The Uneasy Chair,' starring Dana Ivey (always a pleasure) and Roger Rees (ditto), tells the story of an ill-fated union between a dowager and her fastidious tenant. Opens October 4 at Playwrights Horizons.

Photograph by Susan Johann.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Opening
Where Wolf?

The Mystery of Irma Vep, **the late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a gleaming mound of wigs, returns after fourteen years—now with Quinton (a wolf in a she's clothing) and newcomer Stephen DeRosa. Watch as the two of them tear through a dozen or so roles, and costumes, all for the sake of art. (And solving a bloody murder.) Opens October 1 at the Westside Theater.**

ing-room comedy, the thriller, and the time-tripping fantasy. We are in the same Regal Hotel suite in 2018, 1998, and 1978. But this is no standard hotel suite. Its communicating doors to the next suite are a whirling time machine with which the two female protagonists can time-travel. What the two women struggle to achieve is to change history: to undo two murders. Mary-Louise Parker's Poopay goes well beyond the whore with the heart of gold. She is ably assisted by the Ruella of Patricia Hodges, a ballsy sophisticate, and the Jessica of Candy Buckley, a ditsy millionairess. They evolve into a beguilingly spunky trio, with Miss Parker rightly the mistress of revels. (Simon: 9/7/98.) $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Culture of Desire—Anne Bogart brings her eccentric energies to bear on the perfect subject: Andy Warhol. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, became the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

The Dying Gaul—A return engagement of Craig Lucas's newest drama about love, the Internet, and the desire to live beyond one's own death. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Marco Polo Sings a Solo—Signature Theatre Company kicks off its John Guare season with this surreal ode to the new millennium. The time is 1999, the setting is an iceberg in Norway, and the denizens of this brave new world while away their hours by taking drugs, evading scandal, and wrestling with the complexities of intergalactic sperm. *Brrrrr!* $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/25. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Moonshine—A small-town theater director (who doubles as the area undertaker) finds his efforts to stage *A Midsummer Night's Dream* threatened by the Catholic church's Rising Pageant, scheduled for the same evening. Written by Jim Nolan. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/31. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Nijinski Speaks—This is about the great dancer whose unmatched *entrechat dix* propelled him into mental disequilibrium. A monodrama with music and dancing, written and performed by the actor-dancer Leonard Crofoot, it is no ordinary one-man show: It chronicles, with both imaginative and balletic leaps, the rise and fall of a supreme artist as a genius and madman. One of the great tragic themes of all times is here simply and, in both senses, movingly told. (Simon: 9/7/98.) $35. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/18. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May and star-

Photograph by Anita and Steve Shevett.

ring their children. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Private Battles—Jan Buttram's new drama based on the true story of a Civil War veteran who checks into a hospital and stuns the personnel with his secret. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of working in a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

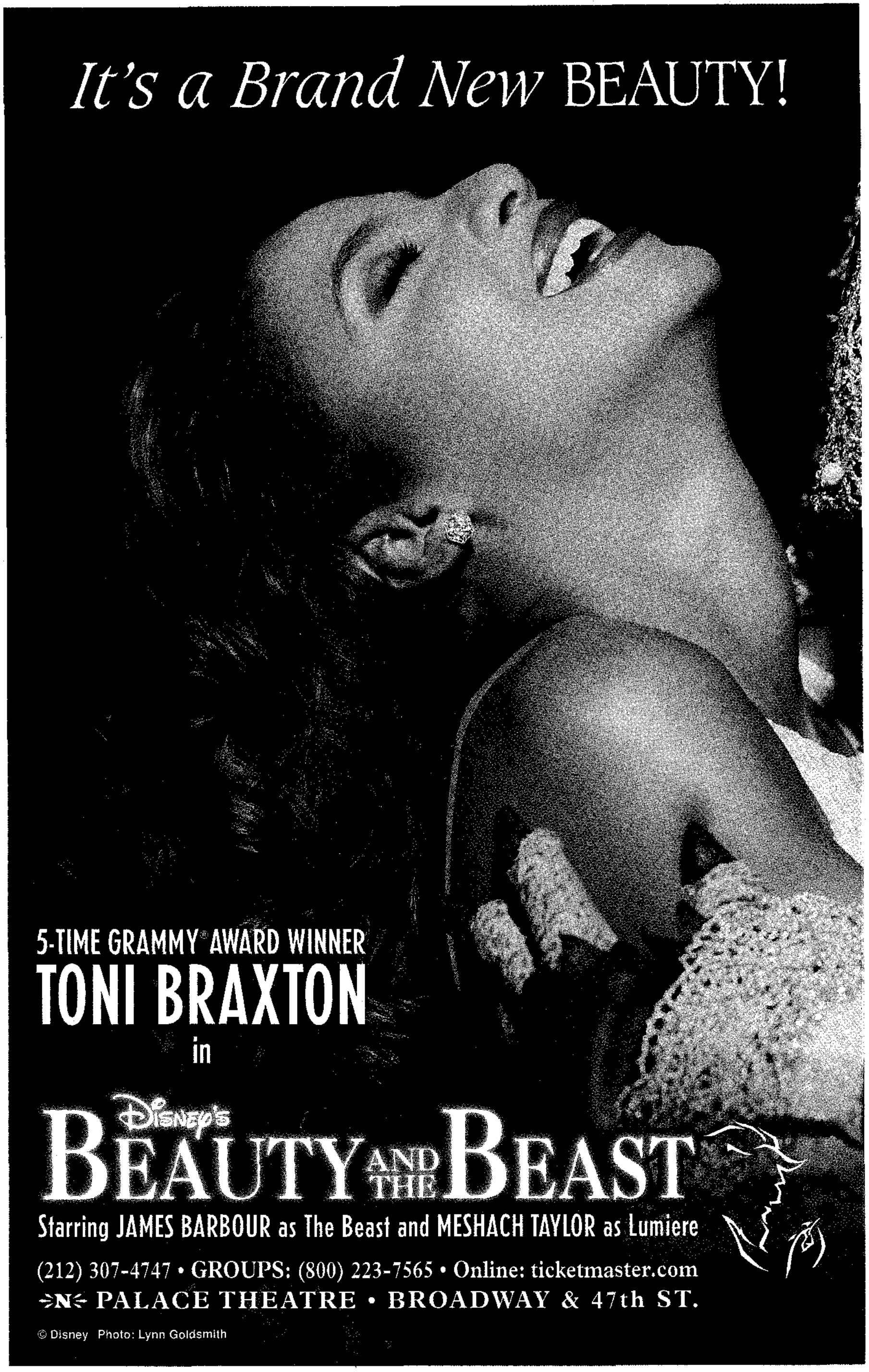
Stupid Kids—A comedy-ethnography about the mysterious folkways of teens from the suburbs. Written by John C. Russell; directed by Michael Mayer. $15–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. *(239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. In and out of bed, she enacts or narrates the battle for life, and the scarcely less scary battle of the Ph.D. vs. the M.D. Add a supporting cast in which all, and Alec Phoenix in particular, shine. And don't miss the final irony: Margaret Edson teaches elementary school in Atlanta. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $25. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Closes 10/4. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.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Openings

Contemporary photographers have long been inspired by vernacular photography—the often anonymous work that includes tintypes, erotica, ambrotypes, snapshots, family albums, and the like. More recently, photography dealers and collectors have been snapping up the stuff at flea markets and antique stores. Now, the Metropolitan Gallery is holding the **1ST VERNACULAR PHOTOGRAPHY FAIR** so that you, too, can get into the act. At 123 W. 18th St., October 3–4 (Sat. noon–8, Sun. noon–6). Admission is $7 ($10 for a two-day pass).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Luis Cruz Azaceta—New works by this Cuban-born artist combining oil, wood, steel, and photography and continuing his depiction of "boat people" (*balseros*) as a metaphor for the plight of Cuban immigrants and the alienation of twentieth-century mankind; through 10/17. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213). See "Solos, 57th Street Area."

Claudia Fitch—Recent sculptures that put a surrealist twist on traditional decorative arts and popular culture, among them works made from urethane foam and steel, cast iron, and ceramics; through 10/17. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

David Klamen—Works in watercolor and ink on paper that reference landscape; through 10/24. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787).

Aleksandr Rodchenko—A selection of photographic and graphic design works by the Russian Constructivist, whose work is currently on view in a major exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art; through 10/17. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

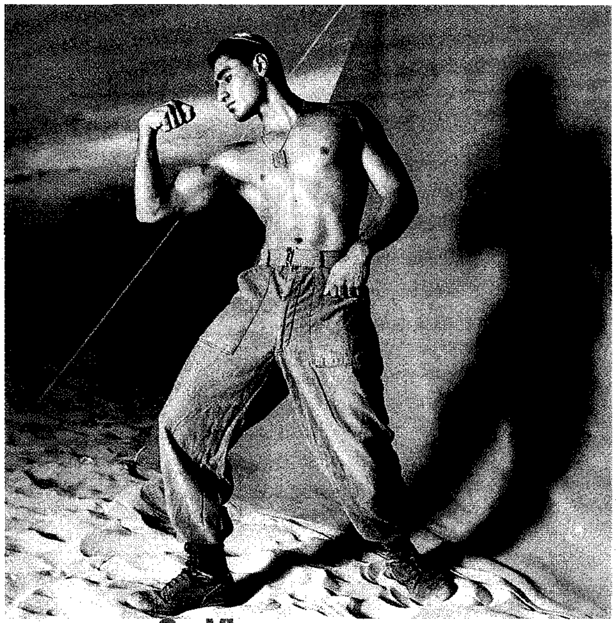
Jonathan Santlofer/Alice Schille—Fifty carved and painted reliefs, each of which integrates a portrait of a nineteenth- or twentieth-century artist with an image of his or her work/Watercolors by an American painter (1869–1955) who studied with William Merritt Chase. Through 10/24. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Houghton Cranford Smith—More than 40 works created by the American landscape painter between 1908 and 1927, of landscapes in Provincetown, France, Chile, and New Mexico; through 11/6. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Peter Sullivan—New abstract paintings and works on paper that combine gestural lines and shapes of saturated color; through 10/31. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Frank Auerbach/Rackstraw Downes—Recent paintings and drawings by the British artist, including portraits, London townscapes, and the entrance to the artist's Camden Town studio/New drawings of landscapes. Through 10/30. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).



On View
Kaddish

The shocking death of Yitzhak Rabin in 1995 continues to reverberate in much contemporary Israeli art, but the works by the 35 artists in "After Rabin: New Art From Israel" (above, Untitled by Adi Nes, 1996) also explore such universal territory as personal identity, installation, and abstraction. At the Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street; through January 3.

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Recent monumental works incorporating oil, wood, metal, and found objects and focusing on the violence of the nineties; through 10/17. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (644-9090). See "Solos, Madison Avenue & Vicinity."

Donald Baechler—A survey of the artist's etchings from 1987 through 1998; through 10/24. Baron/ Boisanté Editions, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Petah Coyne—Works from the artist's new "Fairy Tales" series, in which antique taxidermy and religious sculptures have been cloaked with hair and then braided together to form mysterious wall and floor tableaux; through 10/16. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Jules Feiffer—Cartoons, drawings, and watercolors by the Pulitzer Prize–winning editorial cartoonist, playwright, screenwriter, children's-book author, and animator; through 10/17. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Alan Feltus—Recent paintings of monumental figures in narrative vignettes; through 10/24. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Giuseppe Gallo—Paintings in which trees and flowers native to Italy are rendered in a red oil pigment evocative of the ancient walls of Pompeii; 10/1–31. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Sonia Gechtoff—Recent paintings and drawings; through 10/14. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Lawrence Gipe—Recent paintings whose imagery is derived from pro-industry propaganda found in magazines and advertisements from the thirties and forties; 10/1–31. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Louise Nevelson—Ceramic sculptures and drawings from the forties; through 10/17. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Kenneth Noland—New paintings that mark a return to the circle format first examined by the artist in the late fifties and early sixties; through 10/17. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Sophia Vari—New sculptures in bronze and marble whose surfaces are partially painted; through 10/17. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

John Wesley—Recent paintings of women; through 10/17. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Laurie Anderson—Three works that commemorate the artist's early association with Artists Space, including *Handphone Table,* first exhibited in the Projects Space at MOMA in 1978; *Book,* a new video installation, and *Whirlwind*; a three-dimensional viewer-activated audio installation; through 11/7. Artists Space, 38 Greene St. (226-3970).

Belkis Ayon/Elsa Mora—Recent work by two women artists who live in Cuba, including collographs by the former and mixed-media works on paper by the latter; through 10/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Meghan Boody—Photographs and sculptures on the theme of King Henry VIII and his six wives; through 10/17. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Peter Boynton—New sculptures that are a quirky homage to Modernist architects and are constructed from such materials as wire, plastic beads, and papier-mâché; through 10/24. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Chris Costan—Recent paintings whose abstract shapes suggest daily objects gone awry; through 10/31. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Al Hansen—A survey of the Fluxus artist's "Venus" collages from the seventies to the nineties, in which he fashioned images of the goddess from Hershey-bar wrappers, cigarette butts, burnt matches, and other detritus; through 10/17. Gracie Mansion Gallery at Harvey, 537 Broadway (925-7651).

Beck and Al Hansen/Virgil Marti—Over 100 collages, assemblages, photographs, drawings, audio loops, and videos by the musician and his late grandfa-

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Jewish Museum.

ther, a Fluxus artist/A site-specific installation titled *Hot Tub* that examines the relationship between tacky and critically "learned" taste. Through 10/24. Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway (966-9520).

Georg Herold—Wall sculptures and color-dyed panels that are a response to the computer's presence in contemporary life; through 10/31. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

David Kapp—Recent paintings of abstracted street views; through 10/17. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt/Donna Dennis—New works/Sculptures, prints, and gouaches from 1976 to 1998; 10/1–11/7. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Joseph Marioni—Monochromatic paintings made between 1992 and 1998; 10/1–12/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Lorraine O'Grady—Studies for a work in progress about the relationship between Charles Baudelaire and his Haitian-born wife, Jeanne Duval, including digital Cibachrome diptychs depicting a photograph of Baudelaire by his French contemporary Nadar and an installation of a small library; through 10/31. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

Seth Tobocman/Brian Weil—"New York Stories," a joint show of drawings from Tobocman's upcoming graphic novel, *War in the Neighborhood*, in which he documents the strife he has witnessed on the Lower East Side, and Weil's documentary photographs of various New York City communities. Through 10/31. Exit Art, 548 Broadway (966-7745).

Bruno Ulmer—Ten large paintings combining advertising images and images of childhood heroes; through 10/31. 123 Watts, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

Jeffrey Vallance—Drawings on 22-by-30-inch pieces of paper that record the artist's investigations into the coincidences in his life; through 10/31. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753)

Jerry Zeniuk—The artist's first New York show in ten years, of irregularly composed, brightly colored abstract paintings; through 10/31. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Chelsea

John Ahearn—Cast-plaster sculptures made in the artist's East Harlem studio over the past three years; through 10/24. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Matt Collishaw—New video installations and photographic works that manipulate cultural stereotypes and expectations; through 10/17. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (414-4144).

Jonathan Hammer—Recent large-scale drawings and two unique handmade books filled with the artist's drawings and a text by the Dada writer, Hugo Ball; through 10/24. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Jonathan Santlofer—Works on paper; through 11/1. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).

Robert Marshall—Drawings and paintings of landscapes and commercial interiors on transparent and reflective surfaces; through 10/24. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Jason Simon—An installation that suggests an evacuated arena and whose central element is a pair of stadium-style horns; through 10/24. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Other

William Hogarth—Prints and drawings by the eighteenth-century British artist (1697–1764) known for his satirical narratives; through 11/21. Wallach Art Gallery, Columbia University, Schermerhorn Hall, Broadway and 116th St. (854-2877), Wed.–Sat. 1–5.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

CDS—76 E. 79th St. (772-9555). "The Age of Drawing: An International Scene," with works by Balthus, de Kooning, Pollock, Vuillard, others; through 10/31.

Jensen—4 E. 77th St. (861-6008). "Pratt and Its Gallery: The Arts and Crafts Years," examining the first decade of the Pratt Institute and its impact on American art and teaching; through 10/27.

Spanish Institute—and Americas Society, 680 and 684 Park Ave. (249-8950). "El Alma del Pueblo," an exhibition of Spanish folk art organized by the San Antonio Museum of Art, including 250 objects on loan from 30 museums and private collections in Spain and the Americas; through 12/31.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. noon–5. "Julien Levy: Portrait of an Art Gallery," an exhibit of paintings, sculpture, and photographs that were shown by the art dealer Julien Levy (1906–1981) in his legendary 57th Street gallery, including works on loan from museum and private collections and works and ephemera from Levy's own collection; through 10/31.

Goodman—"Breaking Ground," sculpture, photography, drawings, and projected-image work by 24 artists, among them Baldessari, Cragg, Graham, Muñoz, Wall; through 11/7.

Painewebber—1285 Avenue of the Americas (713-2885). "In the Spirit of Compassion," featuring art and artifacts illustrating the inherent connection in Tibetan culture between art and faith; through 12/4.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—29 Walker St. (219-0473). "In Order to Join," an installation by Rummana Hussain; through 10/31. "Personal Touch" in Gallery 6, a group of ten international artists including Kim, Tayou, Wasko, Baran, Eller, others. "Music for an Elevator: Audio Project in the Elevator," sounds recorded from percussion and string instruments by Michael Voefeld. "The Temptation of Eve: Window Installation," Jane Kaufman transforms a window into a terrarium with colorful, beaded snakes; through 11/7.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Selections Fall '98," with works by Callan, Guest, Monick, Verhoeven, others; through 10/22.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2604). "corpus virtu," with works by Smith, Gober, Hamilton, Antoni, others; through 10/24.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). "Ideas for the Home," with works by Bogin, Halley, Turcato, Warhol, others; through 10/31.

Chelsea

Rare—435 W. 14th St. (645-5591). "Pulse: Painting Now," an exhibition of new paintings by Celaya, Krashes, Wray, Moffett, others; through 10/31.

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). "Architecture: Intimate Space," with works by Elam, Hoffman, Hutton, Lewis, Mori, Sauerbruch, Scogin, Taransky; through 10/12.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "Horizons of the Sacred: The Tibetan View of Shangri-La", an exhibition of tangkas depicting deities, mandalas, and landscapes focused on the theme of Shangri-La; through 10/31.

Photography

Ansel Adams—Vintage prints of the American West from the twenties through the forties; through 10/24. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

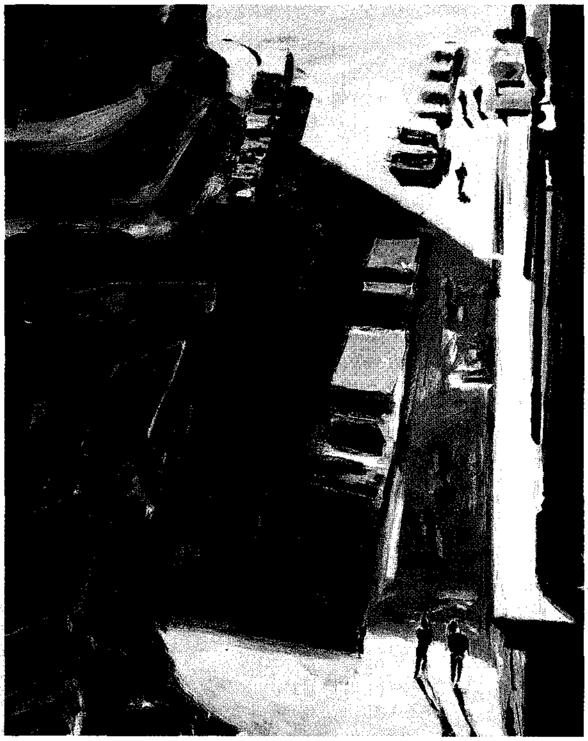
Alexander Apostol—Manipulated and collaged photographs by a young Venezuelan artist; through 10/24. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Harry Callahan/Robert Rauschenberg—More than 70 photographs from the past five decades, including new, never-before-exhibited images of the sky shot from the window of his Atlanta, Georgia, home/Photographs from the early fifties, including images of the painter Cy Twombly. Through 10/24. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Nancy Davidson—Large-scale digital images derived from the artist's sculptures; through 10/24. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*. Through 11/29. . . . "Walker Evans Simple Secrets: Photographs From the Collection of Marian and Benjamin A. Hill." Works from every period of the photographer's career, including early New York abstractions, streets scenes, and portraits, and studies of New England and New York Victorian architecture; through 11/29.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Vik Muniz: Seeing Is Believing." A survey of work by a photographer who creates his seemingly straightforward images of figures, landscapes, and objects from such unexpected materials as granulated sugar, chocolate, and wire and thread; through 11/8. . . . "New Photography From France: The CCF



Talent **Gritty, unforgiving New York looks a bit like Richard Diebenkorn's Ocean Park in David Kapp's recent paintings of TriBeCa streets seen from above. At David Beitzel Gallery, 102 Prince Street; through October 17.**

Photograph courtesy of the David Beitzel Gallery.

Award Recipients"; through 11/15. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of A.I.D.S. by Steve Hart"; through 11/15.

Jean Kallina—Large-format black-and-white photographs of Rome; through 10/10. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

Art Kane—A survey of the photographer's fashion work from the sixties to 1990; through 11/7. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Erica Lennard—Photographs of gardens and landscapes around the world; 10/2–31. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Jan Lukas—Photographs of New York taken in the sixties by the Czech photographer before he moved to New York with his family in 1965; through 10/31. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Ray K. Metzker/Albert Renger-Patzch—"Arrestations," a series of unique collages made from snippets of photographic paper that were manipulated in the darkroom and combined into poetic juxtapositions/Twenty vintage photographs taken in the twenties and thirties of architecture and industrial sites; through 10/31. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Eadweard Muybridge—Vintage collotypes depicting men in motion produced by the photographer as part of the series "Animal Locomotion"; through 11/1. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Gordon Parks—A survey of black-and-white documentary photographs from the past 50 years; through 10/24. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Tomio Seike—Recent photographs of nudes and waterscapes; through 10/31. 2992, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Laurie Simmons—New photographs that revisit the miniature elements the artist introduced in her work of the seventies, including dramatically lighted installation views of architectural models filled with furniture and occasional figures; through 10/24. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Daniela Steinfeld—Satirical self-portraits of the artist posing as various superheroes; through 10/24. Meltzer's On View, 588 Broadway (343-8256).

Spencer Tunick—A series of photographs made over a period of six months in which the artist traveled to all 50 American states and photographed nudes in public places; through 10/24. I-20, 529 W. 20th St. (645-1100).

Deborah Turbeville—Photographs taken in St. Petersburg that recall the city's past; through 10/31. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

James Welling—A selection of staged photographs taken between 1976 to 1985; through 10/31. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Transformation: Prix Saidye Bronfman Award 1977–1996." Works by contemporary Canadian craft artists who have been winners of the Saidye Bronfman Award; through 1/3/99. . . . "June Schwarcz: Forty Years/Forty Pieces." A 40-year retrospective of the artist's enamelware vessels; though 11/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. . . . "Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine; through 10/4. . . . "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, of more than 80 works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. noon–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Dark World of Martin Lewis in Prints and Photographs." A selection of works from the years 1916 to 1962 by the American artist (1881–1962), known for his depictions of New York in the thirties; through 10/25. . . . "Kerry James Marshall: Mementos." A retrospective of paintings, plus new video and sculptural pieces; through 11/29. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"Chinese Snuff Bottles From the Pamela R. Lessing Friedman Collection." 130 bottles from the Qing Dynasty (1644–1911); through 12/6. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. and Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks." The first full-scale exhibition of works from the Walt Disney Imagineering archives, tracing the history of the theme parks from original concepts through recent developments; 10/6–1/10/99. . . . "Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Mo-

Photography

Straight Man

There's a story Thomas Roma likes to tell—of when he was a young man, a very garrulous Wall Street trading clerk turned photographer, and he finally got around to showing his pictures to two older friends of his, photographers Tod Papageorge and Paul McDonough, both of whom had, to put it mildly, a bit more experience. "I'd known them for two years, and I had just gotten a New York State Council on the Arts grant. At that point, they were interested in seeing what I did. So I brought them this box of prints. Tod said, 'These aren't ironic. They aren't even funny. You're funny. Why aren't these pictures funny?' And I said, 'Well, maybe because I'm funny I don't have to turn to photography to be funny.' " Now, two and a half decades later, Roma is having the last laugh. Not only are his eloquent, humanistic photographs of Brooklyn's people and neighborhoods currently the subject of "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma" (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Avenue, at 94th Street; through November 29), the 48-year-old photographer has received two Guggenheim fellowships; taught at Yale, the School of Visual Arts, Cooper Union, Fordham University, and Columbia (where he is currently director of photography and a professor of visual arts); and recently had a one-person exhibition at MOMA (of the series "Come Sunday," depicting worshipers in Brooklyn's black churches). Roma's new exhibition and first retrospective draws from that series and his four other projects to date: "Higher Ground," photographs taken in and from Brooklyn's elevated trains; "Found in Brooklyn," a series of neighborhood studies; "Sunset Park," staged photographs centering around a public pool in Brooklyn; and "Court Portraits," a work-in-progress consisting of photographs of people in the corridors of the Brooklyn criminal courthouse. It's serious, life-affirming work—in the tradition of Helen Levitt, Lee Friedlander, Walker Evans, and other documentary-style photographers Roma admires. But he hasn't lost his sense of humor. "I was recently called a dinosaur," quips Roma, who lives in Brooklyn with his wife, Anna; son, Giancarlo; and two standard poodles. "I think of a dinosaur as a very successful organism." Edith Newhall

Photograph © Thomas Roma.

ment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. noon–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Claude Monet's *Vétheuil in Summer* From the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto"; through 10/4. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Maya Lin: Topologies." Fifteen works by the artist/architect in glass, wood, and wax adapted from computer-enhanced imaging and microscopy and from aerial views of the earth taken from airplanes and satellites; through 10/31. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; contribution suggested.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "After Rabin: New Art From Israel." Paintings, photography, installation, video, and artist books by contemporary Israeli artists; through 1/3. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Sacred Visions." Early Paintings From Central Tibet." Approximately 60 Tibetan thankas and painted objects dating from the mid-eleventh to the mid-fifteenth century; 10/6–1/17/99. . . . "From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; through 1/3/99. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28/99. . . . "Letters in Gold: Ottoman Calligraphy From the Sakip Sabanci Collection, Istanbul"; through 12/13. . . . "The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion." An exhibition exploring the persistence of eighteenth-century style in clothing, featuring garments from the 1700s and their nineteenth- and twentieth-century revivals; through 11/29. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31/99. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "Modern Times: Photography Between the Two World Wars"; through 10/4. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Baule: African Art/Western Eyes." Objects created by the Baule people of Africa's Ivory Coast; through 1/30/99. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. noon–8, Sun. noon–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Masterpieces in Wood: American Folk Marquetry From the Hirschhorn Foundation." Nineteenth-century American folk marquetry chairs, tables, boxes, frames, game boards, and other furniture and decorative works from the collection of Robert and Marjorie Hirschhorn; 10/3–1/10/99. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "David Goldblatt: Photographs From South Africa." Photographs of houses, churches, public buildings, and other structures in South Africa; through 10/6. . . . "Ufa Film Posters, 1918–1943." Fifty posters for films produced or distributed by Ufa, Germany's legendary movie studio; through 1/5/99. . . . "Projects 64: Diana Thater." A new multi-site video installation work titled *The best animals are the flat animals*; through 11/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"C'AD Infinitum: Textiles, Techniques, & Technology." An exhibition exploring new computer technologies. Through 1/2/99. . . . Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. noon–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Faces of *Time*: 75 Years of *Time* Magazine Cover Portraits." Original works commissioned as *Time* magazine cover illustrations; through 1/3/99. . . . "Artists and the Avant-Garde Theater in Paris, 1887–1900"; 10/2–1/3/99. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. noon–5, Fri., noon–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Dancing at the Louvre: Faith Ringgold's *French Collection* and Other Story Quilts." Works from the artist's series of quilt paintings that tell the fictional adventures of an African-American woman working as an artist and model in Paris during the heyday of Picasso, Matisse, and Gertrude Stein; 10/1–1/3/99. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. noon–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. noon–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Barney Tobey." A selection of cartoons by one of *The New Yorker*'s first staff cartoonists; through 1/9/99. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.-Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"William Sidney Mount: Painter of American Life." The first major loan exhibition of paintings by the Long Island native (1807–1868) often credited as the founder of American genre painting; through 10/25. . . . "Fading Ad Campaign: Vintage Painted Signs." Photographs of painted advertisements on buildings in New York City by Frank H. Jump; through 11/1. . . . "Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 10/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and P.S. 1, of works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. . . . "The Edge of Awareness: An Itinerant International Contemporary Art Exhibition." An exhibition of works by 39 artists honoring the fiftieth anniversary of the World Health Organization; through 10/18. . . . "David Levinthal: Cowboy Corridor." Photographs of cowboy dolls from the artist's "Wild West" series; through 1/24/99. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Master Drawings From the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums." Approximately 120 western-European drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth century. Through 1/10/99. . . . "Russian Arts and Letters." Manuscripts and printed books from the late imperial and early Soviet eras, drawn from the library's permanent collection; through 1/17/99. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. noon–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; 10/4–2/28/99. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Mark Rothko." A major traveling exhibition of 115 paintings and works on paper dating from the thirties to 1970; through 11/29. . . . "Bob Thompson." The most comprehensive survey of paintings by the African-American figurative expressionist (1937–1966) to date; through1/3/99. . . . "Liisa Roberts: *Blind Side*." An installation in which a 16-mm. film operates as a sculptural element; through 10/4. . . . "Good Times, Hard Times, War Times: American Prints From the 1920s to the 1940s." Prints from the museum's permanent collection by Howard Cook, Mabel Dwight, Louis Lozowick, Benton Spruance, and others; through 11/15. . . . "Janine Antoni: *Swoon*." The first major video installation by the artist Janine Antoni; through 11/15. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Hope Sandrow: *Water Life*." An installation that consists of underwater photographs of human figures, arrangements of seashells, and the sound of running water; through 10/9. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. at 59th St. (546-1119). 10/5 at 10 and 2: "U.S. Gold Coins." On view from 10/3. 10/5 at 6: "The Barry Friedman Collection of Avant-Garde Photography." On view from 9/29. 10/6 at 10 and 2: "Photographs." On view from 9/29.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 10/1 at 10: "American Paintings." On view from 9/28. 10/5 at 1: "American Decorative Arts." On view from 9/30.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 10/6 at 10: "Art Nouveau and Art Deco." On view from 10/4.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 10/4 at 4: "Twentieth Century Photography." On view from 10/1.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/1 at 10:15 and 2: "Rugs." On view from 9/26. 10/6 at 10:15: "Impressionist." On view from 10/1. 10/6 at 2 and 10/8 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Modern and Contemporary Paintings." On view from 10/2.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 10/5 at 10:30 and 2:30: "19th- and 20th-Century Photographs." On view from 10/1.

restaurants

American Buffalo...Sa-Woy...Food Lover

Preview
Information Supper Highway

You may remember Tino Scarpa from his namesake restaurant, which ended its fifteen-year run in 1988. Now, in an attempt to appeal to the Net generation, he's named his newest incarnation (opening next week) Tino's.com and is installing an upstairs cyber-bar and a Website. Luckily, the technophilia doesn't extend to the menu, which hews to such Italian classics as prosciutto with melon and figs, fried calamari, risotto, and grilled veal chops. Entrées, $15 to $32. (40 West 56th Street; 262-9300.)

Manhattan
Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Donna Lynn's—This Italian restaurant in the financial district combines the relaxed feel of a sofa-strewn lounge with the aural effect of a two-story waterfall. The emphasis on seafood shows up in house specialties like Dover sole à la Venezia, cooked in lemon butter and topped with scallops, served with angel-hair pasta and garlic and oil. *30 Water St. (742-1197). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

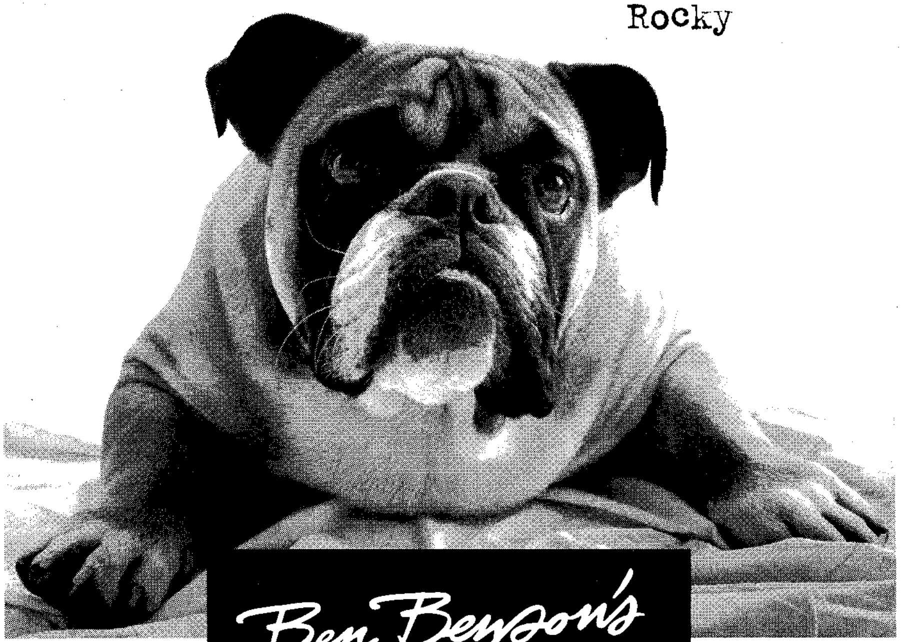
Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and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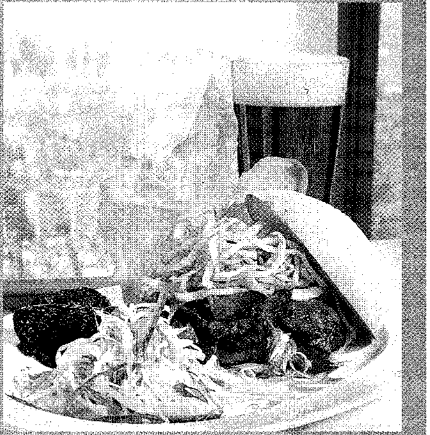


Experimental carnivores may never know how close we came to being deprived of buffalo meat. But we came perilously close: By the turn of the century, a population that once numbered 60 million was reduced to a solitary herd roaming Yellowstone Park. To judge by its growing prevalence on restaurant menus—a consequence of government controls and an effort by ranchers to farm the animal as an eco-friendly beef substitute—the buffalo is no longer facing imminent extinction. In fact, it's turning up as fast food (hot dogs at the Upper West Side's Peaceful Palate), pub grub (tamarind-cinnamon-spiced short ribs at Heartland Brewery), and haute comfort food (buffalo-brisket hoagie at Windows on the World, above). Bison's trendy, but it's also relatively healthy, with *less* fat and more iron than beef. Plus it's raised without hormones or antibiotics. To Philippe Feret, whose company Carême promotes Wyoming-ranched bison, the only thing endangered about the animal is its image. "There's nothing better to represent America than buffalo," he says.

FOLLOWING THE HERD	RANGE ROAMERS
WINDOWS ON THE WORLD 1 World Trade Center; 524-7000	At brunch: roasted and braised brisket of farm-raised American bison in a coffee barbecue sauce with roasted poblano peppers and shoestring onions on a Portuguese roll, served with vinegar cole slaw and sweet-potato chips.
14 WALL 14 Wall Street; 233-2780	As a special: buffalo tartare, served with brioche toast, whipped crème fraîche, and caramelized roasted onions.
MICHAEL JORDAN'S THE STEAK HOUSE NYC 23 Vanderbilt Avenue; 655-2300	As a special: broiled buffalo sirloin, sliced and served with a sauce of red wine, veal stock, butter, and herbs.
THE FOUR SEASONS 99 East 52nd Street; 754-9494	Filet of bison with chanterelles and roasted shallots.
RAOUL'S 180 Prince Street; 966-3518	Carpaccio of bison with truffle oil, asparagus, and shaved Parmesan.
FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN 57 East 57th Street; 758-5757	At lunch: peppered buffalo fillet with cornmeal-crusted tomatoes and leeks.

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Robiola—Everyone comes for the focaccia robiola, but you wouldn't go wrong with roasted baby chicken, pasta, or anything from the wood-burning oven. This is the second venture by the folks behind midtown's popular Da Ciro. *535 Hudson St. (620-3838). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Peewee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ribollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. *260 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (982-0975). (I–M) AE, TM.*

Rodeo Bar & Grill—This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-*

Happening

Consuming Passions

Before Warren Beatty—or, come to think of it, before our commander in chief—there was Giovanni Casanova. And to judge by recently published recipes from his memoirs, the man relished keeping his strength up. To commemorate the 200th anniversary of his death, Caffe Bondí chef Salvatore Anzalone has created a $39 seven-course menu of dishes the world's greatest lover loved most. October 2 through 17, diners can enjoy virgin's soup (cream-based, with chicken and almonds), shrimp posing as courtesans (sautéed with hot pepper, sherry, and cilantro), and virtuous quails (baked with white wine, snow peas, scallions, and powdered ginger). (7 West 20th Street; 691-8136.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Paramount Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. *235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

What is umami *and where can I find it?*

Add *umami*—the esoteric quality of deliciousness that only Zen taste buds can perceive—to the usual mortal's sweet, sour, salty, and bitter. Then discover it in Toshihiro Uezu's ethereal nibbles of the sea at the counter of Kuruma Zushi. His cut is classic, but he's a rebel too, coaching Maria Roman (above), his most unlikely apprentice. Say *omakase*, and the seduction begins. A sliver of toro, a ribbon of fluke, firm cuts of snapperlike ishi dai to start. Uezu takes his cue from your sensei cries, sending imported striped bass and Japanese seaweed, shima aji (a treasured island mackerel), raw giant shrimp from Vancouver, and precious snow crab. Not even a pound of fish, but *mucho umami*, roughly $280 for two. (7 East 47th Street; 317-2802.)

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. *650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I–M) AE, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meatlovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally

Photograph by Evan Kafka.

Opening

Getting Their Props

The husband-and-wife team behind Chelsea's casual Pad Thai and Regional Thai Taste restaurants have taken their successful formula uptown and upscale. The two-story, crimson-coated dining room in their new Regional Thai Sa-Woy is jam-packed with antique and custom-made artifacts. Prices for a terrifically flavorful tom kah gai, assorted dumplings, and uncommon entrées like lamb chops with green peppercorns, krachai roots, lime leaf, and chili paste are substantially higher than downtown, presumably to cover the cost of importing the massive Buddhist-temple bells and hand-carved wooden zodiac. (1479 First Avenue, at 77th Street; 744-6374.)

arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mustang Grill—Choose from over a hundred premium tequilas, and a southwestern menu offering dishes like pecan-honey-crusted chicken, chili-crusted lamb with jalapeño-potato gratin, and—for the less adventurous—your basic quesadilla. The late-night kitchen, comfortable Mexican furnishings, and a new cigar lounge encourage lingering. *1633 Second Ave., at 85th St. (744-9194). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). Also, 470 Sixth Ave., nr. 11th St. (243-2222). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

nightlife

Krakauer...Spooky...Elliott Smith

Concerts

ARC Gospel Choir—10/4 at 4 P.M. *Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, Central Park near 110th St. and Fifth Ave. (860-1374). Free.*

Barenaked Ladies—North-of-the-border jangle-pop from a group of guys who make the Crash Test Dummies look like the swingingest cats in town. 10/7 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $32.*

Roy Hargrove Sextet—The young trumpeter has come a long way since his days of beatboxing behind Erykah Badu on Dallas public radio. The good taste evidenced by the early gig, though sublimated into first-class jazz playing, remains. 10/2 at 8 and 10 P.M. *Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (718-462-7700). $20.*

"The High Road to Freedom"—Subtitled "The First Amendment Through Words and Music," this folkishly inclined program features Theodore Bikel, Oscar Brand, Judy Collins, Jack Landron, and other fellow travellers (just *kidding*!) exploring the history of free speech—and the occasional lack thereof—in this country. Highlights include "Amazing Grace," "Turn, Turn, Turn," and "Talking Atomic Blues." *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $25.*

Janet Jackson—Who'd have thought that two-plus decades into the family's career, Janet would be the last Jackson with even a shred of credibility to her name? On second thought, given the alternatives—La Toya? Jacko himself?—it does start to make sense. With Usher. 10/6 at 8 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $25–$100.* 10/11 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $40–$125.*

David Krakauer & Klezmer Madness—See page 89. 10/4 at 3 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $15–$20.*

Mevlevi Whirling Dervishes of Turkey—Devotees of the same mystical Islamic sect that gives us Pakistani *qawwali,* the Mevlevis have been following the example of thirteenth-century poet Rumi—who noted that "dazed by the marvels of love, our whirling endures"—since before the Ottoman Empire existed. 10/2–10/3 at 8 P.M., 10/4 at 7 P.M. *City Center, 130 W. 55th St. (581-1212). $30–$45.*

Rod Stewart—10/2–10/3 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $25–$125.*

Lynyrd Skynyrd—The never-ending cavalcade of Van Zandts rolls into town yet again—still minus the one family member who'd really count in this context. With Chris Knight. 10/1–10/2 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway at 75th St. (496-7070). $35–$50.*

Billy Taylor and Ethel Ennis—Kicking off his "Jazz Models and Mentors" program, the ever-dapper Dr. Taylor and his trio accompany Baltimore's finest jazz singer. 10/5 at 7 P.M. *Metropolitan Museum of Art's Grace Rainey Auditorium, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949). $25.*

Performance
Spin Control

Members of a seven-century-old mystical order, Turkey's Mevlevi Whirling Dervishes bring their ecstatic dance—accompanied by an ensemble that includes renowned singer Kani Karaca—to City Center, October 2 through 4. (See "Concerts.")

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, cleaned up, and become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 10/1: Crowsdell. 10/2: Pacific Ocean. 10/3: The Holy Modal Rounders; Tom Freund. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—10/2: You remember Wendy & Lisa—"Is the water warm enough?" etc. The erstwhile Prince protégées turned producers have just released their first album in years, *Girl Brothers.* Don't look for the Purple One himself to appear at this *intime* gig; do expect plenty of gawkers looking for himself. 9/29: The first signing to Glenn Ballard's Java label, singer-songwriter Jamie Block totally rocks. Need we say more? *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 10/1: Riders in the Sky. 10/2: NRBQ. 10/3: Hal Ketchum; Allison Moorer. 10/5: Katie McMahon; Mark Geary. 10/7: Susan McKeown; Christine Lavin; 5 Chinese Brothers. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—10/3: On album No. 7, *Acme,* the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion's shtick—cross-pollinate the Sex Pistols and James Brown; call it blues—is getting to be a little old hat. Live, though, the bassless trio's barbed-wire riffing, staccato shout-outs, and Theremin free-for-alls are anything but tired. 9/30: Low; Ida; Jessica Baliff. 10/1: Son Volt; Josh Rouse. 10/3: The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 10/2–10/3: The Knockout Drops. 10/5: Old Pike. 10/6: Baby Steps. 10/7: Birdy; Rachel Sage. *161 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 9/30: S'Killit. 10/1: Christine Santelli. 10/2: James Montgomery. 10/3: Kinsey Report. 10/6: Jimi Natale. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 10/2: God Lives Underwater; Mindless Self Indulgence. 10/5: Papas Fritas. 10/6: Cosmic Psychos; Hissyfits. 10/8: The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 9/30: Godspeed You; Black Emperor; Barbez; Rebecca Moore. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $.*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. 10/1: Babe the Blue Ox; Ruth Ruth. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Elbow Room—Wednesdays, at this otherwise forgettable cavern, the hipsters pack in for a night of karaoke madness. Go ahead and get in a battle with Moby, Michael Stipe, or any of the other high-profile regulars who let their hair down on hump day. *144 Bleecker St. (979-6973).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—10/5: Local vinyl surgeon D.J. Spooky's been making the scene for years now—hosting his weekly Abstrakt party at various locations, spinning with everybody from Arto Lindsay to the Deep Listening Band, and putting out his own mind-bending (if occasionally off-putting) CDs. Now he's taken the big step of hiring a band to promote his major-label debut, *Riddim Warfare.* He's as nimble an upright bassist as he is a D.J. (in fact, before he was D.J. Spooky, Paul D. Miller played the double-bass full-time), so this intersection of spin and slap should make for rewarding listening. With Massachusetts media-terrorists EBN. 9/30: N'Dea Davenport. 10/1–10/2: Morcheeba; Pernice Brothers. 10/6: Reel Big Fish; Spring Heeled Jack. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swing-fests of ballroom dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 9/29–10/2: Bobby Previte—a 20-year retrospective. 10/4: Ehran Elisha's Kinetic Music. 10/5: Kamikaze Ground Crew. 10/6: Doctor Nerve and Harpy. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $.*

Life—At this deeply alienating Euro-hang, Wednesday night's "Lust for Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. 10/2: Jesus & Mary Chain; Grand Mal. 10/7: Bile; Demonspeed. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—10/2: Boston teen guitar-whiz Mike Welch dropped "Monster" as a stage name when he reach 18, but he's still got enough ferocious chops to warrant a return to the moniker any time he should choose it. 10/1: Matt "Guitar" Murphy. 10/3: Little Mike & the Tornadoes. 10/6: Michael Parrish Band. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—10/1: On his third album, and major-label debut, Robbie Fulks is going after bigger game than even the disc's title, *Let's Kill Saturday Night,* lets on. Fulks is nothing less than an alt-country Nietzsche, gleefully philosophizing with a six-string hammer. "Go tell the executioner of the power he can't defy," he sings in a lovely, high-lonesome wail. "Go tell his shackled victim of the mercy on high / Then go to your churches—go beg, pray, and kneel / But don't ask me to follow, for God isn't real." Tell it, brother! (In the spirit of full disclosure, the rest of the album is mostly Steve Earle-esque country-rock—still excellent, but not as outright hilarious.) 10/2: Lotion. 10/3: In anticipation of the release of their excellent new *Proximity Effect,* big-in-France New York trio Nada Surf opens up for Television alum Richard Lloyd. 10/4: "Community Center Benefit." Marquis Quartet; Wild Carnation; Candy Jones; James Mastro; Dave Schramm. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064). $.*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 9/29: Sexpod; New United Monster Show; Shirley Temple of Doom. 10/1: Already in the "Where are they now?" file, fleeting hitmeister Patti Rothberg works her album *Between the 1 and the 9.* 10/2–10/3: Sinead Lohan; Jude. 10/6: Block (see Arlene Grocery listing). *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 9/30: Bill Kirchen. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 9/29: Henri Dikongue. 9/30: Hassan Hakmoun; Akira Satake. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon, followed by one of the numerous, interchangeable neo-swing acts that are currently plaguing our great nation. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—10/3–10/4: As he did on his indie releases, Oregonian-turned-Brooklynite Elliott Smith plays virtually all the instruments on his new *XO.* With the new disc's major-label budget, that means Smith has now augmented his delicate fingerpicking with heretofore-unrevealed piano skills, full yet subtle arrangements, and the occasional George Harrison mystical moment. For parts of this show, he's backed by openers Quasi, a Portland duo whose pop sensibilities mesh perfectly with Smith's; keyboardist Sam Coombs's over-the-top rock-antics should ensure that the audience doesn't drift off into conversation, as happened at Smith's last solo gig here. 9/30: Frank Black & the Catholics; Reid Paley. 10/2: Archers of Loaf; Knapsack; At the Drive-in. 10/6: Better Than Ezra; Athenaeum; Possum Dixon. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. Monday is the long-running drum-and-

Talent
Reed Between the Lines

Merry and cherubic, clarinetist David Krakauer (October 4, Symphony Space) is also something of a crusader: He has found a modest vessel of civic harmony in a two-foot wooden tube. On his new album, *Klezmer, N.Y.,* the woodwind virtuoso envisions a meeting of his two primary influences: jazz giant Sidney Bechet and klezmer great Naftule (Naf-TOOL-ee) Brandwein. While they were hardly kin, the New Orleans– and Ukraine-born clarinetists do seem to have been kindred spirits. "They were both these real flamboyant, offbeat characters," reports Krakauer. Bechet was expelled from England and France for fighting, while his klezmer counterpart was, as Krakauer puts it, "a bit of a drinker. In a fit of patriotism, he once performed in an Uncle Sam costume with Christmas lights and nearly electrocuted himself." For fifteen heady years, from the late twenties to the mid-forties, these two outsize personalities were also only a subway ride away from each other—just a straight shot down the El, from Harlem to the Lower East Side. It's this trip, as much as the musicians themselves, that Krakauer considers in the record's song cycle, "A Klezmer Tribute to Sidney Bechet." In nutty, evocative tunes like "Bechet in the Roumanian Wine Cellar" and "Congo Square Doina," Krakauer's quintet Klezmer Madness summons the ragged, soulful intensity running through both Bechet's blues and Brandwein's *freylachs,* evoking an entire era of urban struggle and optimism. "It isn't the most fluid or so-called nice sound," Krakauer says of his heroes' playing. "It's more of a rough, wiry, insane sound." Call it a New York sound: Shrill, giggling, soaring, plaintive, it's the sound of folks shouting, crying, and yukking-up the blues. **CHRIS NORRIS**

Photograph by Karen Williams.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 9/30: Brian Jonestown Massacre. 10/4: Dem Brooklyn Bums. 10/5: The Sun Ra Arkestra. 10/6–10/7: Leftover Salmon. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244). $.*

Jazz

Birdland—10/2–10/3: What are James "Blood" Ulmer and Rashied Ali doing in the West Forties? Who knows? But here they are, along with John Hicks and Reggie Workman, spreading the way-out word to the theatergoing masses. 9/30: Jimmy Greene & Darren Barrett Quintet. 10/1: Bob Mintzer Big Band. 10/6–10/8: Kurt Elling & His Trio. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 9/29–10/4: Gato Barbieri. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Citron 47—Sets start at 9:30 P.M. Mondays: Chuck Wilson's Jazz Quartet. Tuesdays: Cafe. Sundays: Jon Sholle Wednesdays and Fridays: The Stingers. Thursdays: Eric. *401 W. 47th St. (397-4747). $10 minimum.*

Guggenheim Museum—Fridays and Saturdays, from 5 to 8 P.M., some genuinely happening players hit the lobby for jazz in the round. Through October, flautist Jamie Baum fills the rotunda with trilling tones. *1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500). Free with museum admission.*

Iridium—One of the most exciting trumpeters and finest composers in jazz today, Tom Harrell also happens to have full-blown schizophrenia—a condition that hampered his career for several years before he re-emerged in his current, triumphal phase. He leads a big band 9/30, and a quintet, 10/1–10/4. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. 9/29–9/30: The Jon Gordon Quartet. 10/1–10/3: The Anthony Wilson Group. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 9/29–10/4: Kenny Garrett Quartet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. 9/30: Dan Willis. 10/1–10/3: John Zorn's Bar Kokhba. 10/4: Jenny Toomey. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 9/29–10/4: Russell Malone Quartet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. 9/30–10/3: Melgrew Miller Trio. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. 9/30: Jim David; Corey Kehaney; Dave Attell; the Sklar Brothers. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. "Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 10/1–10/4: Robert Schimmel. 10/1–10/2: Upright Citizens Brigade. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Talent
Mr. Bass Man

Beatmeister, bassist, and lit-crit dabbler Paul D. Miller—a.k.a. D.J. Spooky—plugs his fascinating major-label debut, *Riddim Warfare*, with his first-ever show leading a full band, at Irving Plaza, October 5. (See "Clubland.")

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 10/4: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Gregg Rogell; Macio; Kevin Brennan. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 9/28–10/4: Nancy Redman; Tony Powell; Jim Norton; Carrie Karavas. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 9/30: Comedy Salsa. 10/2–10/3: Lewis Black; Al Lubel; Tony Powell. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 10/2–10/3: Gregg Fitzsimmons; Gregg Rogell; Elon Gold; Paul Michael Mercurio; Al Lubell; John Bush. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Through 10/10: Mary Cleere Haran. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 10/11: Barbara Cook. Monday nights, Eddy Davis and Woody Allen cook up red-hot Dixieland. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Every Thursday and Friday in October, Australia's Combo Fiasco. Saturdays in October: Harvey Fierstein. Shows start at 8 P.M. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Through 10/7: Sarah Partridge. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Through 10/3: Cybill Shepherd. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Dive Bar—Neither ultraglamorous nor off-puttingly grim, this most neighborly of Upper West Side pubs caters to regular, working folks who want to drink some fine beer, eat some greasy grub, and generally avoid hipsters, yuppies, and all other species of New York exotica. *732 Amsterdam Ave., at 96th St. (749-4658).*

The Room—This candlelit SoHo joint can't decide whether it's a lounge, an indie-rock hang, a reclaimed industrial space, or just a regular neighborhood bar. But the unintimidating crowd, generally good music, and truly eclectic beer selection make the Room a downtown oasis of normalcy. *144 Sullivan St., bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (477-2102).*

Photograph by Phyllis Galembo.

in concert

Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" at the Philharmonic

Classical Music

Thursday, October 1

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's Symphonies No. 8 and 9 ("Ode to Joy"), with soprano Kelley Nassief, mezzo Marietta Simpson, tenor John Aler, baritone Håken Hagegård, the Westminster Symphonic Choir, and the American Boychoir. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$78.*

St. Petersburg Philharmonic—Performs Sviridov's *Small Triptych;* Schumann's Piano Concerto in A minor, with soloist Jonathan Gilad; and Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$75.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Beethoven's Trio for Piano, Clarinet, and Cello, Bartok's *Contrasts for Clarinet, Violin, and Piano,* and Hindemith's Quartet for Violin, Cello, and Piano, with pianist Anne-Marie McDermott, violinist Kerry McDermott, cellist Fred Sherry, and clarinetist Todd Palmer. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$25.*

Friday, October 2

St. Petersburg Philharmonic—Performs Liadov's *The Enchanted Lake;* Shostakovich's Violin Concerto in C-sharp minor, with soloist Gidon Kremer; and Prokofiev's Symphony No. 7 in C-sharp minor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$75.*

New York Philharmonic—See 9/1.

Susanne Mentzer, Mezzo-soprano—Performs works by Schumann, Alexander-Katz, Mahler, and others, with pianist Craig Rutenberg. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $35.*

Juilliard Orchestra—Performs the Cello Concerto in D Major and other works by Haydn. *Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; free.*

Saturday, October 3

St. Petersburg Philharmonic—Performs Rimsky-Korsakov's suites from *The Tale of the Tsar Saltan* and *The Golden Cockerel,* and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé,* Suites No. 1 and 2. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$75.*

New York Philharmonic—See 9/1.

ZOOM: Composers Close Up—Flutist Tara Helen O'Connor and pianist Margaret Kampmeier perform the New York premiere of Michael Gandolfi's *Gepetto's Workshop.* A panel discussion with the composer follows the concert. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 9; $8.50.*

Manhattan School of Music Philharmonia—Performs Bernstein's Divertimento for Orchestra, Ravel's *Shéhérazade for Mezzo-Soprano and Orchestra,* and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5 in D minor, with mezzo Kate Aldrich. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. (749-2802, ext. 428), at 8; free.*

Sunday, October 4

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs Weill's "Kings and Prophets" from *The Eternal Road. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $18–$45.*

Si-Yo Music Society—Pianist Tung Kwon-Kwong and violinist Ma-Si Hon perform Bach's "Fuga a Tre" from *The Musical Offering* and Suite in E flat, and Schubert's Quintet in A Major. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 2; $17.*

Bargemusic—See 10/1, at 4.

Monday, October 5

English Chamber Orchestra—Performs Vivaldi's Violin Concerto in C minor, Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 5 in A Major and Symphony No. 41 in C Major, and Neikrug's Suite from the opera *Los Alamos,* with violinist and conductor Pinchas Zukerman. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

Harpsichord Unlimited—Performs a program of classical, Baroque, and nineteenth-century guitar and lute music, with guitarist Jerry Willard and harpsichordist Elaine Comparone. *St. Peter's Lutheran Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (932-9462), at 8; $15.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Aïda,* 9/29 and 10/3 at 8; Wagner's *Lohengrin,* 9/30 at 7 and 10/3 at 12:30; Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila,* 10/1 at 8; and Puccini's *Tosca,* 10/2 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $26–$210.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

New York City Opera—Performs Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia,* 9/30 at 7:30; Puccini's *Tosca,* 10/1 at 7:30 and 10/4 at 1:30; and a double bill of Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins* and Orff's *Carmina Burana,* 10/2 at 8 and 10/3 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Amato Opera—Performs Puccini's *La Bohème,* 10/2 and 10/3 at 7:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20–$45.*

Dicapo Opera—Performs Bellini's *Norma,* 10/1 at 7, 10/2 and 10/3 at 8, and 10/4 at 3. *Dicapo Opera Theater, 184 E. 76th St. (288-9438); $25.*

Dance

Compagnie Maguy Marin—Performs *Ramdam,* a dark comedy about the history of human communication, 9/29–10/3 at 8 and 10/4 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800); $32.*

Mary Anthony Dance Theater—Performs Anthony's *Gloria* and *Magdalen,* and *Caligula* and three new dances by Kun-Yang Lin, 10/1 and 10/2 at 9, and 10/3 at 8. *Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (674-8191); $15.*

Sara Pearson/Patrik Widrig and Company—Perform *Alpsegen (God Bless and Protect This Mountain),* and Pearson's *Be Careful What You Wish For* and *Terra Firma,* 10/1–10/4 at 8:30. *Danspace Project, St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. and 10th St. (674-8194); $12.*

Previews
Super Conductor

Yuri Temirkanov may be trying to shed his image as a Russian-music specialist, but he also knows what audiences want to hear. Consequently, he will be leading the St. Petersburg Philharmonic (see 10/1–10/3) in works by Stravinsky, Shostakovich, and Prokofiev, but will also perform pieces by Ravel and Schumann for some international flavor.

Photograph by Steve J. Sherman.

the mix

Classic Cars...Frank O'Hara Walking Tour

John Leonard's TV Notes

Maggie Winters (Wednesdays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; CBS) asks Faith Ford to exhaust her *Murphy Brown* perk on trying too hard to be zany, as a brand-new divorcée come back from the big city to her small town, her wisecracking mother (Shirley Knight), and all the kids she went to high school with, for whom she is no longer the homecoming queen. First, she thinks, she needs a job. But even before that, she could use some writers who walk less like Egyptians.

To Have & To Hold (Wednesdays; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS) borrows from *Hill Street Blues* the romance of tough-but-sensitive cop (in this case Jason Beghe instead of Daniel J. Travanti) and a sensitive-but-tough public defender (in this case Moira Kelly instead of Veronica Hamel)—but plays it in Irish Boston more for affectionate blarney than for urban angst. Fionnula Flanagan is Jason's mother, John Cullum his father, and domestic violence is an issue in the pilot, which will end in family therapy and a wedding. Pleasant, perhaps even promising.

The Secret Lives of Men (Wednesdays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC), from punch-line specialist Susan Harris, lets us listen in on three divorced guys—Peter Gallagher, Mitch Rouse, and Bradley Whitford—as they talk about women, sex, themselves, and such feelings as they are willing to acknowledge, usually on the golf course. Self-pity isn't pretty.

Vengeance Unlimited (Thursdays; 8 to 9 P.M.; ABC), in which Michael Madsen as a sort of Mickey Rourke Equalizer takes on victims of injustice and gets even with those who did them dirt in return for favors to be collected later in another payback sting, has some pizzazz as well as some humor ("Fresh-baked brownies—that's what life is all about"). In the opener, a dirty lawyer, a filthy entrepreneur, and an absolutely despicable drug dealer almost get away with the murder of a perfectly nice woman at a photocopying machine, except that Michael calls in his chit with Kathleen York, who looks by the end of the hour as if she's decided to stick around this one-man vigilante. Future episodes will depend on the cleverness of the stings.

Two of a Kind (Fridays; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; ABC) asks us to endure a series of protracted outings with the Olsen twins, Mary Kate and Ashley, this time tethered to a widowed college-professor dad, Christopher Sieber, who is mousetrapped into hiring as their baby-sitter a free-spirited dharma-bumming former Las Vegas cashier who just happens to be a student in Dad's science lab. I am not to be trusted on the subject of the Olsens.

Brother's Keeper (Fridays; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC) undercuts the parental authority of college-prof William Ragsdale with his own son, Justin Cooper, by arranging for their house to be invaded by pro-football uncle Sean O'Bryan, under a kind of house arrest, whose manly misbehavior means he is always on the run from the Fun Police and his agent-keeper, Bess Meyer, who, of course, happens to be beautiful. Not as bad as it sounds.

Naked City: Justice With a Bullet (10/4; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) is the first of several TV movies inspired by the semi-classic 1948 motion picture; no mention is made of the TV series—in which there are 8 million stories, and cop-partners Scott Glenn and Courtney B. Vance will get to know most of them as they try find out who has ordered the hit on Courtney, while simultaneously trying to clean up after two tourists visiting from Ohio (Robin Tunney and Kathryn Erbe) who have turned, with more than ample justification, into Thelma and Louise. Except in Glenn's portentous voice-overs, this has some big-city style and sidewalk wit.

About Sarah (10/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) pulls out all the stops with grandmother Marion Ross dying just before granddaughter Kellie Martin can go off to med school, leaving Kellie with the responsibility for her own sweet but retarded mother, Mary Steenburgen, whose art-gallery careerist aunt Diane Baker wants to dump her in an institutional home. We learn many family secrets, several of which we've already guessed before the lurid light dawns on Kellie, but this is a Sunday-night CBS weepie, so everybody ends up more or less wiser and even empowered. And Steenburgen's performance looks like an Emmy nomination.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 10/3: C. David Heymann, author of *RFK: A Candid Biography of Robert F. Kennedy; Village Voice* writer Lynn Yaeger on advertising and fashion mags. WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 10/4: Susan Choi, author of *The Foreign Student*. WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

Elizabeth Swados—10/5 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Flamboyant*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Francesca Marciano—10/1 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from *Rules of the Wild*. Rizzoli, 454 W. Broadway (674-1616); free.

Chastity Bono—10/1 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Family Outing*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Howard Norman—10/1 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Museum Guard*. Lenox Hill Book Store, 1018 Lexington Ave., between 72nd and 73rd Sts. (472-7170); free.

Ntozake Shange, Edwidge Danticat, Sapphire, Abena Busia—10/5 at 6 P.M.: Reading from and discussing recent work. Humanities Building, Long Island University Brooklyn Campus, Flatbush and DeKalb Aves. (718) 488-1050; free.

Robert Pinsky—10/5 at 7:30 P.M.: The poet laureate reads from *The Sounds of Poetry*. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Galinsky—10/5 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Sex, Drugs, & Poetry*. The Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (219-3006); $5 with a one drink minimum.

Jonathan Franzen and Sam Toperoff—9/29 at 7 P.M.: As part of the Granta Greats Reading Series. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (988-1197); free.

Tom Perrotta and Kate Walbert—10/4 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from new work. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

Chris Bohjalian—10/2 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Midwives*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Jean-Georges Vongerichten—9/29 at 7 P.M.: Discussing *Jean-Georges: Cooking at Home with a Four-Star Chef*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

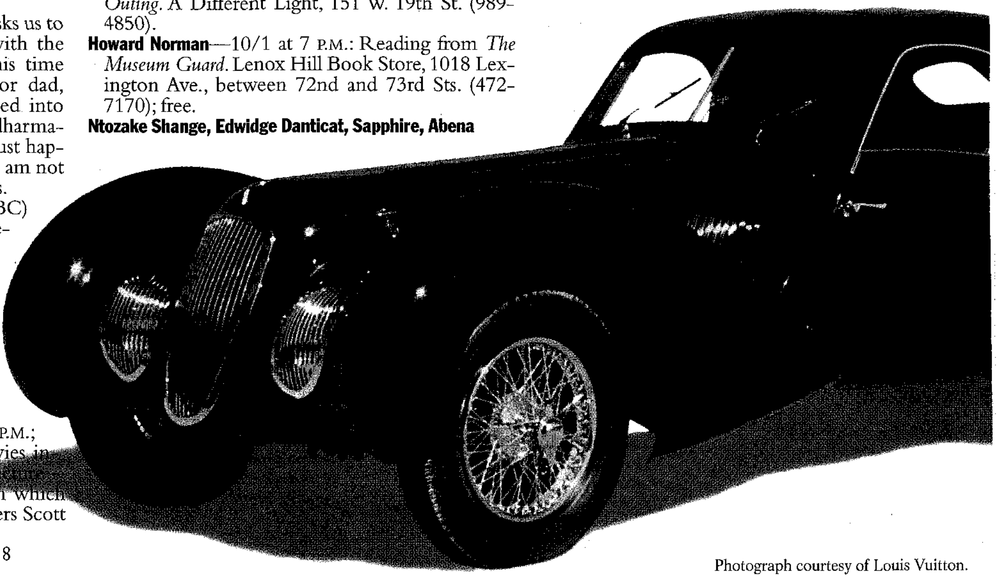
Lectures and Panels

"Poems for the Millennium: The Modern Experiment as a Global Poetics"—10/3, 10/7, & 10/17 at 4 P.M.: Explore the range of innovations and discoveries that have transformed the formal, experimental,

On View

Roadster Rage

The Queen Elizabeth 2 arrives in New York October 1 with ten classic cars on board, which will be displayed, judged, and, finally, driven along with forty other rare automobiles in the Louis Vuitton Classic. See "Events."



Photograph courtesy of Louis Vuitton.

performative, and social basis of poetry over the last century with Jerome Rothenberg. Poets House, 72 Spring St., second floor (431-7920); free.

"The Gothic, the National, the Subversive"—10/4 at 10 A.M.: A daylong symposium on the Irish Gothic with Seamus Deane, Richard Haslam, Sandra Siegel, Eileen Reilly, Patricia Coughlan, and William J. McCormack. NYU's Glucksman Ireland House, 1 Washington Mews (998-3950); $5.

"Project America: When Democracy Fails"—10/1 at 8 P.M.: A panel discussion with Nadine Strossen, president of the ACLU, professor Abe Polonsky, once blacklisted by the House Un-American Activities Committee, Ruth Zellner, whose refugee ship the *St. Louis* was turned around and sent back to Nazi-dominated Europe; Grayce Uyehara, a survivor of the Japanese-internment camps; and Percy Sutton, former Manhattan borough president and Tuskegee Airman. 92nd St.Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Contemporary Art and Society in Israel and the USA—10/1 at 6:30 P.M.: A discussion with Sarit Shapira and Terri Sultan. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200); $10.

American Culture in Nineteenth-Century Genre Paintings—10/3 at 12:30 P.M.: A symposium in conjunction with the exhibition of works by William Sydney Mount. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400, ext. 0) $10.

Six Landscape Design Portfolios: A Manhattan Lecture Series—Starts 10/5 at 6:30 P.M.: The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 50th St. (718-817-8700); $16.

"Multiculturalism Does Work: Hispanics"—10/2 at 7:30 P.M.: A lecture by Sherrie Baver, in conjunction with State Humanities Month. Van Cortlandt Workman's Circle Community House, 3990 Hillman Ave., Bronx. (718-543-2217).

Tours

Frank O'Hara and the New York School—10/4 at 1 P.M.: A tour visiting sites associated with the rule-breaking poet, considered the laureate of the New York art scene. Call 996-1100 for reservations and meeting place; $18.

From San Juan Hill to Lincoln Center: The Drama of Urban Renewal—10/4 at 1 P.M.: Explore what was once known as "The Jungles," the area north of Hell's Kitchen. Call 996-1100 for reservations and meeting place; $18.

Before Stonewall: A Gay and Lesbian History Tour—10/4 at 1 P.M.: Discover the history of gay culture in Greenwich village. Stops include sites associated with Bayard Rustin, Willa Cather, and two of New York's cross-dressing politicians. Meet at the Washington Square Arch. (439-1090); $8–$10.

Irish New York—10/3 at 1 P.M.: Visit the former Little Ireland district of New York, including Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, the founding site of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Five Points Slum. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. (439-1090); $10.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing: The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour"—10/4 at 1 P.M: Featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $11–$13, reservations are required.

Historic New York Walking Tour—10/4 at 2 P.M: Stops include St. Paul's chapel, Trinity Church, New York Stock Exchange, Castle Clinton, and more. Meet at the northeast corner of Fulton St. and Broadway. (979-2388); $10.

Brooklyn Bridge & Promenade at Sunset—10/3 at 5:30 P.M. & 10/4 at 2:30 P.M.: A walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church and Arthur Miller's home. Call 465-3331 for information and meeting place; $12.

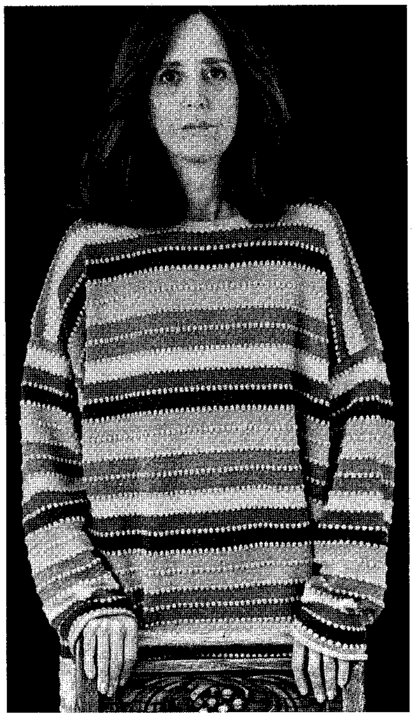
Glorious Gramercy Park—10/3 at 2 P.M.: Get to know this beautiful, exclusive neighborhood that was once a swamp. See the former homes of Edwin Booth, John Garfield, and Margaret Hamilton. Meet in front of the Gramercy Park Hotel, 52 Gramercy Park North, at Lexington Ave. (969-8262); $10.

In Print

Child's Play

"The joy of collaborating with kids is that even their worst behavior is interesting to me," says Elizabeth Swados, playwright, composer, novelist, and anachronism. Her interest in street kids inspired her best-known work, the musical *Runaways,* the *Rent* of the late seventies. She interviewed and auditioned several thousand young New York city drifters for the performance, which inaugurated a tradition: "Ever since then, I stop what I'm doing every couple of years to do a show with kids," says Swados. "There's no suffering competition going on, but I had a really bad growing-up myself, so we can almost always relate instantly—these are basically the people I hang out with." Swados has never been one to limit her expression to one form, or her experience to one place. She traveled extensively with Peter Brook's theater company, as evidenced by a peculiar tattoo on her hand. "Helen Mirren has the same one," she says laughing. "We were in Cali, Colombia, and we were deeply drunk." Swados's latest work is a novel (her third), *Flamboyánt,* which traces the complex mentor-protégée relationship of an Orthodox Jewish teacher and a teenage hooker whose paths cross at the Harvey Milk High School for gay teenagers in Manhattan. "Apprenticeship is something I really believe in," she says. "Although occasionally, kids will turn it around on you; a group I was working with on a show once got together and said to me, 'You know, you write really lousy rap. If it's going to be in the show, then *we're* going to have to write it.' " Of course, she let them. Elizabeth Swados will be reading at A Different Light on October 5; see "The Written Word" for details.

ARIEL LEVY



Photograph by Victor Carnuccio.

Greenwich Village—10/4 at 1 P.M.: Investigate the history and architecture of the neighborhood that was home to artists, writers, and radicals such as Aaron Burr, Edith Wharton, and e.e. cummings. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (732-270-5277); $10.

Historic Harlem—10/3 at 1: As the center of African-American culture, Harlem has long been one of New York City's most fascinating neighborhoods. This tour emphasizes the history, architecture, and residents of Harlem. Visit the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Strivers' Row, Hamilton Heights, and more. Meet at City College, 138th St. and Amsterdam Avenue. Call 242-5762 for more information; $12.

The World of Hasidim—Sundays at 9:30 A.M.: A round trip bus and walking trip through Crown Heights. Witness the writing of an actual Torah scroll, visit a Hasidic Synagogue, library, and kosher deli. Meet at the New York Public Library at 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. For further information call 800-838-TOUR; $36 includes lunch.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage— Weekdays at 3:45 P.M. and Saturdays at 10 A.M.: A unique behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations; $4–$8

Events

"The 4th Folk Festival of Japan"—9/29 at 6:30 P.M.: Encounter the folk arts of Japan, including a "Lion Dance" from Kumamoto, karate from Okinawa, a *koto* concert by Ishikawa-ken Sokyoku Renmei, and more. Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. For free tickets, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Friend of Shofu no Tomo USA, 25 W. 43rd St., Room 1016, New York, N.Y. 10036. Call 698-4995 for further information.

The Louis Vuitton Classic—10/2–10/4 at 9 A.M.: Cars will be viewed and judged on Fri. and Sat.; the results will be announced in a public awards ceremony on Sunday, which features a parade of the cars through midtown. Rockefeller Center's Channel Gardens, Rockefeller Plaza from 48th to 51st Sts. (572-9700); free.

Second Annual New York City Oyster Festival—10/3 at 12 P.M.: Plenty of oysters and plenty of Guinness. The Merchant's House Museum, 29 E. 4th St. (777-1089); free.

Benefits

"Shelters for Shelter"—10/2 at 10:30 A.M.: A tour of the homes of interior designers on the Upper East Side to benefit the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House Women's Shelter at the Park Avenue Armory. Designers whose homes will be visited include Louis Bofferding, Countess Muriel Brandolini D'Abba, Stiles T. Colwill, Elissa Cullman, Marian McEvoy, and others. Meet at the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House, 331 E. 70th St. for pre-tour coffee. (744-5022, ext. 282); $75 tickets must be purchased by 10/1.

NEW YORK
ON THE AIR

Will Monicagate doom Democrats—or backfire on Republicans? Join contributing editor MICHAEL TOMASKY as he talks about Washington scandals and New York elections.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, AT 10 A.M., WITH HOST BRIAN LEHRER

Tune in to WNYC's "On the Line" at AM 820, the call-in program that puts a human face on the issues shaping your life.

WNYC

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Happening **Carnegie Hall's 4th Folk Festival of Japan features the kinds of performances you might see at regional celebrations in Japan—a "lion dance" from Kumamoto, karate from Okinawa, a koto concert from Ishikawa province, and more. See "Events" for further information.**

Woofstock—10/3 at 10 A.M.: The ASPCA's annual dog walkathon. Rumsey Playfield, Central Park at 72nd St. (876-7708); $20–$25.

Exhibitions

"The Triumph of Grand Central"—Through 11/11: Still photography by James Rudnick and text documenting the station's renovation, historic clippings, and a video installation featuring views from the celestial ceiling. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

"Threepennies and a Touch of Venus: The World of Kurt Weill"—Through 12/3: A screening series celebrating the life of the acclaimed composer. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"Fashion and Beauty"—Through 11/7: A retrospective of Art Krane's photographs of fashion, figures, and cosmetics. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581); free.

"The Edge of Awareness"—Through 10/15: Works by 40 artists from five continents underscoring the ability of art to address world health issues. Simultaneously showing at P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Ave., Long Island City, Queens (718-784-2084); $5 suggested donation; and UN Visitor's Lobby, First Ave. at 46th St. (963-7111); free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George will be on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"Laurence Olivier: Four Crowning Achievements"—Through 11/29: A unique opportunity to better understand one of the most acclaimed actors of his era, this series features some of Olivier's best television work: *A Voyage Round My Father, The Collection, Love Among the Ruins, King Lear.* Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Ask Alex the right questions and beat your friends—around the globe—at *Jeopardy!;* celebrate the contributions of women to U.S. history with online exhibits; get cooking with a couple of clicks on Epicurious; place your bets now on Clinton's resignation (right down to the date); and visit a site that reveals how stuff works. And hey, while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, check out our Web exclusives, like daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, and a new neighborhood guide to the East Village. Plus, we've got selected articles from the current issue, a searchable "Cue" section, and a New York trivia contest. So surf us, already.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							TB FOX 4PM
JETS							MIA CBS 1PM
	9/28	9/29	9/30	10/1	10/2	10/3	10/4

Photograph courtesy of the Suzuki Art Agency Limited.

kids

"Show of Hands"..."Turn Turn Turn"

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Baby Talk—New York's first-ever exhibit for kids in the zero-to-4-year-old age range opens next week at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN.** Drawing on the latest scientific findings about brain development and language acquisition, "WordPlay" takes tots from a textured, multisensory Baby Babble area on to engaging make-believe environments like Chatterbug Tree and Post Office Pick-Up that encourage pre-reading skills. Older siblings can still cook up Green Eggs and Ham in the Seuss! exhibit, compose and record music in the sound studio, or get on CMOM-TV. The exhibit opens, and the museum opens after a fall spruce-up, 10/9. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors and free for kids under one.

Chaos Theory—Paul Zaloom, a serious performance artist in the world of adults, is the popular hair-sticking-up-on-end mad-scientist star of *Beakman's World,* a television show that riffs on stranger-than-fiction scientific phenomena like those mysterious stomach growls. "Beakman's World On Tour," currently at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE,** gives kids opportunities to play Body Defenses Foosball and experiment in the kind of hubcap-and-bicycle-filled basement most New York kids are sadly deprived of. Through 1/3/99. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-699-0005). Admission is $6, $4 for children and seniors.

Animus—An elephant will be led slowly up the steps of **ST. JOHN THE DIVINE** at the fourteenth annual Feast of St. Francis, inspired by the gentle life of St. Francis of Assisi. Each year on this day we are all invited to bring pets from home—iguanas, gerbils, goldfish and more—for a sacred "Blessing of the Animals" at the altar. Free tickets for the 11 A.M. procession are distributed on a first-come, first-served basis beginning at 9 A.M. in the cathedral. Pet owners who don't make the cut can still have Fido blessed by cathedral clergy at the afternoon fair and petting zoo. The whole day—which includes a concert by Paul Winter and his Consort and performances by two resident dance troupes, is dedicated to enhancing the sense of harmony between humankind and the natural world. Oct. 4 events begin at 11 A.M. and close with a 7 P.M. Choral Vespers by candlelight. 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (316-7540).●●

Family Circle—*Africa's Elephant Kingdom,* a new large-format movie at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** takes viewers into the daily intimacies and rivalries of a family of elephants. Newborns are tended to by an extended family of mothers, aunts, and cousins; young males joust in a mating ritual; and at one point the camera gets between two bulls heaving enormous tusks at each other and kicking up dust. Beginning 9/26, screenings are at 11:15 A.M., 12:45, 2:30, and 4:30 P.M., with an additional showing on weekends at 6 P.M. Tickets, including museum admission, are $13, $9 students and seniors, $7 children.

Instrumental—The idea behind "Instrument Introduction" day is that children should be able to try out an instrument—hearing its sound with the help of a teacher—before deciding which one they'd like to play on a regular basis. Kids (ages 5 to 12) can check out string, wind, brass, and percussion instruments and get advice on how to rent or borrow the instruments—and where to find a teacher and a beginner orchestra 10/5 from 4 to 6 P.M. at the Liederkranz Foundation, 6 E. 87th St. (410-0370). Registration is encouraged.

Beautiful—Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse brings children up onstage to join in fairy tales that have been tweaked here and there. Weekend performances of *Sleeping Beauty* are at 1:30, with *Hansel, Gretel and the Jolly Gingerbread Man* at 3. Through 11/22. **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE,** 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $8.

Outdoor Games—Borrow a horseshoe set, some hula hoops maybe, a Nerf ball, or a couple of bats and Wiffle balls, and exchange them for a valid I.D., to better enjoy **CENTRAL PARK'**s North Meadow Recreation Center with kids. Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. and weekends from 11 to 8. Mid-park at 97th St.; call 348-4867 to reserve equipment.●

Gater Goes North—Al E. Gator & Friends' popular marionette variety show begins its tenth season in new uptown digs at Asphalt Green's **MAZUR THEATER.** Weekends through 12/20 at 2:30. 555 E. 90th St.; 369-8880. Reservations required; $8.

Cat in the Castle—A whimsical musical, written and directed by Bill Solly follows the adventures of two New York cats shipwrecked in a hostile land of assorted witch and monster types. The Little Theatre at the **WEST SIDE YMCA,** 5 West 63rd St. (875-4222). Weekends 10/3 through 10/25, at 11 and 1. Tickets are $10. Reserve.

Ties That Bind—Chris Pulliam hosts a program for kids at the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART** called "Bonding Families." Inspired by Kerry James Marshall's art work. 10/3 at 4. 200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000). Admission by suggested contribution of $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.●

Chili Pepper Fiesta—A day-long celebration of cultures that share a love of chili peppers at the **BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN** brings together Indian food, Mexican Mariachi music and craft demonstrations from every spice-loving section of the globe. The festival on 10/4 runs from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. 900 Washington Ave. (718-622-4433), or access the Website at www.bbg.org. Admission to the garden is $3, $1.50 students and seniors, 50 cents children ages 6–16.●

Handful—A hands-on exhibit called "A Show of Hands" at the **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER** is all about how hands work for us. Liberty State Park, Jersey City (201-200-1000). Admission is $9.50, $8.50 students and seniors, $6.50 children.

Circus Minimus—Mark Stolzenberg and his partner Heather Hansen juggle fire, ride unicycles, and perform comedic ballet in Super Silly Circus, suitable for kids ages 8 to 15. 10/3 and 10/4 at 2. **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB,** 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). Tickets are $12. (Food can be ordered up before the show from comedian-waiters and -waitresses in the restaurant upstairs.) Reservations are necessary.●

cue

Barbara Ensor	*Kids*
Patricia Falvo	*Movies*
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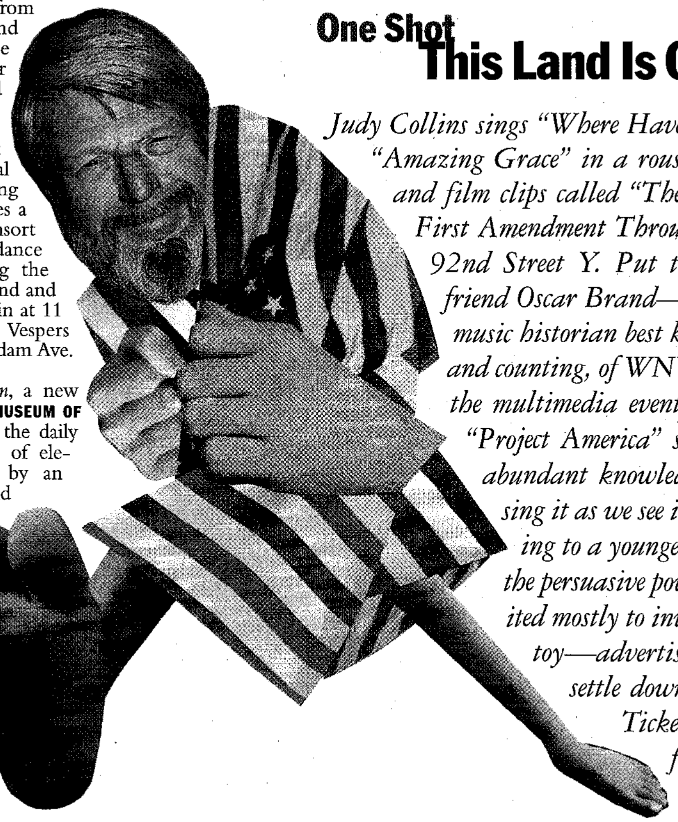

One Shot

This Land Is Our Land

Judy Collins sings "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" and "Amazing Grace" in a rousing collage of American songs and film clips called "The High Road to Freedom: The First Amendment Through Words and Music," at the 92nd Street Y. Put together by Collins's longtime friend Oscar Brand—a singer-songwriter and folk-music historian best known as the host, for 53 years and counting, of WNYC AM's Folksong Festival—the multimedia event is part of the Y's ambitious "Project America" series. Brand's delight in, and abundant knowledge of, our American right to sing it as we see it should be especially enlightening to a younger generation whose experience of the persuasive powers of song has so far been limited mostly to invitations to buy this season's hot toy—advertised between cartoons—and to settle down to sleep. October 3 at 8 P.M. Tickets are $25. Call 996-1100 for a reservation.

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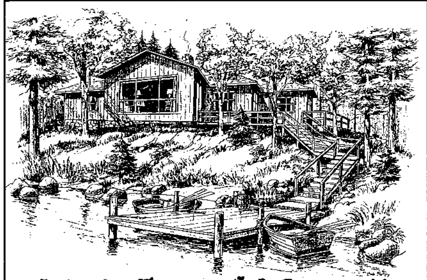

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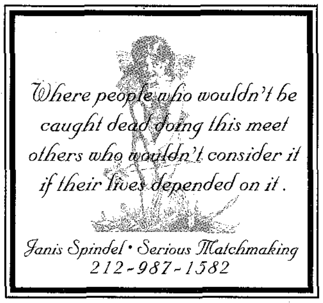

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Sweet Yet Sassy—Seeks sugar and spice and everything nice. Beautiful and thin with long golden-blond hair, 30. Respond if you are an intelligent, accomplished Jewish man, 30-36, and truly everything nice. Note/phone/photo. 5422 ✉

Gay, Very Attractive—Fit, feminine white woman - successful professional, mid 50s. Loves theater, music, movies, books, travel, great food. Seeks romantic, intelligent, fun-loving soul mate. 5359✉

Dharma Seeks Greg—Pretty, very feminine Jenna Elfman-type, 5'8", 125 lbs, reddish blond, late 30s, seeks dashing dragon slayer as protector. You: 35-45, tall, very fit, extremely successful, circulates downtown/uptown - looking for someone special to spoil. Seeking exceptional man: fun, adventuresome, romantic. Limited time offer, so amaze me with your achievements. Note/photo. 5419 ✉

Throwback—39-year-old virgin guy by choice! 5'10", 150 lbs, not ugly but principled. Sincere, sentimental, successful, intellectual type with strong Christian values. Seeks woman of faith, intelligence, inner strength, wisdom, morals and ideals. Prefer average size or petite. 5321 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Romantic—Financial professional, 6'1", slender, very athletic and youthful 50s, divorced, grown children. Loves both the out-of-doors and indoors. Fairfield County, CT resident. Christian background. Traditional values. Seeking classy, attractive, slender woman, 40-50, nonsmoker, who is looking for a sincere long-term relationship. Note/phone/photo, please. 5404 ✉

Nice Guy Seeks True Love—To cherish forever. Just you and me, childless and carefree. I'm 36, 5'11", PhD '99, warm, funny and romantic. 5371 ✉

Ready For Love, Marriage, 2-3 Kids—Very pretty woman seeking a special man, 30s-47, who's ready for the same, to share what really matters in life. Photo. 5397 ✉

I've Seen You—Walking in Manhattan: charming, confident, fit, beautiful, with a great smile, and I imagined that you're also accomplished and intelligent. I'm 45, 5'10", handsome businessman with a unique sense of humor. If you are 33-38, we should talk. Note/photo/phone. 5400✉

Seeking Best Friend And Romance—39, successful entrepreneur, handsome, confident, dynamic, easygoing, with a great personality, sense of humor and many interests - seeks an attractive, slim, intelligent, fun-loving woman, 25-39, for friendship, romance, possible long-term relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5402 ✉☎

6'2", Christian Male, 49—Well-educated professional, worldly, cultured, single, passionate, sense of humor - seeks same in lady under 42, for friendship, commitment...no games. Photo a must/phone number. 5354 ✉

A Great Catch—Handsome and fit, divorced, white Jewish male, 42, plastic surgeon, in search of pretty and fit, single/divorced white female, 27-37, career-oriented, nonsmoker, for long-term relationship. Photo, please. 5385 ✉

Very Pretty, Sophisticated Attorney—Cultured, warm, vivacious, athletic, 5'7", Jewish and feminine. Lives city/country life style and loves active sports and travel. Seeks great guy, 42-52, highly educated (JD, MD, MBA type), caring, confident, refined, with traditional values and preppy good looks. 5360✉☎

Forever Valentine—Sought by caring, cerebral CEO, loving, old-fashioned romantic, really nice guy - with good looks, a great sense of humor, 5'10", muscular build, 43, fun - seeks refined, sincere woman under 37, empathic, with good heart, for the very real thing. Thoughtful note/phone/photo necessary. 5417 ✉☎

Seeking Spanish Beauty—25-35, for serious relationship. I'm a successful, handsome, athletic CEO with an exceptional life style. Photo/note. 5389 ✉

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Clever, Sensitive, Svelte—Woman seeks mate. 5353 ✉

Seeking High-Powered NYC Man—Quick-witted and decisive, who enjoys high culture, dining, travel. Very pretty blond, blue eyes, Waspy, slim, fit, 5'9", former model, 38. Creative, loving, wicked sense of humor. Note/photo. 5424 ✉☎

Mexican/French—Long black hair, big almond-shaped eyes, full-figured, 38, professional, world-traveled, loves to laugh, extremely positive - seeks professional, fun-loving, handsome guy with a sense of humor and values. Photo. 5395 ✉☎

Handsome, Caring, Romantic—Successful business owner, 5'7", physically fit, athletic, playful, kind, loving, practicing Christian male, positive, nonsmoker; seeks under-50, attractive, educated, romantic, independent, good-natured female to share life's journey. Photo. 5355 ✉

I'm Classy, Creative, Energetic—Fun and funny; I'm ready with a laugh; I'm a wonderful listener; I know how to care. They say I'm beautiful - elegant and funky and sexy. They say experience has taught me well and shaped me gently. They'll probably say you're not good enough for me...but my friends are only right some of the time, and I like to make up my own mind. 5378 ✉

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Investment Business Owner—Very fit, good-looking, in my 30s, great sense of humor, down-to-earth, homes on 5th Avenue, the Hamptons and Colorado. Seeking a beautiful, fun woman in her 20s or early 30s who loves to travel. Photo/note, please. 5432 ✉☎

Good-Looking, Warm Jewish Male—5'9", brown hair, blue eyes, with great smile, home on water in CT, successful, selective, affectionate, athletic, generous and caring. Enjoy outdoors, laughter, cozy nights, etc. Seeking long-term, special woman, 32-38, who is affectionate, attractive, with similar qualities and pleasures. Photo preferred. 5392 ✉☎

Very Handsome Divorced Male—40 plus, educated, successful entrepreneur. Favorites things include skiing, tennis, travel and NY art museums, most of all, laughing and hanging out with a best friend. Photo a must. 5427 ✉

Beautiful, Elegant—5'7" green-eyed redhead, successful, educated, looking for special man: very successful, great sense of humor, love to travel, 50-68. 5429 ✉☎

Pretty PhD—Classy, 37, sensuous, tall and slim, witty, seeks MD, DDS or JD for fun and love. 5413 ✉☎

If, By Remote Chance, Exists—A mature male who is kind, nurturing, sound of body and mind and spiritually evolved, this truly special, superbly fit, great-looking woman would love to meet him. Please write to me. 5414 ✉

Wild Card Winner—Met fan, 42, in great shape, seeks slim, athletic, nonsmoking, unselfish Jewish female, 30-36, for marriage and children. Possess the time and emotional availability for our World Series. Photo/note. 5357 ✉☎

Pretty Blond—Blue-eyed Christian woman, 30s, athletic, aesthetic professional with integrity and spark, seeks same in man (35-40). Photo/note. 5428 ✉

Damsel Not In Distress—Very attractive, vivacious, witty, petite, blue-eyed blond, savvy entrepreneur, seeks affectionate, caring, slim, nonsmoking, established Jewish man, 52-62, with sense of humor. Photo. 5405 ✉☎

Dimples Do It—Pretty, vivacious blond with great dimples seeks attractive, professional Jewish male, 35-45, who can make me laugh. Looking for good-hearted, intelligent man who enjoys sports, music, movies, theater, dining out and all that life has to offer. Note/photo. 5363✉☎

Unique Jewish Woman—37, attractive, with a warm heart, quick wit and fun-loving personality, who loves to laugh and is committed to personal growth, seeks an emotionally evolved, intelligent male, 35-45, with a great sense of humor. 5390✉☎

Pretty, Petite Professional—Divorced Jewish female, blue eyes, long brown hair, slim, fit, curvy, romantic, funny. 43, looks 30s. Two girls. Tennis, travel, toasting, dancing, driving, beaches, culture, communication, golf. You: confident, caring, nonsmoking. Eastern Morris County. Leah71000@aol.com. 5416 ✉☎

Sexy And Sophisticated Woman—40, 5'10", NJ seeks playful, passionate, 40-50, white male. Innumerable interests include traveling, golf, outdoors/animals, fine dining, cozy times. 5433 ✉

Hazel-Eyed Indian MD—34, 5'10", handsome, Ivy League, light tan complexion, slim, stylish, intuitive, outgoing, warm and caring, with uncompromising values, seeks single female under 32, radiantly beautiful, slim, highly educated, passionate, sophisticated, friendly, ethical, with progressive values, for lasting relationship. Photo and thoughtful note appreciated. 5377 ✉

Jewish Millionaire—Unique, multifaceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 58, 6'3", 230, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart - seeks sharp, sexy soul mate/playmate, best friend, 30-45. Photo. 5376 ✉

Trained Man—(Can say "yes, dear" in eleven different languages), 5'4", 130 lbs, trim, blue eyes - seeks bright, articulate and playful single female, 30-40. PS: must like dogs. 5365 ✉

Top Ten Reasons—To pick this pretty lady: I'm unique, secure, smart, creative type, healthy, active, have great homes in NYC and Woodstock, love pets; would love your family and interests. I'm 129 lbs, 48, "thinks 28", long wild hair, 5'4". Great guys - send photo or call. 5409 ✉☎

Attractive CT Professional—35, fit, fun-loving, caring, seeks similar, single Jewish male, 30-40, for relationship. Note/photo preferred. 5408 ✉

5'2", Eyes of Blue—Intelligent, attractive and kind female, seeking tall, successful male counterpart, 60-70. 5356 ✉

I've Been Known To Ski—Ajax with the boys. I can get ready for a black-tie affair with a half hour's notice; I can make an elegant dinner for ten in one. I am a tall redhead who friends say is beautiful on the outside as well as the inside. Please be funny, kind, generous, successful, love the arts and traveling and at least be 5'10", between 50 and 60. 5364 ✉

Jewish Male MD—44, seeks Jewish female MD, 28-40, to form HMO - Happily Married Organization. 5374 ✉

Handsome European—Entrepreneur, single dad, 6'3", 190, multicultural, fluent in French, with a passion for travel, books, ski, foreign films, seeks sexy, slim and sharp soul mate, 30s. 5426 ✉

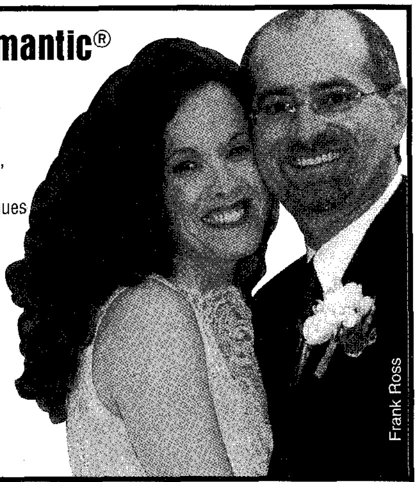
Pretty Professional—28, 5'3", slim, Catholic (religion not important), seeks sincere male professional, 28-38, for friendship/serious relationship. 5423✉☎

Autumn Charm—38, caring, great listener, sense of humor. Athletic male, 5'9", self-employed, enjoys cooking, outdoors, cycling, weekend getaways. Seeks slim, pretty, outgoing woman who has sweet smile, 26-38. Note/photo. 5411 ✉

Brooklyn—Retired professional, 60, tall, slim, affluent, Irish, liberal Catholic, owns huge beach house near subway, reads a lot. Seeks retired lady. 5406 ✉

Petite, Attractive, Energetic Female—Seeks special, caring man, 37-45, nonsmoker, to enjoy the routine pleasures of life. Note/photo, please. 5421 ✉

Standards Are High—Very handsome and successful, single Jewish man, 35, seeks an intelligent, in-shape, beautiful woman, 25-35, who will not settle for anything but the best. You must be very romantic and not into any head games. A strong sense of adventure and desire to travel are also a must. Note/photo. 5361 ✉



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Successful Wall Street—Entertainment executive, relocating to NYC 10/1/98, tall, sophisticated, handsome, blue-eyed, Italian, great shape, 42 years old, open-minded, reliable, honest, generous. Seeks a beautiful, thin, adventurous companion, 19-28, with style and charm, for a relaxed life of luxurious traveling, wining and dining, top entertainment, etc. Interested? Then write with a recent photo and a telephone number, too. 5393 ✉

Lived Many Lives—This eclectic, sensuous, tall, slim, dark-haired and fair widow with young son - complex, creative, Israeli-American, passionate reader, photographer, jogger. Seeks unconditional love, integrity, humor, intellect, stability, tall and broad-shouldered, for tears and piggyback rides! 50-60. Healthy. 5410 ✉

Handsome Executive—50, Connecticut resident, Westchester business, down-to-earth, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman, seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoys movies, tennis, golf and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note/phone/photo, please. 5386 ✉

Bicoastal Executive—54, seeks sexy redhead, 35-45, for NY social events/dining and theater. Photo/note a must. 5381 ✉

Southern Charm—Northern sophistication - academic, Harvard PhD. Good talker/listener, curious, unpretentious, few traditional male hangups. Passionate about ideas and my work. Enjoy arts, friends, outdoors. 55, lean build. Seeking woman for intimate relationship. Photo appreciated. 5387 ✉☎

European Renaissance Man—Looking for that elusive, sincere lady, early 40s-late 30s, to enjoy fine dining, culture, travel, for happy and rewarding relationship. Photo/note appreciated. 5384 ✉

Let's Tango—Latin man, originally from Argentina, 44, 6', handsome, financially secure, looking for sweet girl, 25-35, ready to start family. Phone/photo. 5401✉

Gentleman Who Writes And Thinks—NY offers the most to say "no" to, says "yes" to recitals, gardening, cooking, country weekends, the Lindy, Eric Clapton, walking, tennis, few movies, BAM, ethnic meals. Retired exec, handsome/dramatic. Letter and photo. 5383 ✉

Former Fraternity Guy—Soon to be 28 years old, is looking to settle down with his dream girl. She is 25-29, very pretty, in good shape, and has a wacky sense of humor. She is secure with her career and friends but is looking for that certain someone. Does this sound like you? If it does, and you might like to meet a 5'10", 185-lb, brown-haired, hazel-eyed guy in great shape, who is very handsome yet boyishly cute, then I would love to hear from you. Note/photo/phone. 5435 ✉

Very Pretty Woman—Smart, slim, sensuous, 50 (looks younger), seeks male, 40-55, kind, affectionate, financially secure, for lasting relationship. 5369✉☎

Handsome Gentleman—Early 50s, eclectic, intelligent, well-built, established professional, appreciates Bach, Satie, jazz, Buddhism, independent films. Particularly appreciates attractive, artistic, fit woman around 40, independent, caring (religion not important), no children. Looking forward to meeting you. Photo. 5398✉☎

Man Of Letters Needed By Authoress—I write, you read works of 38-year-old, mixed, head-turning, raven-haired vixen. Fun, spunky, fit, spontaneous, tall, slender. I love books, running, riding, tennis. I won't settle for less than what I'm seeking. So, please respond only if you are tall (5'10" plus), fit, athletic, smart, cute and fun-loving. If you are these things and more, send note/photo/phone to: POB 971, Cathedral Station, NY, NY 10025-0971

CT Writer—Pretty, blond, blue-green eyes, 39, 5'7", 135. Seeks responsible, independent, honest, kind gentleman with sense of humor. Note and photo. 5412 ✉

Actress, Former Teacher—Good-looking, 5'5", 124 lbs, kindhearted and humorous, seeks man, 50s-60s, physically fine and financially fine, for fun and romance. 5368 ✉☎

Very Pretty Professional Woman—Divorced, 35, 5'6", 115 lbs, hourglass figure, brown/blue. Seeks kind, attractive, successful professional, 35-45. Note and photo. 5391 ✉

Wanted: Guy With Water-Ski Boat—By cute skier chick. Please send note and photo. 5382 ✉

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NYMessage

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Very Cute Jewish Male—32, 5'9", fit, sexy, witty, successful, seeks classy, fit, smart Jewish lady to spoil. Photo. 5415 ✉

Seeking A Mensch—Single Jewish female, warm, pretty, youthful 45, with a doctorate and a mean backhand, seeks smart, sensitive man for love and laughter. Photo desired/note required. 5403 ✉

Good-Looking Single White Male—Professional, early 30s, interested in water sports, working out, reading, movies ...seeks female counterpart, late 20s-early 30s, with similar interests. Smokers okay. Harriman area preferred. 5358 ✉

Sweet, Discerning, Charming—Asian beauty, 30s, ex-model with brains and heart, holding out for grounded Christian *man. Tall, handsome, fun and successful* a plus... Heart and character win. 34-43. Glass half full. Note/photo. 5425 ✉

Warm And Sincere—Attractive, successful Jewish businessman, 40s, affectionate, easygoing, intuitive, open-minded, unpretentious - looking for sincere, attractive female, mid to upper 30s, for special relationship. Religion not important. Photo a must. 5431 ✉

Lovely Redhead—45-year-old, single white female, green eyes, fair skin, Irish-American psychotherapist, attractive, intelligent, personable, sensitive, caring, loyal, funny, romantic and passionate, very ready to be in a committed relationship. Looking for one good man with similar qualities, who is very ready for the same. Note/photo. 5399 ✉

Hit The Ground Running—With a voluptuous, bright woman, 40, with a sense of humor and an adorable 2-year-*old girl. I am seeking a man, up to 49,* with an insatiable hunger for living and a wish for a loving, wonderful home. 5418 ✉

Ravishing Writer—Pretty, blond, cultured lady, both serious and fun, loves Mozart, travel and the arts. Seeks warm, bright professional man, 47-60, for friendship and romance. Photo. 5438 ✉

Sleek Asian Woman—Tall, model-thin, whip-smart and extremely good-looking. Seek one truly spectacular man, age 30-40. Note/photo/phone. 5430 ✉

High On Life—Very successful and ambitious businessman, 39, very handsome, 6'1", fit, caring and has a great sense of humor; enjoys going to museums, *dancing, working out and travel.* Seeks a stunning, bright, slim and elegant woman, 20-35. Photo. 5420 ✉

Stunning, Articulate, Amusing—Redhead seeks handsome, tall, successful, romantic, honest Christian male counterpart (40-50) who likes to laugh, love and sometimes listen. Please, no workaholics, gymaholics, social climbers or those who've answered multiple personal ads previously. Recent photo and *short note essential. Thank you.* 5372 ✉

Mediterranean Good Looks—Tall, slender, brown-eyed blond. Divorced white female. Sophisticated, stylish, interested and interesting professional *with unassuming simplicity, occasional* wry humor, extremely nice figure, good-natured and creative. Appreciates good taste and simple pleasures. Culturally inclined (not fanatic). Adores Italy. Loves current events, especially the story behind the story. Seeks intelligent, articulate, financially stable, nonsmoking man, 48-65, with ability to laugh. 5367 ✉☎

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Here's How:

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P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Hurry!—Caring, communicative and affectionate, single Jewish female, 35, slim, brunette, attractive, professional, financially secure and enjoys various activities. Seeks handsome, intelligent, sincere and kind, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, *33-43, to share brand-new kisses and love* for a lifetime. Note/photo please. 5407 ✉

Think About This—Established MD, 49, 6'1", athletic, slim body, handsome, impressive, Caucasian, sharp intellect, *romantic, truthful,* seeks pretty, feminine, intelligent woman under 40. Note/phone/photo, please. 5394 ✉

Very Pretty, Athletic Woman—40s, loves skiing, biking, travel, crossword puzzles, interesting conversation. Seeks acquaintance of smart, caring compassionate man for companionship and more. 5366 ✉☎

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MARY ANN MADDEN #923

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

1-800-HOPELES—Leave off the last *s* for *suicide.*

***65**—The MarkMcgWire.

1-900-456-1414

Above, Dial-a-Joke. Competitors are invited to provide a suitable acronym or Touch-tone code, to be used to telephone a well-known person, group, or business.

Results of Competition 920, in which you were asked to name products for the year to come.

Report: When this you see, remember me. Also, that entries arrived during a national gossip crisis. Thus, reversals: Viagra antidote, DNA spot remover, designer genes, and the like. You cheered us utterly up with your product names, even those names not strictly limited to the year TK. And not a moment too soon.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

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Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

THE MITSUBISHI MEA CULPA
Steven Scher, Bronx

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR KEN BY MATTEL
Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

MARTHA STEWART LIVING WILLS
Percy Allen, Boynton Beach, Fla.

ST.-JOHN'S-WORT REMOVER
Nicholas Panagiotus, M.D., Los Angeles, Calif.
sp. ment.: Mary Ann Code, N.Y.C.

And Honorable Mention to:

BUD LIGHT YEAR 2K
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

THE FIDELITY MUTUAL McFUND
John Koch, Madison, Wisc.

AETNA VOLCANO INSURANCE
Lauren Shea, Cromwell, Conn.

HALEY'S HMO
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

THE PASTA FORMERLY KNOWN AS PRINCE SPAGHETTI
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

PLACEBO POUR HOMME BY PFIZER
Seth Abramovitch, N.Y.C.

MS. LATTE BY MR. COFFEE
Deborah Freedman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MOËT & CHANDON LITE
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.
similarly: Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

PATAGONIA FLEECE NAVIDAD
Andrew Galker, Malibu, Calif.

THE MOTOROLA CELLULAR IMPLANT
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, Calif.

McDKNY—The Fashion Burger.
Greg Lanza, Locust Valley, N.Y.

DKLA
Linda Wolters, Chicago, Ill.

cK Y2K: THE NEW FRAGRANCE BY CALVIN
Freeman Sullivan, San Francisco, Calif.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON'S Y2K-Y
Monty J. Bippes, Spokane, Wash.

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Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

CAMPBELL'S BILINGUAL ALPHABET SOUP
Dan Steinbrocker, Los Angeles, Calif.

CAMPBELL'S NUMBER SOUP: 0101010
Joan Hall, N.Y.C.

MACINTOSH ALAR
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

PILLSBURY TAE KWAN DO BOY
Elsa M. Jacobs, Wantagh, N.Y.

THE GENERAL MOTORS STRIKER
Matt Berman, Upper Montclair, N.J.

THE FORD URSUS
Carol Weiss Rosenberg, South Bend, Ind.

THE FORD MILLENNIUM EDITION EDSEL
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

THE FORD INTANGIBLE—Nothing can touch it.
Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax, Va.

THE FORD RECALL
Phil Ackerman, Chicago, Ill.

MERCEDES SLK-CAR
Elana Roston, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE LINCOLN BEDROOM
C. C. Archer, Los Angeles, Calif.

CHRYSLER TOWN & COUNTRY & VATERLAND
Dan McInerney, Providence, Utah

YUGO GIRL
Norman Charles, N.Y.C.

KELLOGG'S RIT-O-LINS
Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

KELLOGG'S SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL K
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

BEANIE TEENS
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

CALL FORECASTING BY AT&T
Jasper Rosenberg, Somerville, Mass.

AIR SPREWELLS
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

LIVENT INC.'S REVIVAL OF *HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING*
Eric Hunsley, N.Y.C.

THE PARKER BROTHERS GET-OUT-OF-JAIL-FREE METROCARD
Keith Malloy, New Haven, Conn.

MONISTAT MINUS ONE
Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.

VICTORIA'S SECRET DECODER RING
Irene McInerney, Providence, Utah

MICROSOFT WINDOWS 00
Ari Shapiro, San Fransciscо, Calif.
sp. ment.: Jessica McCombe, Columbus, Ohio

McCORMICK QUALITY THYME
Ellen Butler, San Francisco, Calif.

TOMPKINS SQUARE CAFÉ
Joel Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

POST-IT E-MAIL
Donald R. Leighton, Jersey City, N.J.

REYNOLDS GANGSTA WRAP
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

THE NEW JERSEY YANKEES
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

THE MILTON BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

GAY OR STRAIGHT? FROM MILTON BRADLEY
Sheldon Leader, Narberth, Pa.

COUNTRY FRENCH FROM AMERICAN CASKET
Daisy Baker, East Orange, N.J.

BLACK FLAG MILLENNIUM BUG SPRAY
Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.

WALT DISNEY'S RASPUTIN
Cassie Graizzaro, Dumont, N.J.

IL CAPO DI TUTTI COPIER FROM XEROX
Wendy Gottlieb, New Haven, Conn.

PRUDENTIAL EL NIÑO INSURANCE
John Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

AMTRAK RETRORAIL
Wallace Tress, Athens, Ga.

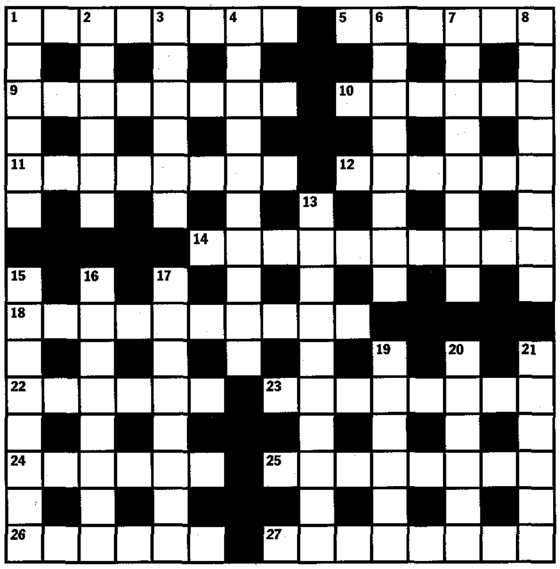
BIRKENSTOCKS AND BONDS
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 923, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by October 9. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the November 16 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Pots of stone with direction to call round. (8)
5 Tops of about one hundred copies. (6)
9 Make up the loss of good order from meeting half-way? (8)
10 A window across the Channel. (6)
11 Put right one within the church in the above. (8)
12 Bad air reverses the purpose of morning. (6)
14 Irishman interrupting the Father of the Houses? (10)
18 "To feed were best at home"? I shouldn't say that. (10)
22 Nobleman deprived of right in 10 4. (6)
23 Lady's maid's lover or a giant at sea. (8)
24 Counter in a vehicle without account. (6)
25 Cold and distant light: I have to be back in prison. (3-5)
26 Dredge the River Swan? (6)
27 Handbill to give more protection to campers. (3-5)



DOWN

1 Wild flower of the heart? (6)
2 Feudal reverence, twisted at first, for 13 4. (6)
3 State helping to give joker a laugh. (6)
4 See 13.
6 Quiet worker in the 4. (8)
7 Case for movement round the islands. (8)
8 Sentimental stuff at school: pure spirit's last. (8)
13,4 Vote for Roman Catholic–Israeli merger, position of the current opposition. (10,10)
15 Discipline for business operative? (4,4)
16 One piece of equipment in line will be enough. (8)
17 Let audit be carried out at a high level. (8)
19 Painter makes record of cheque at tops of bank statements. (6)
20 Playwright and painter on film. (6)
21 Take a container of 4. (6)

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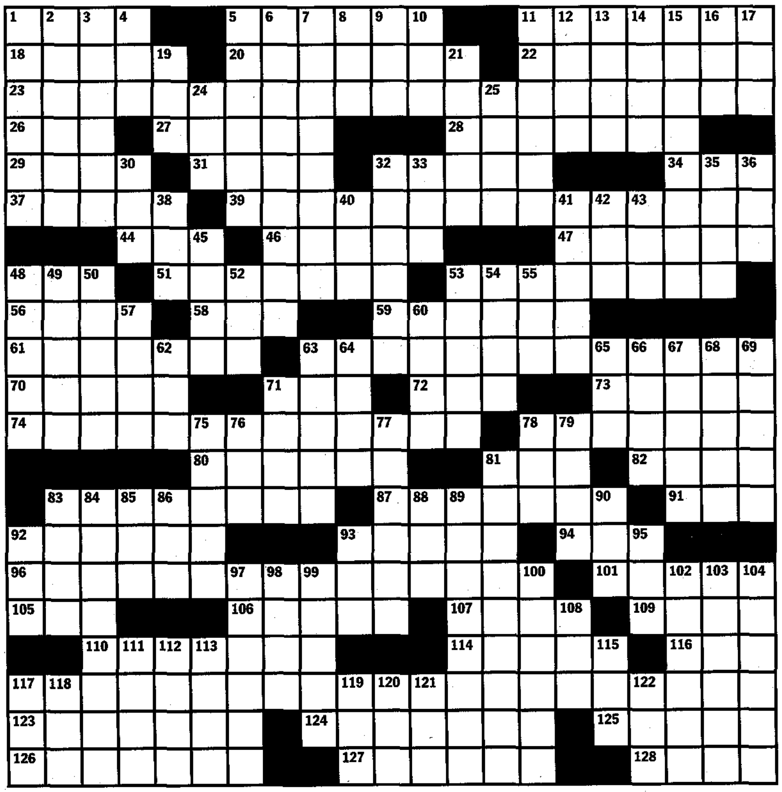
'Whirled Citizens': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

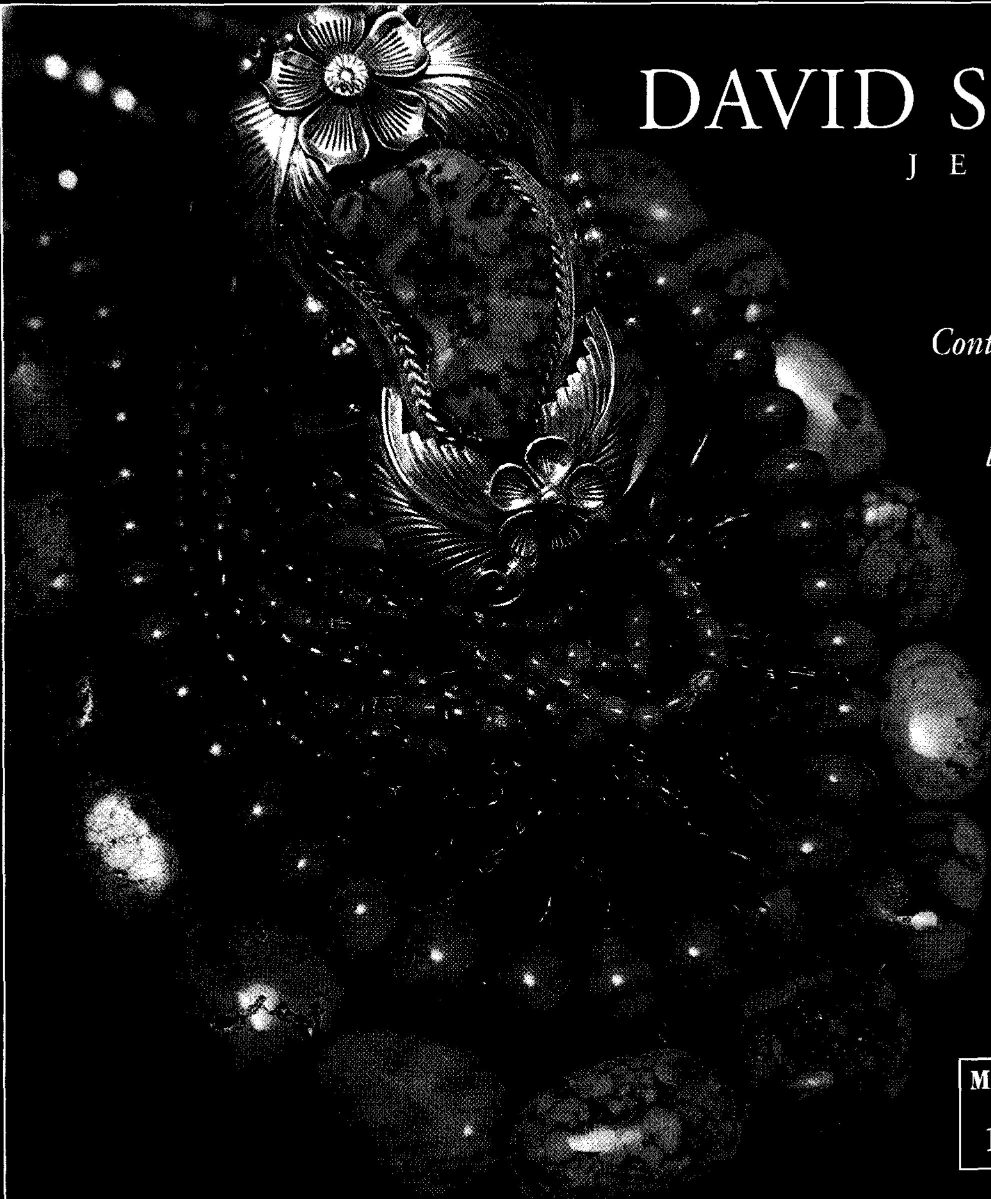
1 Install the car
5 Blackjack-player's opponent
11 Breed of cat
18 In a whirl
20 Sainted Thomas of theology
22 Certain summer hats
23 Angry parting words?
26 Solar system hub
27 Chilean pianist Claudio
28 Lowest-ranking British noble
29 Consumer
31 Cambodian last names
32 Backbone
34 This is dynamite
37 Bicycle feature
39 Spoken ironically?
44 Jewel
46 Neighbor of Zambia
47 Portugal's second city
48 Third word of "America"
51 Library sign
53 Fidgety
56 Triumphal structure
58 Glove leather
59 Shirker
61 Chewy candy
63 How to cool a drink?
70 Acclimate to rigors
71 Worker's I.D.
72 Asian holiday
73 Speechify
74 Reason for going to the racetrack?
78 Administrator
80 Bring down a level
81 Palindromic parent
82 Give temporarily
83 Take out from the bank
87 Tin lizzie
91 Memorable Myrna
92 Partial lighting loss
93 Bowling-alley button
94 Do suturing
96 Where I like to sit when resting?
101 Frazzled
105 Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame architect
106 —— once (suddenly)
107 Negative replies
109 Rainy-day rarity
110 Nasal opening
114 First Mexican month
116 Russian space station
117 Phrase from the Pledge of Allegiance?
123 Author's alias
124 Steroid, for one
125 Shoppers' bonanzas
126 Gave after-school instruction
127 Those existing
128 Tree residence

DOWN

1 Settles accounts
2 Waken
3 Got together with other alumni
4 Small barrel
5 Scopes Trial lawyer
6 Evened out
7 Age in old Roman literature
8 Southampton coll.
9 Alfonso XIII's queen
10 "Oz" scarecrow Bolger
11 Shrub of the rose family
12 "Othello" villain
13 Soon
14 Patrick Dennis's "Auntie"
15 Lava-spewing volcanoes, e.g.
16 —— Andreas fault
17 Antipole of WNW
19 One of Hawaii's Maunas
21 Oral-polio-vaccine developer
24 Keats's Grecian item
25 Da ——, Vietnamese port
30 Joplin's music
32 Main or Wall
33 "The Raven" poet
35 Clears after taxes
36 Boxing win, for short
38 Guitarist Paul
40 Drunkard's sound
41 —— Dame
42 Promoted pvt.
43 Gardener's digger
45 Voice amplifier, familiarly
48 Unspoken
49 Teheran citizen
50 What charwomen do
52 Small, in Dogpatch
53 Rajah's Mrs.
54 Prepare for publication
55 Part of a min.
57 Tortoise's rival
60 Dyers' tubs
62 N.Y. opera house
63 Debunking utterance
64 Ones: Sp.
65 Pro's opposite
66 Eurasian range
67 Roll with a hole
68 "——'clock scholar"
69 Like a wimp
71 Island near St. Martin
75 Augment
76 Ending for win or sin
77 Refuse to accept
78 Swab the floor
79 Electricians' abbrs.
81 Making gestures
83 Vintner's product
84 About to happen
85 Also
86 Heston role
88 Cigarette dropping
89 Rested against for support
90 "Are we there ——?"
92 Pool quickie
93 Gene compound
95 Humorist's asset
97 Hauled by wagon
98 Half CCCIV
99 Abdul's Almighty
100 Actor Keanu
102 Stroll here and there
103 Deportees
104 Most calamitous
108 —— Lanka
111 Cry of disappointment
112 Germany's coal valley
113 Watch information
115 C.I.A., formerly
117 Choose
118 Just-bought, in Bonn
119 San Francisco hill
120 Wrath
121 Lacking a middle name: abbr.
122 Tony-winner McKellen



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 94.



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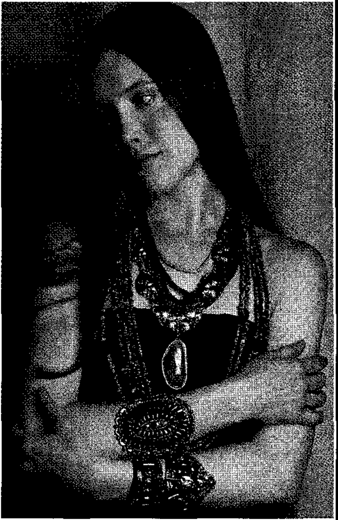

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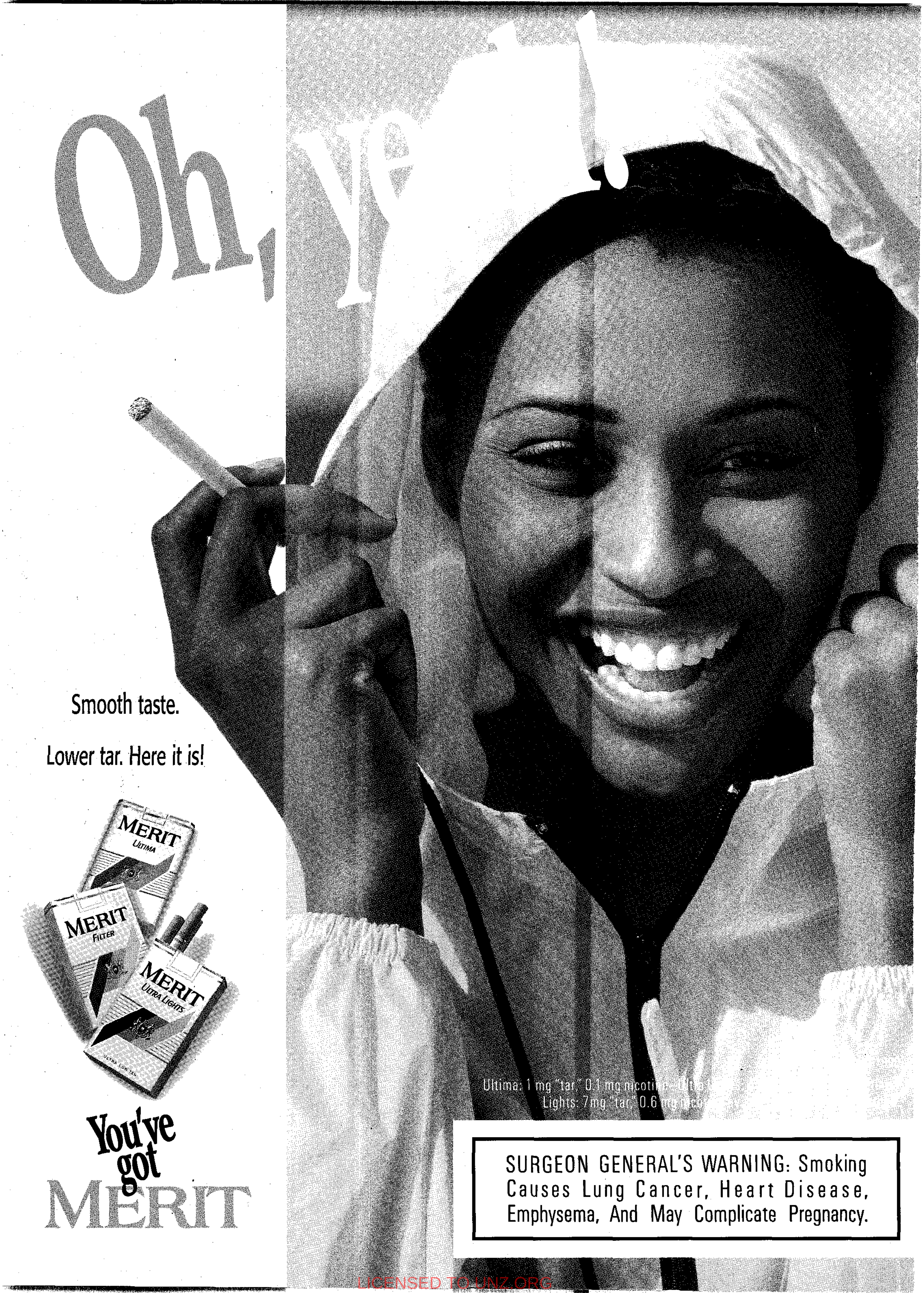

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